


WARD-BELMONT

CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

FOR most of you this is the first CHIMES you have had an opportunity to read; therefore, I shall give you a brief summary of what CHIMES is and does. First, we on the staff want you to feel that CHIMES is your magazine. The selections you will read in each issue were written by you, or your classmates. Material does not come from the staff alone. Second, you are its critic. If the material you read in CHIMES does not appeal to you, we welcome all suggestions that will make our magazine more interesting and better.

We are beginning the year with a very limited staff, but new members are admitted throughout the year, according to work handed to us and the interest shown in the magazine. Together, we, the four members of the literary staff, have combined our efforts to present you with a magazine you will enjoy. Our larger art staff has worked eagerly to illustrate the stories and poems for you. As a whole, we are one organized unit, striving to compile the best literary work done on campus into one complete issue for your reading pleasure.

Monday night is a lively night for our staff. The lights burn brightly in the Publications Office, and we put our heads together trying to decide which selection you would like best and discussing contributions handed to us by you. We believe, sincerely, that creative writing plays a major part in school life, both for the writer and the reader.

The first issue of CHIMES for the year 1948-49 is here in your hands. It is much more than paper and black ink; it is the soul of the group of people who have helped complete it. Read carefully, and perhaps you will find something here that adds a little to your life in making it well rounded and full and beautiful. It gives us greatest pleasure to present to you our fall issue of CHIMES.

—JET

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The Primavera

By Jean Bloom

Big Ben chimed eight. In the streets the early morning London traffic crawled with frequent bleats from the crowded automobiles. Along the sidewalks pushed the workers and bargain-eager shoppers, jostling each other in their desire to be on time or to be the first.

A bit to the side of the crowd which moved on the Fleet Street sidewalk there limped a shrunken figure who seemed to be just as much in a hurry as the other pedestrians. This man could not move as swiftly as the other travelers, for his left foot was pitifully distorted and he dragged it as he moved. He was clad in a worker's jacket and ragged overalls. On his head a miner's cap was crammed. Though a chilly blustering wind blew, he did not seem to be affected by the penetrating cold, which made the other men clap their mittened hands together and hunch their shoulders against the wind.

His face was not that of a young man, nor was it one which people looked at with much pleasure. His nose was long and hooked, his brow, low and sloping. Bits of wiry grey hair were showing beneath the hat. His skin was dotted with pock-marks, rough, and weatherbeaten.

Yet in his eyes there was not the same nonentity that prevailed in the eyes of the other pedestrians who were merely dashing some place to be dashing. Instead there gleamed a spark of eager desire which grew with each block he struggled down. This spark, this fire of youth, was in striking contrast to the shrunken body of the cripple.

"One more block, one more block," he hummed under his breath as he waited for a break in the traffic on the corner

of Fleet Street and Shoe Street. "Ten more minutes," he thought, "ten more minutes and I will see her again! But today will not be like the other Saturdays when I merely placed the money on the counter and watched Mr. Aspe put '15 shillings pod.' on the bill, took one last look, and then left without being allowed to touch her. Today she will be mine, all mine!" and he said the beautiful word over and over, "mine, mine, mine . . ."

Then he thought of the space he had cleared for her on the table in his dingy room, of the blue scarf which had meant going without a second meal, meager though it usually was, and burning no fuel in the fireplace for over two weeks. He tried to picture her resting on the scarf, disgracing the bowlegged table, the threadbare sagging chair, and the hard iron bed. She seemed to be out of place, too elegant to be in such a lowly abode. "Yet tonight she will be there," he assured himself. "Is it possible that she will at last be my very own after so many months?"

As he reached the curbing of the last block, a terrible thought suddenly struck him. "What if the money should be gone, lost or stolen; or perhaps I left it in the room?" He groped in his pocket, his fingers perking with panic. There his fingers touched the worn leather of the purse and his fears were quelled." But the sculpture, would it be there? Had it been sold? Surely, Mr. Aspe would not let anyone have it with the payments almost finished." This thought was impossible, foolish. Yet, in his mind's eye he saw the wizened face of Mr. Aspe, the shopkeeper, and his hard, vicious, greedy eyes that seemed to see down to the very

depths of every customer's soul. And he remembered the reluctance with which Mr. Aspe had granted him the ownership of the statue as soon as the last payment was completed. Seized with alarm, he moved faster, almost hopping on his one good leg.

Ah, at last there loomed above him the familiar sign.

CURIO SHOP

J. G. ASPE, PROPRIETOR

Through the plate glass window he saw the shelf that held his beloved sculpture. As usual, she was not visible from the sidewalk. He had asked the boy in the shop to hide the figure behind the grandfather's clock to lessen the possibility of someone else's buying it before the last payment could be made. Without pausing to gaze at the antique displayed in the window, he hobbled to the door and opened it. The bell above the door tinkled gaily, and the shriveled shopkeeper behind the showcase looked eagerly over his glasses at his first customer of the morning. The half-smile which twisted Mr. Aspe's lips for the purpose of impressing a prospective buyer quickly vanished when he recognized the cripple.

Mr. Aspe abhorred this man just as he hated all ugly things, living or inanimate. He disliked, also, to see the piece of sculpture, which this creature wished to own, pass into the hands of one so detestable!

"Good morning, Mr. Aspe," gasped the cripple.

The proprietor nodded.

"Is it here? You haven't sold it?"

Seeing the worry written on the lame man's face Mr. Aspe deliberately waited a minute before answering. Gazing about the room as though he did not remember, he said, "Do you mean the Primavera?"

"Yes yes."

"No," Mr. Aspe at last replied, "I haven't sold it."

"Thank God," sighed the cripple.

"Today is the last day, you know, the last payment." His voice trembled with excitement and his eyes danced with joy. "I have come for it!"

"Do you have the right amount, fifteen shillings?" said the proprietor, eyeing his customer suspiciously.

"Just a minute." Digging into his pocket the cripple pulled out the leather purse.

As the coins poured out on the counter, the boy who had been sweeping when the lame man entered left his broom and drew near the two men. He was Roger



Brannum, the nephew of Mr. Aspe. Roger had been there the first day when the lame man came to the shop. He remembered how the man had stood for a long time before the window, gazing at the Primavera. Then the cripple had entered and had asked the price. When Mr. Aspe told him, the man suddenly grew pale and hobbled out of the shop without saying another word.. The next week he had returned and asked Mr. Aspe to let him pay for the Primavera by the week. After the third trip Mr. Aspe had agreed, but he had raised the price. Every Saturday, rain or shine, the cripple had come to the shop to give Mr. Aspe his meager savings. Throughout the months the boy had come to like this ugly, misformed creature, and to admire him for the sacrifice he was making just to possess a piece of stone. The boy realized how much the weekly fifteen shillings meant to this man; for, by judging from his habitual garb, the cripple was a miner, and mining was an occupation which payed very little. Fifteen shillings was a large sum to save out of a miner's pay.

The boy noticed that his uncle took a great deal of time counting out the coins. He seemed to enjoy torturing this poor man. When the money was counted, Mr. Aspe scowled and reached in the cash register for the bill. He walked to the desk behind the counter, sat down and began to add up the figures.

The poor lame man was almost beside himself with worry. He opened and closed his hands nervously, his mouth twisted convulsively, and he leaned heavily against the glass of the showcase in his attempt to see how the auditing was progressing.

Finally Mr. Aspe turned to Roger. "Go, bring down the Primavera."

Roger ran for the ladder. Propping it up, he climbed to the second shelf from

the ceiling and gently took down a portrait bust of a woman. It was not large nor was it a very great work of art, yet the tinted head had a delicate soft beauty which radiated from each sharply defined feature. The golden hair was held in place by a wide blue band with a stripe of darker blue on each edge. The softly-waved tresses were drawn back elegantly to a smooth knot at the back of her head. Her brow was high, and there was a suggestion of an upward tip to the otherwise straight Grecian nose. The lips were tiny but sharply formed, and her chin was strongly pronounced with a bit of a dimple at the base.

A blue dress covered her shoulders, leaving the graceful neck and gently sloping shoulders exposed. The figure rested on a simple black base. On the base there was carved an elaborately decorated scroll on which was written "Primavera."

Holding the sculpture close so as not to drop it, the boy noticed for the first time the remarkable eyes of the Primavera. Though small and pale blue, they were the most striking feature of the sculpture. They seemed to be actually alive. In them there was a love and compassion which was echoed in every curve of her body. No wonder, thought the boy, that the unloved and unlovely cripple adored the Primavera.

When he reached the floor, Roger carried the sculpture to the counter and placed it before his uncle. For several seconds the proprietor looked at the piece of stone; then he scowled at the lame man who was adoring the Primavera with his eyes; finally he gazed at the pile of money lying before him. His eyes reflected the shining coins. Touching them, he said without looking up, "The Primavera is yours." Unbelievably the cripple looked at Mr. Aspe. Slowly the man's face brightened. His eyes sparkled with com-

plete happiness and then filled with tears of joy. Hesitatingly he reached for the Primavera.

"Can I wrap it up in a box for you?" asked the boy kindly.

The lame man did not reply. He had not heard. He was oblivious of his surroundings, the scowling proprietor and Roger, the small shop bristling with colorful art pieces, the noise of the hurrying shoppers and the traffic which permeated the thin walls of the shop, and even the bill stamped "Paid in Full" which was lying on the counter before him. He was only conscious of the fact that the Primavera was in his grasp. It was at last his very own. Cradling it in his arms, he hobbled out of the door, never taking his eyes off the Primavera's face.

Mr. Aspe tore up the stamped bill and threw the pieces in a wastebasket. Noticing that Roger had not returned to his broom, the proprietor started to reprimand him. Suddenly, above the noise of the

cars and the hurrying footfalls of the pedestrians, there was a high pitched scream, a screech of brakes, and then a sudden scurry of the people into the street.

Roger dashed out the door before his uncle could catch him and pushed his way into the street. People were talking loudly, giving varied versions of what had happened. Roger pressed forward.

"'E wasn't looking where 'e was goin'. 'E didn't see the truck at all."

"Lord! What a lot of blood there is!"

"Poor thing, 'e niver 'ad a chance."

At last the boy broke through the edge of the mob. Someone was covering up a body, or what was left of a body, with a lap robe. Bystanders were beginning to turn away, the excitement being over, to go on about their day's work.

Stooping over to pick up the stained miner's cap that lay next to the shrouded form, Roger's foot touched something hard. He looked down. There lay the Primavera, unharmed.

As Long As I Have You

By Jane Ellen Tye

As long as your hand is warm in mine,
I could endure the stormy night
When there are streets without a light
And no still stars above to shine.

As long as your eyes remember love
What should I care for moody seas,
Or melancholy melodies,
A cloudy rage of sky above?

As long as your heart repeats my name
With every beat—And you are there . . .
Let earth and sea and sky turn bare.
Our love would keep our smiles the same.
Our love would keep our smiles the same.

A Second's Time

By Helen Laura Tainter

"Be careful," his mother had told him . . . just as if he couldn't drive, just as if he weren't seventeen! Old people, always so sure of themselves, always certain that they were the only ones who could do anything right! The gears made an ugly noise as John shifted into first—no use stopping for that stop sign, nothing was coming for miles. Gee, it would be good to see old Ted again! He hadn't seen Ted since they had chummed around together in North High School and "souped" up that '38 Ford. Ted sure knew his cars; that "hop-up" they had rebuilt had edged one-hundred miles on the straight- away more than once. That wagon had had everything: full racing cam, duocarburetor, aluminum flywheels, and a stroked shaft. What a car! Ted knew how to drive it, too. He'd never had an accident, even racing on the deserted army road. Ted had never let him drive in a race, but never mind. Someday he would have a rod of his own.

Damn, he wasn't going to get through that traffic light on yellow. Have to wait here a whole minute, and in a hurry, too. The car bucked to a stop as the brakes caught. Look at that fat old woman! It was going to take her all day to waddle across the street at the rate she was going. He was going to have to wait for her when the light turned. That fool in the car behind was honking—couldn't he see the old girl going along at a mile an hour? Ah, out of the way at last. Guess it wouldn't hurt if he *had* shaved off some of her behind with his fender; she could surely spare it.

A girl sailed past him in a new model convertible, red as a firewagon. Woman driver in a fancy car—what business did

she have with a car like that? Probably dent the fenders up first thing. Just like a woman, conceited things they were, and none of 'em knew anything about driving.

So Ted was visiting his uncle out of town a little way, and would be here a couple of days. Wonder if he still had his hop-up, or if he had sold it for some dizzy price? Hot rods that good pulled in the money, all right. Silly, all this fuss over rods. A fellow who drove a "souped" model was almost a juvenile delinquent, and the cops hated him. Hell, cops were worse—young guys, most of them, show-



ing off their pretty uniforms to the girls and ramming through traffic like crazy just because they were the law. Probably they didn't know the difference between a hesitated valve and an ordinary one, and couldn't put an engine together to save themselves.

Well, look at that guy cut in! Not a soul in back for miles, and that guy has to get in front now! John leaned on the horn and squeezed out a raucous blast. Guess that would show the old coot someone was behind him! The idea! Slowing up people that way! Didn't even know enough to cut in close to the curb, but he has to take the left-hand lane; and older people think they can drive!

Not very far now to Ted's—good old Ted would be glad to see him after so long. Let's see, about a mile down the highway now before the turn-off. Ted's uncle must have a nice place up here in the canyon away from the noise of the city. Pretty steep grade in the road here, climbing up the mountain along the edge of the canyon. Motor would take it pretty well if he could get up enough speed and momentum to carry the car up without pulling into low. Ye gods, there is some sissy from Illinois up ahead who's probably never seen a mountain road before. He must be poking up about twenty-five miles an hour, scared stiff of the curves. Couldn't stay behind him, or wouldn't get up all day. Motor's got enough poop! Pass him right here and get it over with. He pulled out, feeling the power of the engine throbbing, feeling how smoothly the wheel turned under his hand as the car picked up speed.

He only caught a glimpse of the other

car as it came fast around the curve toward him. Then metal grappled against metal, roared and screamed. It was over in a second. There was quiet once more, while oil and gasoline and thick red stuff crept out in puddles on the pavement. Rather sooner than might be expected, police arrived and pulled out the corpses and the near-corpses. They removed quickly and efficiently the heap of twisted metal from the road. They waved on the eagerly curious so that they would not stop in the middle of the highway and be killed. Later in the day they answered questions for some reporters. Yes, three cars had piled up; they were almost completely demolished. An old woman had been decapitated very neatly, if you could call that sort of thing neat. A man about forty had been crushed dead. A little girl had had her face peeled off, died on the way to the hospital. There were a young woman and a boy in the hospital.

* * *

John felt horribly sick. He felt as though he ought to be dead, and he wondered why consciousness swam on before him and wouldn't stand still long enough for him to catch up. His eyes rolled and would not open. He tried to think, but he could only tremble and throb. His legs felt funny, or was it that they didn't feel at all? That was it, they felt funny because they didn't feel! Strange, that. He struggled with his eyes for a long, long time. His lids lifted and fell. Everything was white, white, much too white. He looked down at himself and there was covering only over his upper body. Below, two great, white lumps stuck out. Funny, funny . . . his legs were gone.



For Magazine Readers

One of Dr. Ivar Lou Myhr Duncan's first assignments to the Advanced Composition class was to write a character sketch of a magazine reader, or a "type" person who reads certain magazines such as *The Yale Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *The New York Times Magazine*.

The staff has selected certain sketches of these "types" for your enjoyment because we think you, too, will enjoy meeting the people who read first class literature, if you have not already met them in your personal experiences.



Eyes To The Future

By Nancy Wilson

The air of the November night was sharp and cold. The old McLain Mansion, sitting high atop the town's only hill, looked like a stately queen watching over her children, who slept peacefully under a fresh blanket of snow. The house itself was silent except for the crackling of the fire in the huge, formal library. It seemed a shame to find that no one was there to enjoy its silent warmth. The grandfather's clock in the main hall struck ten times, and then all was quiet again.

Outside, a long black car drove slowly up the driveway and stopped at the main entrance. From it stepped a grey-haired gentlemen, who appeared to be some forty-five years of age. He signaled the car on and walked briskly up the front steps to the thick-panelled door. The door was opened by a tall thin man who addressed the gentleman as "Doctor" and inquired how the evening had been. The Doctor removed his overcoat, walked to-

ward the warm, inviting fire in the library, and sank into the leather overstuffed chair that was twice his size. The serious, tense expression of his face softened into a satisfied smile, and his eyes half closed with contentment.

This was the time of day he most looked forward to, because this was the only time he could rely on peace and quiet. This was the time he could call his own. As president of a college, he had to put aside all thoughts of the businessman's hours, that end each day at five. He could never be that kind of executive, for his position at the college was not merely a job, but a family institution. It had been his great-great-grandfather who had founded the college. The doctor himself had received the position from his father, who had received it in his turn from his father, and so on. College traditions had been left in his hands to guard or destroy. In guarding them he had

given more and more of his personal time to the students, who learned to love the school through their love for him. He grew to be each student's private tutor, love advisor, and family jury. Doctor McLain opened his eyes slowly; he wondered how long he had been sitting there thinking of his life and of the wonderful young people who made it so complete. In three months he would lose some of these young people. They would pass on into the outside world, to join the multitudes of people upon whose shoulders the problems of the world were now resting. Questions filled his mind—how would the older generation accept these members of the new generation, who had their own ideas and theories on how the country and world should be run? Did they know what to expect from this new generation? These young people had spent the past four years of their lives learning what mistakes their fathers and grandfathers had made, in governing the world, so that in their lives, efforts could be made to correct these mistakes. They would leave with their minds and hearts filled with new and better ways of governing the world. Now, of all times, these students need the help and advice of their elders, who had grown wise through per-

sonal experiences. These young people could not be expected to cope with the problems such as the new scientific developments and inventions. They thought they were ready for this serious job, but it should be the duty of each older one to stand by without taking the limelight.

Doctor McLain did not notice that hours had flown by; he knew only that he had come across the very subject that would help determine the future of the world. He felt a definite inspiration to bring the matter before all adults. Unless they knew what to expect from the new generation, the new generation would not know what to expect from the world.

The fire in the huge fire place had become nothing but embers, the sun burst forth its warm hellos, the old house atop the hill was silent. Slowly a car halted at the main entrance. The door opened to reveal two figures, the tall thin man and the gentleman who was called "Doctor." In his hand was a Manila envelope containing notes for an article he was writing, with the hope that every well-educated adult would read and absorb it. The address on the magazine read:

To the Editors of the *Yale Review*

Drawer 1729

New Haven 7, Conn.

The Big Fellow

By Jane Ellen Tye

Max reached for his glass and took one long swallow of the warm beer, heaving a strange sort of sigh as he set the empty container back in its place on the piano. His fingers were hot and sticky, and the lines in his face were tense. Dave, the bartender, was whistling some monotone melody as he wiped the counter, and glancing back over his shoulder to the form of the big guy slumped over the well-worn upright, stopped long enough to yell, "O.K. Max, let's have 'My Baby Don't Love Me No More!'" But Max didn't move, and because Dave understood the big guy now he kept silent, running the cloth with extra pains over the already glossy bar. He remembered that first night. He'd said something to Max about biting his jaw while he played, and had gotten told "where to get off." He'd figured by this time that Max was a pretty sensitive fellow, and that he'd best mind his own business.

The cold February wind was whistling around the corners outside and seeping through the windows. Dave opened the closet door and took his overcoat off the hook, making as little noise as possible. "Comin', Max?" No answer. Dave shut the door behind him and left the big guy alone in the cold, dim, empty room.

For fifteen silent minutes Max sat motionless; then he straightened himself on the bench and began to play. With his eyes shut he let his fingers write dreams and poems across the keyboard. His tight mouth became gentle, and the muscles in his back relaxed. All day he'd played their cheap, vulgar pieces, cringing with every note, and now he would play music—real music. Max had a soul that hungered for beauty . . . When he

was a kid he used to read books and hide in the back of theaters and dream. His folks began to call him no-good and he left, but he never looked back to those days. He never thought of home or the old days; it was always now. The future? What a laugh! He was a man with no past and no future, only a couple of hours after the bar closed to live.

If DeBussy could have heard Max play his music there in the dark, the great man himself would have felt the chills run through his body. The big guy was an artist, but his mind was a tangled and confused web of self-pity and ambition and dissatisfaction. Only when the "Reverie" filled the room with its magic did Max forget this harsh, ugly, stark naked world and drift into his own world of cool forests in spring where damp mosses crowded about deep blue streams and all was beautiful, and kind.

He played with new, vigorous energy until his eyes began to burn and his fingers grew numb and cold. The teeth bit the inside of his mouth again, and his eyes lost the gentle look. His magnificent hands closed the piano top as if they were tucking a child beneath a blanket. He put the coat on, turned the collar up and set the hat on his dark head, flicked out the last light and went out into the dark street. Only a few people that night saw the tall, broadshouldered man walking through the wind and sleet back to the cluttered room on 89th street where he lived.

The room looked like its occupant, in that it was cluttered and needed straightening. Like Max's mind it was messy, but like his heart, it held beauty. The

books and scattered sheets of music that had cost him his weekly pay checks were stacked and scattered about the floor. He sank into the shabby but comfortable chair and, taking the yesterday's edition of *The New York Times* from his overcoat pocket, began reading. He passed the sport page with hastiness, and barely skimmed through the rest, saving the magazine section for last, as one saves the cherry on a fruit salad. This was his time. He was glad he could sleep late

in the mornings. That was a main reason he took the job with Dave. He loved sleep and he slept like a man drowned in peaceful water, but before that time came there were the precious hours in which to read.

The big fellow made some coffee with hot water from the faucet and sat back down with the magazine. He was ready to go back to the cool forests where damp mosses crowded about deep blue streams and all was beautiful, and kind.



Intermission

By Mary Martin

Mary Martin, an Osiron from Goshen, Indiana, is not only the Business Manager of CHIMES, but one of our brightest contributors and critics. Always dependable and enthusiastic, Mary gives our weekly meetings a most literary atmosphere with her subtle humor and originality. This versatile staff member is an officer of Phi Theta Kappa, and believe us, she's a swell, all-around person to know.

First nights were always rather trying affairs; crowds, furs, jewels, "tails," a distinct element of tension. But tonight there was one blessing; the play showed possibilities of success, that is if it didn't go flat in the last act. Always before Cranbill's inner soul had rebelled at two act plays; whether it was that he thought the author should have had enough originality to write three good acts or that he liked two cigarettes instead of one he had never quite decided.

It was now toward this first cigarette that his thoughts were running, it and

the fresher air out on the sidewalks. Jostled by the crowd, the rather decorative crowd, Cranbill moved past groups of friends with only a slightly warm, "Hullo, how are you." There would be plenty of time for friends after the play; right now he planned to indulge in his favorite sidelight of the theater: standing alone on the curbing, smoking one cigarette, and mulling over the details of the drama in his mind.

Finally defeating the lobby's gatherings, Cranbill's stepped out into the evening. Ah, a splendid atmosphere! The air had



S.G. SHIREMAN

cooled considerably, perhaps from the sudden rain at 8:30 which had stopped early enough to allow full attendance; what had promised at first to be a dreadfully balmy night had become delightfully refreshing. Stars had come out overhead, and the lights of the city seemed rather dulled. Over Cranbill rested an omnipresent stillness, silence.

Pulling out a cigarette from his monogrammed case, he turned his thoughts at once to the drama. Cranbill, he thought, you've been exceedingly lucky tonight. "Melancholy Unbounded" is indeed a drama. After so many trials with the abundance of shortcomings that this season's plays had had so far, he had almost lost hope. Tonight's "Melancholy" had something; whether it was a remarkable mixture of tragedy and wit, or that it had given a ray of hope, Cranbill hadn't yet decided. By 11:30 he would know; right now he was well pleased, very well pleased.

It was time, he supposed, to return to join the crowds, the rather giddy opening night crowds that had always repelled him.

He turned, flipped his cigarette to the sidewalk—.

"Say, fellow, how's the tragedy?"

Cranbill turned. He distinctly did not like his thoughts interrupted by young men with upturned coat collars. "Very good, so far."

This "stranger of the night" was not the usual vagabond—indeed not; he was dark-haired, or so his hair was tinted by the night, and from what Cranbill could see, had very well defined features—almost handsome. But enough of this! Courtesy didn't require anything more than a civil "good evening," especially when the second act was beginning.

He remained to chat with the man a few seconds; the fellow seemed interested

in the play. "Would it be a flop?"

"Indeed not! my dear fellow; this is going to connect!"

"Good evening, sir. May I see your stage bill?" Cranbill handed his to him. The fellow pulled out a lighter, flipped through the bill to the title page. By the small flame, Cranbill had a much better view of the man's face. It was a face that showed the intelligence and culture that Cranbill sensed was there. He was glad now that he had stayed. He watched the fellow's expression change as his eyes ran down the page of names—director, producer, author; his expressions changed to a wry, almost incomprehensibly grim smile.

The stranger returned the booklet, thanked Cranbill, and the two parted, nameless to each other. Cranbill had just touched the door when he heard the screech of cab brakes. He turned and rushed back to the curbing; his friend of only a moment before had been instantly killed—crushed.

During those confused and terrifying minutes that followed, Cranbill realized that he could be of little aid. Wondering if he should ever know who? why?, he returned to the theater and resumed his seat. "Melancholy Unbounded" was proceeding well; the last act made its success a surety; he felt certain its name would light Broadway for many seasons.

Cranbill looked down at his playbill and was struck by a sudden revelation. He flipped hurriedly through the booklet to the title page as the stranger had done, and stared at the printed words.

Cranbill rose half in realization, half because the audience had risen to shout "author." Upon the page his eyes were fixed, for the letters opposite formed only one word instead of two—*anonymous!* Did this howling audience expect a dead man to walk down the aisle?

I Am No One . . .

By Carol Kessler

I have fought in the wars of the world. I have been wounded many times, but it is not the physical pain that brings me a bitter heart against war. My dislike for war has grown since man began fearing man and the power of man. I disliked most intensely Cain's battle with Abel. I have disliked it ever since. As I watched that event with unaccustomed eyes, my mouth became dry and bitter. My eyes could not behold this sight without becoming filled with wetness; they were unable to watch. But now, my eyes have been educated to death. I can watch now, but my mouth yet becomes dry and filled with that same bitterness which is yet strange to my most acute senses. My ears are used to the strained last cries for mercy, those cries filled with a fear unforgettable—but even now, the impulse to close my ears with my hands still remains with me. I have long known, though, that holding the ears cannot shut out the dreadful sounds. I was almost relieved when man's fear built the cannon. The cries did not murmur on in mutterings as they did in older days. I was relieved when man put explosives in his cannon shells. That way, few really had time

to know what had happened. But remorse yet filled my heart, for I knew that, if I had been one of those, I would have wanted to speak with God in my last few hours of mortality. But then, I was even sadder when the shells did not find their mark, entirely. The screams of terrorized agony that developed into senselessness seemed as dreadful as the day Cain killed Abel. But even in this case, the senselessness did not afford man one last prayer. At long last, though, I have found real relief. The modern inventions such as the atom bomb leave fewer maimed for life. I don't think now that after all of these hard and bitter centuries I shall mind being destroyed. Surely there is no other end but death unless man changes. But then, man has never changed, except for the good to become convinced by the bad. But since man has ceased believing in his own creation, he might as well perish with his conviction. Nay, I shall not mind being destroyed after all these reckless centuries. There is such little good, that it is worth sacrificing that good for the destruction of the bad. Nay, I shall not mind after all these centuries, for I am no one . . . but mankind.

This Thing Alone

By Jane Ellen Tye

Of all life I ask this thing alone of God . . .
To let me know laughter.
All else, passion, beauty, even love,
Can leave me
Insensitive ugliness without affection . . .
But if I can sit, throw back my head and laugh,
I shall still possess the greatest of all gifts,
Happiness.

The Poet's Page

Autumn Matinee

By Jane Ellen Tye

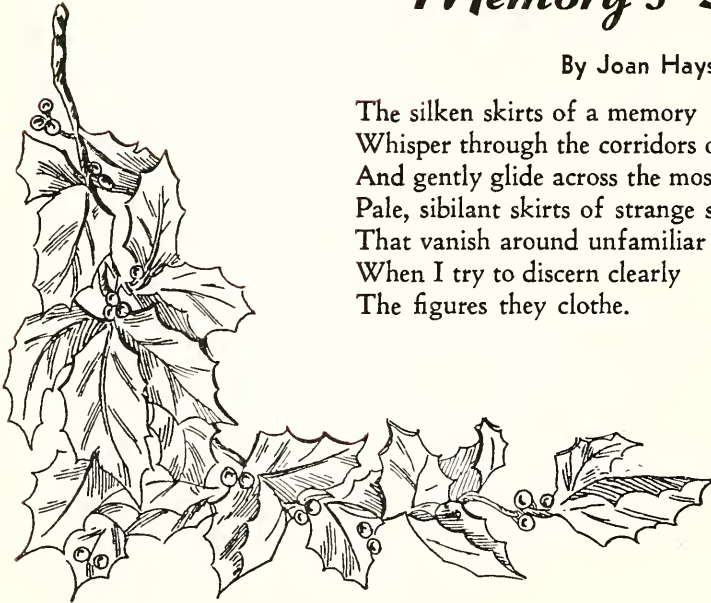
And so life's little drama moves
Across the stage of Autumn.
Yet, when the sky is overbright
And blue winds toss crisp leaves
About a frosty earth,
I forget my lines.



Memory's Skirts

By Joan Hays

The silken skirts of a memory
Whisper through the corridors of the soul
And gently glide across the mosaics of my mind;
Pale, sibilant skirts of strange shades
That vanish around unfamiliar corners
When I try to discern clearly
The figures they clothe.



Time Passed

By Carol Kessler

Time passed,
And time, being wrapped up in time,
Became lonely,
And cried.

Le temps passait,
Et le temps, étant enveloppé dans le
temps,
Se sentit seul,
Et pleura



Definition of Love

By Mary Elizabeth Cates

You wish for love,
And it comes to you
Strained with the silence of music,
And uttered in spontaneous song—
It thrills your heart with a new note,
Springing heavenward
Through the everlasting rays of the golden sun.
It leaps through the clouds
Upon each star and continues until
The moon rises with a silver lining,
And carries its shadows
Over the still earth.

Night Meeting

By Neilyn Griggs

Tonight was no exception. "No," I thought, "there is a slight drizzle, but I have walked in worse." I adjusted the hood on my rain coat, felt its folds, and finding my wallet, cigarettes and lighter in their usual right pocket, doomed myself prepared for the long walk that had become the only redeeming factor in my drab, narrow existence.

Unconsciously I locked the door to my small apartment and walked into a world choked by the fog that slithered like some impossible phantom into every niche and crevice of the buildings that stood like staunch defenders threatening the invading rain with a thousand smokestack bayonets. There were many people in the streets for such a belligerent night, but they were called by the warmth of their fires and, hearing, hurried each to his private world.

After buying an early edition from the newsboy at the corner, I turned down the long tree-lined path that lead to the point. My point, as I called it, was a section of an ocean park that extended for miles along the cliff, which towered a thousand feet above the waves that beat against its giant rocks, as the hopes I had held when youth had once surged within me but with the years had fallen into obscurity. The palms stood teasing the wind with a hundred slender green fingers while the eucalyptus, breathing its fragrance into the air, heard the ocean sing an obligato to my dreams.

Yes, my point, protected by its fence of rustic logs dulled to a dirty brown by years of exposure to ocean winds and softened by its carpet of emerald green, was perfect for dreaming. In fact it was



there that he first entered into my thoughts. "Who was he?" you will ask, and I will answer, "He was my knight in gleaming armour, my handsome, unattainable and definitely fictional savior, who was to deliver me from an existence of fog and rain, lone walks and dreams into the world of blue-green mists and violets and summer dew; a world that lonely women long for, where dreams are made by two, not one.

The point was deserted as usual, I thought, and as I crossed the plot of grass that separated me from a small rustic bench, the rain, collected in the hollows of the bench, looked at me with grotesque eyes that reflected the light from a distant street lamp. I blinded them with one slow movement when I placed myself between them and their sun. I groped for my cigarette case and lighter in my pocket. The green snake skin was clammy to the touch and the silver mechanism of the lighter sent a chill through my hand and arm. As the small flame leapt toward its brown-tipped goal, I became acutely aware that I was no longer alone. In the darkness beside me a resonant voice asked, "May I have a light?"

I handed him the lighter, and as the flame sprang forth again, I saw that the features of the man were in complete accord with his voice. He was large and compact and the blueness of his eyes which reflected the small flame, contrasted with the extreme darkness of his hair and complexion. He returned the silver object, now warm with his touch, and as I turned it again and again in my own palm, he leaned upon the fencing and fingered a piece of loose bark. Suddenly he turned and like a rather embarrassed college boy asked if he might sit down.

"Certainly," I said, "if you like." With my answer he settled himself on the bench and drew heavily on his cigarette. I tried to dismiss the stranger from my mind and return to my reverie, but with his every motion, my attention was drawn away from my thoughts to the way the light shone on his high cheek bones and the slight wave in a front lock of hair that was touched occasionally by a whiff of wind. We sat in silence, each absorbed in his own reflections. The parkway behind us vibrated with traffic. Air escaped from brakes as a moving van stopped and the

tiny voice of a streetcar's conductor urged the late returning people of the city to move back in the car.

The throat of civilization was dulled when at last the man spoke. "Good beach weather tomorrow; look's as though the rain has let up, for a while at least."

He was right. The clouds were being pushed south by a strong north wind that was not felt on earth. The clouds were flying south as the geese fly south before the first hard frost, and they scattered small stars in their wake like the birds they mimicked lost downy feathers in flight.

That was his overture to conversation and from it our talk drifted to and fro and finally settled upon our backgrounds, our common acute loneliness, our mutual respect for the works of Katchaturian and Renior, the probability of Darwin's theory and the other topics peculiar to darkness and the company of someone newly met. The traffic on the parkway thinned, and as I arose to say goodbye, my friend suggested coffee at Jack's, a small all-night place catering to members of the artist's colony close by. I had passed the place many times but had never had occasion to stop. As we entered, I noted that the interior was totally in keeping with the somewhat poorly kept frontage of the building. It was the usual beach cafe; there was an atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke, old coffee and beer. The wicker chairs were stained with the colors lost from many-hued wet bathing suits, and the tables were branded by cigarettes pressed hard against them by damp hands. The walls were the only appealing features of the scene. They were hung with a wide variety of paintings, impressionist, cubist, surrealist; all had their place upon the knotty pine. Some were excellent, but for the most part they were mediocre.

They were given to Jack, I learned, in return for the many meals he, ever faithful to the struggling unknowns, had given the artists when they were waiting for the next auction.

Lingering over the steaming coffee, we discussed the look in the waitress' eyes; it was one that had known hope, attempt, and then utter failure; and the drunken lifeguard who had cried piteously for that last forbidden drink, only to be denied it without sympathy. My companion and I returned to our private thoughts only to rouse at an observation or an opinion expressed by the other. The man commented on the boistrous group of boys and girls that wandered in from the casino several blocks down the street where a name band was playing, the harmless swagger of the young men and the bobbing of the girls' long hair as they hurried to push the already closely set tables even closer together. They half demanded sandwiches and soft drinks, only to give their attention to a darker liquid that came in a flatter bottle.

A mixture of white and red tipped stubs filled the ash-tray, and the heavy porcelain cups had been emptied many times when at last we walked into the pleasingly crisp air. A thick fog was dashing against the cliff and a small spray of it was thrown over to feel the way for the general invasion. A eucalyptus blossom fell from a branch overhead. The stranger knelt and lifted the pink and yellow flowers to my hair. I tried to sense every pressure of his hands as he placed it, as a jeweler places a new-cut stone in what might have been, for that night at least, a queen's coronet. I clung desperately to the sound of his muffled step upon the damp sidewalk, the touch of his coat brushing against my arm, the words that tumbled from his mouth, the hurried manner in

which he breathed in order to keep our rapid pace. I frantically tried to memorize it all. He stopped. "Why, why," I thought. "Was he going to leave me here? No, we were at the bench again." We sat down. I was tired but disregarded the fact. He sat close to me and at last took my hand. I trembled from the cold and excitement.

"You are very tired," he said, "I see it in your eyes."

I protested. I fought for every minute that I could obtain. He rose, walked a few steps and then turned.

"It is very late," he said. "May I walk with you?" I was tired, but even that very weariness seemed wonderful.

He walked toward me. He swerved and walked around the bench. I felt the pressure of his hand on my shoulder. Not as one whole, but as five separate hands combined to make one. I glanced upward and waited.

"Ah, ca'mon lady." A thin, shallow voice sounded from the mist behind me. "How many times d'I have t' tell ya', the park closes at nine-thirty?"

* * *

This is Neilyn Griggs' second year of work on CHIMES, and in her two years she has shown both interest and capability. This year Neilyn is our Poetry Editor, and say, can she write the stuff! We love it! A Penta Tau, Neilyn holds so many campus positions we could hardly find room to tell you about them, but Neil does like writing, especially poetry, and we know the folks back home in Los Angeles, California, are "busting buttons" when they read her work in CHIMES. We, too are proud to have her with us when Monday nights roll 'round.

Four Thoughts

By Jane Ellen Tye

I

Piece by piece the jig-saw fits together
As the hours fall into a heap in the hourglass.
So the Eternal Riddle shall weave itself
Into its own answer.
Let me not be sorrowed, then,
For this hour, too, will vanish into
Lavender mist.

II

The air licks with its tender tongue
The spilled wine,
And time nurses the tears that
Drop to the floor.
There is so little time for sadness,
And so much time for laughter.

III

From the damp, cold earth I arose
And shook the dust from my eyes . . .
Once more I stood where air is fresh
And sunlight warm, and flowers, oversweet.
There, along some unnamed street,
The people of the centuries ahead passed by,
Searching, dreaming of this thing: happiness.
This thing, oh God, that one can only find
When one has left it.

IV

At the dark corner table sit two men,
A poet and an architect,
Talking.
One of dreams, and one of stone,
Yet the two of them speak
With one tongue saying:
"I build."

Vanishing Peoples

By Adeline Horton

In the early eighteen-hundreds slave built plantations, villages, mills and factories sprang up and down the countryside of middle Tennessee. Here amid the pounding of hammers and hoeing of cotton, cooking of tasty Southern dishes, and pressing of voluminous skirts and petticoats, the dusting and scrubbing of the gigantic homes, this vast army of dark-skinned peoples sang their way into the hearts of their masters. Thousands of chanting negroes covered the Tennessee valleys and slopes in 1858, but in 1868, comparatively speaking, only a small number remained. Today, in 1948, a very few are still within the villages and plantations built by the bare, black hands of their fathers. Thus the climax in negro population in the central Tennessee agricultural area was reached about 1858, and was immediately followed by a sharp decline beginning with the Civil War.

When the call to duty was issued to the Southern white boy the slave also answered, as every aristocrat was accompanied by one or two "body servants" who had been with him since childhood. Valuables were carried by these negroes as the Yankees rarely suspected the confidence that master had in slave. Through death or sickness the loyal slave stood by his master, dying, or perhaps being captured never to return.

As the Yankees advanced, burning homes, destroying man and animal, much was suffered by the black race. The loyal negro often was forced from his home and into labor encampments. In one Southern home young Mrs. Bullock was left with only two Negro servants. Upon the approach of the Yankees, the young negro boy ran to protect his "missus" and



took the baby in his arms. The smirking Northerner jerked the child from the arms of the boy and grabbed the negro by the collar. As long as the clicking boots could be heard, the darkie's voice cried, "I'll be back, Miss Catherine, I'll be back."

When these things became known to the boys at the front or to those in the retreating army, many made every effort to help the slaves, now freed, to find new lives and to become adjusted in safer surroundings.

Old letters bear record that a certain

Rebel wrote his Mother requesting her to send all the servants (with exception of a very few household servants) to him by a Mr. Forrest, the brother of the noted General Nathan Bedford Forrest. The colored families gathered their belongings and set out for Alabama with Mr. Forrest. Passes to each of the Generals along the way were in order. After reaching Alabama they were employed in iron works and received a reasonable salary.

When such treks South are considered, we can understand how such vast numbers of Negroes left Tennessee in a brief span of time. Most of the loyal servants left at home can be exemplified by the old cook in the Wilhoite home. Mrs. Wilhoite had journeyed to recover her son's body, leaving Narcissus, a sixteen year old cousin in charge of the plantation. When the coats of blue were sighted, frightened Narcissus hid. The Yankees paraded through the house and after some time requested the cook Lizzie to prepare a meal for them. Lizzie refused saying, "I ain't gonna cook when a no-

body tells me to." Her stand was maintained until Narcissus reassured her that in this case she could proceed with the meal.

Such loyal servants as these remained as long as possible. Their children, however, slowly succumbed to the enticing wages of cities in the industrial North. Although many faithful negroes remain, few original slaves remain.

The funeral for the last negro slave in our community was in 1940. She had been a "black mammy" to the entire family for many generations. When the last bit of dirt had covered her grave the final note of the spirituals had died away. Her grandson returned in his black Buick to Akron, Ohio, and her daughter stood looking at the other family graves in the little clay cemetery.

Death and materialism through the years have called Negroes from the slopes of Tennessee until today the once familiar black face has become a rarity reserved for tales of tradition and enchanting leaves of history books.

Rebirth

By Anne Ferber

I can remember my first impression of Victoria as our small ship rounded one of the many points. A small bit of England lay before me, reclining in the brisk breeze and warm morning sun. The small cottages lying crouched around the rocks seemed to suggest serenity and quiet. The immaculate gardens partly hidden from view by extremely tall hedges revealed the pride of the Victorians. Here was gentility and beauty.

Soon our ship was nosing its way into

the inner harbor, inching past ancient water tubs of the "good old days." The first thing we saw rising above the wharfs was a large, ivy-covered castle—The Empress Hotel. Indeed, she did resemble an Empress, fat, yet immaculately dressed. I was soon to discover the charm of this famous place.

However, it was the people who impressed me the most in this city. A quiet and reserved clan, they asked for nothing, gave much. The cab driver, for instance,

was not typical of cab drivers. A tall, distinguished Englishman, he spoke in clear, low tones, explaining the points of interest as we drove by. He was the sort of person you might ask to dinner on Saturday night, serving meat pie and potatoes. Afterwards he might light his pipe, and, as we sat around the fireplace, tell us the story of the real ghost in Hurs-tuonceau castle.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is inhabited for the most part by retired Englishmen. For this reason it is a quiet, reserved city, abounding in parks and golf courses. It seemed to fit any needs, for I was tired and discouraged. I needed to find myself again. The Victorians had found themselves. I can remember how the man next door would pick up his golf clubs every morning, rain or shine, to play his habitual game of golf. He let his main interest in life uphold his morale.

I can remember a retired English army officer telling of one of his experiences as a gardener in Victoria. He was a gardener on one of the large estates. The mistress of the estate, very conscious of her station in life, complained about the manner in which he was spading the soil. Since he was master gardener, this gentleman inquired as to the source of her information.

"Sir Robert Fields, in his famous book on gardening, says . . .," and she went on to explain a scientific theory.

"Madam," he replied, "if you wish me to continue as your gardener, you must let me garden as I see fit."

"And what is your source of information?"

"My book," came the terse reply.

Of course, the man had never written a book in his life; however, he impressed the lady. He knew he was right, and

he was willing to sacrifice his job in order to do his work in the best manner. This incident impressed me, for I was not sure of myself. I needed self-esteem.

There is a difference between self-love and self-esteem. Self-love is an interest in one's own happiness and benefit, regardless of the feeling of others. Self-esteem is respect for oneself without the harming of anyone.

For instance, I soon discovered that I was a marked individual in this English settlement. My gabardine suit, trailing skirt, and three inch heels were very much out of place. I can remember a tweedy woman asking "what part of the United States" I was from. I believe that the people in this country place too much stress upon style and fashion. Cleanliness and neatness were the important factors which disclosed a person's character in Victoria. The women dressed in mothly tweed suits, walking shoes, lisle stockings, and tams. A shingle bob was the coiffure of the day as it had been for innumerable days before. There was an inexplicable charm about Victorians.

One afternoon we went to tea at the Empress. Afternoon tea was served in a high vaulted room with settees and arm chairs. It was brought in a silver service with delicious sandwiches, devonshire cream, scones, and eclairs. The conversation was hushed by the height of the room. There was no need for juke-boxes, wit, noise and smoke. The atmosphere was too beautiful to be modern.

Mountains are too beautiful to be modern. They stand impenetrable, everlasting, and awe-inspiring. I could see Mount Baker on a clear day in Victoria. It stood alone like a sugar loaf, making me feel that there is strength and beauty in everything, Mountains give me a feeling of insignificance, yet happiness that I

can enjoy the greater power of something else. The flat terrain at home gave me exactly the same feeling; flat.

It is a great thing to be able to look up, and to reach always for something higher. Victorians, while satisfied with themselves, were always able to look up.

Now I'm back, reborn, and looking forward. I'm listening to the juke-box, living in a busy modern city, wearing trailing skirts, and high heels, and under-estimating the common man. Someday, I'll go back to the land of my rebirth. I don't know.

Autumn Reverie

By Joan Hays



Design by JANET ZERR.

The apple orchard in the fall is a symbol of tranquillity and contentment. Around the rows of trees is an aura of fulfilled promise, for in place of the delicate flowers of the spring, the gnarled branches are laden with ruddy fruit which by its very weight threatens the proud trees with destruction. In some sections of this forest of fruit, stalwart country boys with cheeks as rosy as the crop they harvest are busily robbing the trees of their offspring; in another quarter one hears the chug of a tractor hauling the

apples to grading and packing sheds. The playful autumn wind, still a youngster and not yet grown to the proportions of a windy gale, pokes along the wide porch of the orchard-keeper's house and stops to tease the hair of his wife. She, in turn, pats her white head, sighs contentedly, and turns to survey the tapestry of color which Nature has painstakingly worked through the centuries. To her faded eyes the golden trees, scarlet fruit, and azure sky echo again the joyous promise as old as the ages.

“Have You Ever Been Called A Gossip?”

By Betty Kelley

You have no doubt in your lifetime been called a gossip, and you probably resent the accusation very much. Had you lived a few centuries ago, you would have been pleased to have people know you as a gossip.

The word gossip has sadly degenerated in meaning. It originally denoted a person bound to another by a religious ceremony, especially a sponsor in baptism. The old Anglo-Saxon word *godsibb* was derived from God, “God,” and sib, “related,” a relation. From this comes Middle English *gossib*, modern gossip.

According to the *New English Dictionary*, gossip means “to give a name to—” One who had contracted spiritual affinity with another by acting as a sponsor at a baptism. A familiar phrase used hundreds of years ago was, “The parents being so poor they had provided no gossips at the baptism.”

The first meaning, “sponsor,” “godfather, or godmother,” are obsolete. We have several different meanings for the word gossip. “A familiar companion, acquaintance, friend, or chum. Formerly applied to both sexes, now only to women.” A more general sense developed—“a companion, or acquaintance, especially a talkative one”—and finally “a person, mostly a woman of light and trifling character, especially one who delights in idle talk.”

So you can tell that to be a gossip back in the fifteenth century would have been a privilege and pleasure. Today we resent being called a gossip because even though we spread news, both bad and good, we do not like being thought of

as a tattler who delights in idle talk. So I guess all I can say is, unless you can turn back the years, which I’m afraid is impossible, you had better not repeat rumors or you will surely be called a gossip in the modern sense of the word!

Nocturne

By Carol Kessler

For there was nothing at all
But the darkness,
And a tiny point of light;
A thin ray
Which split one band of black from
another
And stopped against a gray wall
In one small dot
Of light.

There was no sound at all
But lingering, faint tones
Of music.

For there was but one ecstasy
Built upon that moment;
That time;
Upon that setting.

There was none but me,
And for that moment,
Not even me—
For I was removed hence
Into another setting in black;
Into another lingering, dying,
Faint melody.

Book Reviews



Fire In The Morning

Reviewed by Kathleen Bond

By Elizabeth Spencer. Dodd, Mead & Co. Pub.
N. Y., N. Y. 1948.

All through the night Rome went burning. Put that in the noontide and it loses some of its age-old significance, does it not? Why? Because it has existed to the eye of the mind all these years against a black sky.

—Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood*.

During the Civil War there was, in Tarsus, Mississippi, a lovely home that was burned by the invading soldiers. But it was done in an unusual way. The soldiers were first given breakfast by the occupants and treated with courtesy. After accepting what his host had to offer, the leader walked calmly into the kitchen and ordered all the extra pile of wood to be heaped on the stove. This done, he took a lighted fagot offered by his host, lit his pipe, and used it to set fire to the immense pyre before him. The efforts of the family to extinguish the fire were useless. They stood a little way off and

watched their home burn that morning. And they saw something they loved destroyed. But people in Tarsus don't think about it any more or even remember it at all. "Fire in the morning burns as thoroughly as another fire, but it has no efficacy in the memory which must evermore look upon it through a veil, unreasoningly conscious that here is something which should not be." This is the theme of Elizabeth Spencer's *Fire in the Morning*. This, her first novel, tells of a series of events which, though in a different time and with different people as characters, portrays a situation comparable to the wanton burning of the old southern home.

When the Gerrard family first moved to Tarsus, they were straight from the country. They had nothing to recommend them to the people they had chosen to live among. But these people of Tarsus

gave them jobs and even showed mild interest in, and no little curiosity about, their welfare. The Gerrards, by dint of much pinching and saving, managed to accumulate a goodly store of wealth which they kept in a safe in their ramshackle house. At the death of a very prominent citizen of Tarsus the Gerrards, enlisting the aid of a member of the family of the deceased man and a clever lawyer from Memphis, wrested the entire estate from the rightful inheritors. By right it should have gone to Daniel Armstrong and Felix McKie. In a short period of open feuding immediately following this action, Felix McKie was blinded, and one of the Gerrards was killed. After this first flare of fighting the outward symbols of the feud almost disappeared for a number of years.

But the sins of the parents are visited upon their children, and the feud was carried on to its finish by the second generation. It is about this second generation that Elizabeth Spencer tells us. Not knowing the definite pattern of animosity between the two families, yet feeling his own inward distrust of them, Kinlock Armstrong digs up the old feud. Elizabeth Spencer tells in a vivid and human way of the mental struggle involved, of the effects on Ruth, Kinlock's beautiful young wife. She tells of the difficult problems and trials that Kinlock is faced with through no fault of his own. And she tells us how Kinlock, after a series of heartbreaking events, solves his problems.

In this novel Miss Spencer has not given us a pretty picture of the cultured, mint-julip-drinking South that makes such a lovely fairy story. Rather she has shown us people as they might be in any small town in Vermont, California, Tennessee—anywhere, for there are basic human

characteristics that are universal. And there are also situations that are age-old. She has picked one of the oldest of these, dating back to the earliest tribes and clans, family feuds. Yet using this ordinary plot and writing about ordinary human beings, Miss Spencer has produced a superb novel. Perhaps her secret is in observing those unusual elements in ordinary people and events. Or perhaps her secret lies in her acute realism.

The characters in *Fire in the Morning* are nothing if not realistic. Her down-to-earth portrayal of Justin Gerrard and her constant swearing is at times something of a shock. Ruth Armstrong is, on the other hand, one of the "good characters." Miss Spencer draws a very lively mental picture of her. Even so, however, the realism is not lacking in Ruth's make-up. This is evinced by the fact that Ruth hides a serious crime for which she was partly responsible.

While the theme is universal and the people are ordinary, there is local color throughout the novel. It is altogether obvious that the author is a Southerner herself and knows what she's talking about. Elizabeth Spencer was born and reared in Carrollton, Mississippi. She attended Belhaven College and Vanderbilt University. For a year she worked for the *Nashville Tennessean*, and at present she is teaching in the English department at the University of Mississippi. With this background, her familiarity with the Southerners and their ways is certainly understandable. In this book she brings in certain characteristics of the South that give the story a valid certificate to show its origin. One specific item places the writer and the book as nothing else could. She says, "Politeness is thin as a tissue paper wall, but the Mississippi

levee and the dikes of Holland are nothing compared to its strength."

This book is comfortable reading. It isn't a tear-jerker because Elizabeth Spencer didn't write it that way (nor intended to, I imagine). Nor does it have a series of highly breathtaking events. But it is a book that you can not put down. You become absorbed in it. You identify yourself with Kinlock Armstrong. And, most of all, you read to find out what this thing is like, this "fire in the morning."

Kay Bond, a Senior from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, holds the position of Exchange Editor of CHIMES. This is Kay's first year as staff member of the campus magazine and frankly, we don't see how we did without her last year. Kay is a T.C. and is a member of Dr. Duncan's Advanced Composition class. She likes to write and we're mighty glad she does, 'cause Kay has brought us some fine work this year. A pillar to support the CHIMES, she has proved herself one of our most valuable workers.



Civil War To T. V. A.

Reviewed by Betty Kelley

THE TENNESSEE. Donald Davidson. 363 pp. New York: Rinehart and Company, Inc. 1948. \$3.50.

This second volume of *The Tennessee* in the *Rivers of America* series tells the story of the "new" river. The "old" river's history was published in Volume I, *Frontier to Secession*, in 1946.

The entire history of the Tennessee is one of drama and excitement, but perhaps its greatest story is told in Volume II, *The New River: Civil War to T. V. A.*

In his second book about the Tennessee, Mr. Davidson begins his record with the Civil War. Not only is the grim saga of the Civil War in the Tennessee Valley contained in this great volume, but the school in which Grant and Sherman learned the art of war is discussed, and

the river's own participation in the war in the waterborne expedition to Pittsburg Landing and the battles of the gunboats is described. The river became a water way for transporting troops, and for gunboats, mostly Union troops and their gunboats. In Tennessee Sherman rehearsed for his march through Georgia. Raids by Forrest and attacks by guerrillas so enraged Sherman that he retaliated against civilians.

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that the Confederate Cavalry genius, Nathan Bedford Forrest, made his name.

In one chapter the author sums up the cost to the Tennessee Valley of what is now known as "total war," a cost so great that when the war ended only the river, the wilderness, and the unbroken spirit of the people remained. What happened to the spirit in the half century after the war is told in the middle third of the book.

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CHIMES



WARD-BELMONT
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FOREWORD

SPRING in all its glory has come at last to Ward-Belmont and to the world. Everywhere tiny buds are awakening from their dormant homes to turn the gray earth emerald green. The sky is overblue and the air becomes scented with the perfumes of fresh new flowers. Dandelions dot the lawn with yellow, and the classroom windows are thrown open at last to let the Spring come in. Within ourselves there is an awakening, too. We see the beauty that is about us and somehow we absorb some of it, becoming part of what is beautiful and good. Spring is the time to appreciate, for no other season holds so much loveliness—no other season is so highly praised by poets, and artists, and man.

The second issue of CHIMES has a Springtime theme. We hope some of you will take it outdoors to read it, looking up often to recognize more clearly than before how wonderful life is. To be young, to be alive, to be a part of the Universe should give us a happiness and gratefulness that compels us to give of ourselves more richly . . . more fully.

Each day we realize that the days are growing longer yet are moving closer and closer to graduation and to goodbyes. This fact is another challenge to us, for there is much to be done these last weeks. There is much to learn and much to give, and so little time to do it in. This issue is the Springtime gift to you from our staff and from each girl who has contributed toward making it a thing to enjoy now that all is AWAKENING.

—JET

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A Turning From Truth?

By Mary Martin

It seems that at the present time there has been a general turning from the humanities toward the sciences. Perhaps such action is due to the discovery of the atom bomb and its more or less natural result, an emphasis on science. Perhaps it is due to the almost complete mechanization that our modern world is undergoing. Many scientists of today would have mankind believe that there is nothing in the world aside from the real and the material. The scientists collect cold facts, analyze them, and then theorize. Science does not ask the "why" and the "wherefore." But mankind does. At least mankind did until the discovery of the atom bomb. Now it appears almost as a direct by-product of this discovery that man has immersed himself in a philosophy purporting that there is purpose in nothing, that death is death, and that life is meaningless.

This idea seems to have invaded the colleges and the universities and today the trends of education appear to be only toward scientific studies. It is very evident that there has been a marked decline in interest in the humanities. Literature, the fine arts, and philosophy have been forced into the background while science has come to the fore. The coming generation seems undeniably on its way to belief only in the cold, hard facts, to a belief in nothing.

The aim of education is to fit the individual to cope with every facet of life. Too many people have the confused idea that scholarship and education are the results of only the mere accumulation of facts, and that the educated man is the one who has the most keys hanging from his watch chain. Unless the human being comes to realize that real education

stems from the eternal truths of the universe he is lost. Of course, a part of this truth may be found in science, but it is in the humanities that one finds its real expression.

Too many college students have enlightened themselves only with the factual, paying little regard to the arts, to music, to prose and poetry. They do not realize that it is only in these that that certain something, perhaps the philosopher's stone that the alchemist sought, can be found. Music had its place in the earliest civilization, poetry its beginning in even the most barbaric tribe. Every interpreter of the humanities has tried his hand at translating for mankind the hidden idealities of the spheres. People, young people especially, should again associate themselves with the sensory arts, whether it be dabbling with a palette and paintbrush or writing sonnets to the works of nature. Education should lead man to want to know and to discover, not to be satisfied with the facts and rules that his predecessors have laid down for him. Such a plan could never lead to a philosophy of nothingness.

College should teach its students the principle of selectivity. It should teach its students to reason; but not to the exclusion of the realm of the imagination. The mysticism of the Middle Ages need not necessarily be left only to them. It is not the working of an immature mind to believe in God. Even the scientist as he progresses into what he supposes to be reality finds many phenomenon that pure fact cannot explain. The student must come to realize that there is purpose in this world. Man is not educated in books alone. He must come to realize that there is a "Why" hidden in the universe

and that he can find it only by his *own* searching. Science can never find God any more than could Faust discover all the knowledge of the world.

The college student must not turn from the humanities but toward them. For it is only in them that he can find the faith and hope that he needs to face a world

governed by the atom. Through wisdom gained by this association with the humanities one realizes that there is a purpose behind the universe, although it seems so splendidly hidden. Even though truth appears so remote man must not turn from it—for the philosopher's stone has many forms.



Julia

By Kathleen Bond

"In nature there is nothing melancholy
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a greivous wrong
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I am sitting on Julia's front porch now . . . just sitting here, because Julia isn't here and I really don't know exactly where to go or what to do. Julia's parents are inside in the living room, but I doubt that they even realize that I am still out here. I suppose Hugh will be here soon; he called a few minutes ago and said that he'd be over.

There is no human sound, and yet the night is noisy with the shrill cries of a million crickets. The frogs down in the pond are crying with the crickets for the loudest notes in this huge orchestration. There was a storm this afternoon—beautiful and intense—yet short-lived. Now as a postlude raindrops from the lean, shiny leaves are falling in a melancholy pattern of gloom. Why gloom? It is not the gloom that comes from the elements, for there is never real gloom in nature. There is sadness, perhaps, but never

gloom. This, I think, is that deep pervading, malignant feeling that comes from within oneself . . . that empty, yet satiating sensation of unbearable grief that comes to one few—yet far too many—times in a lifetime.

I get up and shake myself trying to get rid of this feeling that has taken hold on my very being . . . that suffuses my brain, my body . . . that cling to me, that sickens me, but that is indifferent to me. The night air is stifling in its wetness, and yet the perspiration on my forehead is cold and my hands are clammy. I pace the damp floor of the porch, but there is no escape. No escape from what, I ask myself. The answer is all too ready . . . escape from thinking. For we may avoid external stimuli, but there is no escape from that which our own mind would have us heed. I walk to the corner of the porch and look out

at the road that is splotted with puddles of water that gleam in the moonlight . . . its emptiness is almost frightening.

"Why doesn't Hugh hurry up and come?" This I say half aloud, and the sound of my own voice, shrill against the monotonous background of the frogs and crickets, send a chill of panic throughout my body. But I know that I don't really want Hugh to come. No, for what will I say to him? What can I say? Retracing my footsteps, I cross the porch and sit down in the swing. If I can just relax and forget for a few minutes. If I can just stop asking myself why . . . why? The swing moves rhythmically back and forth . . . back and forth. Its harsh tone blends with the grotesque melody of the frogs and crickets. And now I know that thought is coming, for I can avoid it no longer. Slowly at first, then more quickly, my body relaxes, becomes limp; and the combined noises of the night fade into an imperceptable drone. And I think.

Thoughts, images, sensations . . . all rush through my mind in a confused, disjointed haze. Then they take sequence and shape.

I see Julia; Julia when she was a little girl and first invited me over to play in her sandpile, Julia when we were in grammar school together and she used to star in all the school plays, Julia in high school when she was football queen two consecutive years, but most of all I see Julia in her first year at state college . . . Julia and Hugh. Julia met Hugh about this time last summer, but somehow it seems as though it has always been Julia and Hugh. Funny, in the beginning I had never thought that those two would hit it off . . . They were so entirely different.

When did it all begin : . . yes, that day last summer when Emmitt called me

and asked me to get a blind date for a friend of his who had just moved to town. I had brought Julia for the blind date. That was the natural thing to do; I always thought of Julia first. Hugh turned out to be a nice boy but not at all Julia's type. Julia was gay and care-free, and Hugh at that time seemed almost diffident in his silence. Besides, he was too old for her; Julia was only seventeen and he was twenty-six. We went to the picture show that night and had a fairly enjoyable time. I was amazed at how well Julia and Hugh seemed to get along.

Julia had spent the night at my house that night, and after we had gone to bed, we had talked, first generally, then of Hugh. And I had been so astonished at her reaction to him. Funny, when I think about it now, it seems only that she should have liked Hugh immediately. In a rush of enthusiasm she had declared that she was crazy about him. Just like Julia—always too impetuous for her own good. She had confided that she was going out with him the following evening.

"But, Julia," I had said to her, "he's much too old for you, and besides he's so serious. You two don't have anything in common." At that she had become very grave.

"I know," she had said, "he is a great deal older." And then she had told me about him . . . that he was a veteran, that he was putting the finishing touches on a collection of war poetry that he had done while he was over-seas. She told me of his plans to complete his senior year of college in the journalism school at State and of his ambition to be a writer.

"I know he's a great deal older and more mature than I am," she had said, "but I've never known anyone quite like him. I think . . . yes, I'm sure that I'd like to know him better."

Yes, that's the way it had started. Hugh had liked Julia from the very first, and from then on they had been a steady couple. After people around town had grown used to the idea of pretty, gay little Julia going with the quiet, serious Hugh, they had accepted it just as I had. Everybody had liked them—at first because of Julia—she had always been popular with young and old alike—but eventually because of Hugh, too. There was something about him that made you feel drawn to him . . . a warmth perhaps, and a deep understanding that seemed to show in his eyes.

They were always together, Julia and Hugh, and it seems now that it could never have been otherwise. One was the complement of the other. And ever so slowly yet very definitely they were becoming more alike. It seemed as though Julia were giving Hugh some of her gaiety and love of life, while Hugh was giving Julia deepness of thought and a kind of beautiful seriousness. Each seemed to inspire the other, and it was a wonderful experience just to be with the two of them.

"Oh, Julia!" My mind seems to contract at the name. The reality of the present breaks through my remembrance, and the drone of here and now becomes louder with crickets and frogs and the porch swing. And then with the speed of sudden pain relieved, it grows faint again. For thought is too strong. I must think and remember.

And Julia and Hugh went to State together last fall, and they were together over there as much as possible. Julia even took beginners' composition so that she could learn something of the art that Hugh loved so dearly . . . I didn't see very much of the two of them last winter because I stayed at home and worked. But I remember the week-ends when they came home to celebrate the publishing of

Hugh's first book of poetry . . . I don't think I've ever seen such a happy couple.

And the year went on like that with me seeing them only on the occasional week-ends that they came home. Then at last school was over, and Julia and Hugh came home. As yet there had been no announcement, but everyone in town was expecting them to get married before the summer was over. And with Julia back home everything was just as it had been before except that now there was Hugh. We were together constantly just as we had always been . . . especially in the day time, because that was when Hugh was working down at the paper. Julia was somehow different these days. Now that I think of it I don't know exactly how, just more serious and somehow very gentle.

At night sometimes we'd double-date, but every now and then just Julia and Hugh would come over and we'd spend the evening together. What was it that Julia said about that . . . yes, something about her wanting Hugh and me to know each other well because we were the two people that meant the most to her. That's how I got to know Hugh for what he really was, a sensitive, high-strung genius, yet with it all a very gently understanding person. That's how I came to know how very important they were to each other. And I remember thinking at the time . . . I wonder what would happen if anything should separate those two. I dreaded to think.

And now, just a week ago tonight, Hugh asked Julia to marry him. She came over to my house the next morning to tell me about it. She was so happy that it was wonderful to see her. Yet as we talked there seemed to be a shadow of sadness in her voice. She tried to explain to me what she hardly understood herself.

"I don't know . . . I just don't know," she said. "I am in love with Hugh but I have to be sure. Hugh has told me that I

needn't rush into it, but somehow I feel that I must. I have to hurry; don't ask me why. It's just an odd feeling that I have that time is running out for me. But I'm so afraid to go ahead and get married until I'm sure, because I do want ours to be a good marriage. If I should ever do anything to hurt Hugh, I don't know what I'd do. That's what frightens me. Hugh is such a sensitive person and I could so easily hurt him. For some reason I feel that my just being around somehow keeps him from getting hurt. That's why I want to always be around as long as he needs me . . . and I know that he needs me. I don't know exactly what I'm trying to say except that I pray to God that I never do anything to hurt Hugh."

The drone becomes louder, and once more is the sound of crickets and frogs and the porch swing. But now there is another sound, the sound of footsteps out in the street. Now they turn into the walk that comes up to the house. That must be Hugh. Half in a daze I rise and walk to the top of the porch steps. And now I am becoming tense again, for remembrance is leaving me and the cold gloomy present is invading my mind and

body, growing more intense with each forward footstep that Hugh takes.

Hugh slowly climbs the steps, and in the dim light I can not see his face clearly; but I know that his thoughts are akin to my own. He comes another step closer and then stops. He looks as though he has aged twenty years. His eyes express the hollow grief of those who cannot cry. And now as he stands before me, beaten emotionally, my mind silently cries out for him because I share his despair . . . and it is terrible.

For Hugh has been hurt, mentally and perhaps spiritually. Julia didn't mean to hurt Hugh. She was always afraid it would happen, and now she has hurt Hugh . . . so much. She has left him. Late this afternoon as the brief, wild storm came to its abrupt ending, Julia left Hugh. And now as I look at his face, I know that we share the same feeling of unbearable grief, of unrelieved gloom. And the monotonous disjointed sounds of the night become an insane mockery.

"Hugh, I . . ." but there is nothing that I can say to him, no word of comfort, for I have found no consolation in my own mind, no reason. For I had not known, nor had Hugh, that Julia had been suffering from an incurable heart condition.

One Night

By Adeline Horton

I stepped off the bus into an early spring drizzle. I stood there in the cold and wet facing a rambling, farm house that was shrouded in a cloak of damp, white mist. It was a peculiar old mansion, and it amazed me that I felt as though I was simply coming home. I had never lived behind those white columns with their added mid-Victorian ornamentation. In fact, I had rarely even visited here. I stood on the soft green lawn and just looked at the old structure. The house was the reason that I was here. We were going to sell it to complete the division of my great-grandfather's property. He, William Bullock, had bought the house shortly after my grandmother's wedding and upon his death it had been left to her and to her brother John. Funny, how I had heard and remembered about each plan for division that had been almost completed and then had failed. Usually family feuds or distrust had prohibited the division. Usually those feuds were centered about this very house. At last it had been decided to sell the house to some one outside of the family, and then to divide the profits. This plan was succeeding. The lawyers and the prospective buyers were to be present the next morning to seal the contract. Johnny, the great-grandson of old William, and I were going to at last succeed. My steps were certain as my shoes clicked on the brick walkway. I could even hear a note of triumph in the tone of the door bell as I pressed it beneath my cold, wet fingers.

Then suddenly the big door swung open and three giggling children ushered me inside, while my beaming cousin Johnny slapped me on the back, picked up my bag, and charmingly introduced

me to his round faced, jovial wife. Her bright blue eyes were matched only by those of the children's. Everything seemed happy inside the house but I could hardly shake off the deep melancholy that had overcome me when I first saw it. The deep warm carpets and the bright, clear lights made me relax in old-fashioned comfort. Soon a lavish meal was spread upon the long, antique, dinner table. It was one of those dinners that you read about at the family home, the kind I would have had here when I was a child. "But this is no longer your home," my mind spoke. I brushed this thought aside.

After the kingly dinner I relaxed by the big fireplace and reviewed the events, the history of the house, the whole affair. A lifesize portrait of our ancestor William hung above the mantle and for several minutes I watched the flickering firelight on the face of the man. He almost seemed alive. Funny, I thought that he should be staring down from the wall to supervise the whole proceedings. It seemed as though he was really there and . . . "Blast it, we'd better get down to business, Johnny," I shouted to interrupt my reminiscing. We worked and talked until a distant clock struck one.

Johnny showed me to my room and with little preparation, I climbed into the big four poster bed. Dead tired from the trip from the concern over the impending transaction, I fell immediately asleep. The clock chimed three. It blared into my semiconsciousness and I awakened. The clock was one of those big, old jobs with funny hands and quaint lettering. I can never figure out why it was facing my bed, but there it was right across the



room from me beating its life out. It ticked on after its three mad strokes and I lay there making every effort to lose again consciousness. Then I heard something. Funny, the way it sounded like a man in his leather boots was coming down the stairs. "Hell," thought I, "don't tell me that John gets up at three. The cows I suppose." Then I realized that the steps were uneven. The man had a limp. That wasn't Johnny. Who? Oh well, none of my business. I turned over, but the steps came toward my room. A knock sounded on my door.

Well damn, thought I, as I exposed myself to the chilly room and fumbled with the lock. "John?" I asked. No answer. "John?" No other man lives in this house. It couldn't be the children. Just a dream. I must not be awake. I'll just go back to . . .

Knock. Knock.

"Blast it, I'm coming." I snapped on the lights and jerked the door open. An empty room lay before me. I blinked. I squinted, but nothing appeared. Another wide-eyed ancestor peered down at me from a dark painting and I being somewhat puzzled banged the door closed. "My nerves are shot. That ignorant doctor must have given me dope for vitamin pills," I thought. Clicking off the light I sank beneath the eiderdown comfort determined to go to sleep. Then it happened. Oh Lord, it happened. The very devil must have been out on a mission to torment me that night.

I began to hear knocking, soft flesh-padded knocks on the doors, walls and on one particular wall—behind that pounding, noisy clock. I breathed nadder then I sniffled. Perfume! Heady, oppressive, sickening perfume filled the air. It came to me as though a hundred drams of the fragrant mess had been spilled in this one room. I started to get from my bed to raise the window and then I

heard again something new, a soft swish, swish of a taffeta skirt, and padded steps tripped lightly across the room toward my bed. I was paralyzed. I reasoned. I begged myself to awaken and find this but a horrible nightmare, but I was already awake. I was sensing all. I squirmed; I pinched myself; I was awake. I sat there dreading every breath, knowing that each breath consumed the sweet oppressive smell. I gasped for breath. Then startled I recognized the pungent odor of a match. Then, while I tossed, feared, shuddered, the full warm, mellow tobacco of a cigar filled my nostrils.

I sat amazed. The steps began again. I say "began" because I don't remember their continuation. Oh, Lord. I don't remember anything. I was too weak and afraid to move. What damn thing could this be? People had said that there were such things, such supernatural things and I had scoffed. Could this be? I must not lose my sanity. I must not. I . . . then I felt it, cold clammy soft, but firm . . . soft flesh. How could I tell you? How could I make you know? The perfume swept by again and soft, cold fingers grasped my shoulders, braced my back with a pat and then . . . DEAD SILENCE.

My heart pounded to the tick of the clock. I gritted my teeth and counted to ten. My feet hit the ice cold ash flooring, then the carpet. Then my fingers touched the plastic switch. Lights came on. My bed was covered with a heap of scrambled coverlids. The door was unlocked, and the hands, the weird hands of the old clock marked the passing of sixteen minutes. While dressing I stared in the mirror at a tired, mature man. My lined face was shadowed with a two days' growth of beard, but my nervous fingers warned against a shave. I packed my bag, slowly, but neatly. I had to get control of myself, but all the time I thought.

Oh damn, I thought. Why did I have a memory? Those fingers! Could I be insane? Could I have been asleep? Oh, if only I could have slept through it! I straightened up the room, then reached for the phone. The country phone was silent. Then more than ever, I realized the loneliness of it all. At last the operator answered. I called the bus station. "When does the next bus north leave? Five-thirty? Thank you." The clock hands pointed to four-fifty. I scribbled a note to John.

Got a call from home. Will explain in letter. Have to make the five-thirty bus. Love to all the family.

Henry.

I left that "lie" lying on the spread-up bed. I grabbed my bag, straightened my tie, looked around. The cold knob of the door was in my hand. Was I running away? What made me act this way? I stood there undecided. What about tomorrow?

They'd have to have my signature. While pondering the subject, I walked over to the clock, looked at my watch. It was five minutes fast. Automatically I opened the big glass door, set back the weird old hands, and reached for the

key on the top to give it a wind. Junk, dirt, soot covered the unseen top. I gave it a brush. The dey, a letter, an agate marble, a broken pair of tiny gold rimmed spectacles, and a handkerchief fell to the floor. Picking them up one at a time, I mused over the yellow letter addressed to my grandmother. I opened it and scanned the pages. My eyes paused.

"Today Maggie, I bought a new home. It is out in the country near the river. You remember the one that we looked at before your wedding. It's yours Maggie as well as John's, and it always shall belong to you two children and your children's children. I'll see to that!

Do tell me about the new baby. I am so glad . . ."

I could see no longer. My mind was too confused. To sell the house was out of the question. Twenty after five—I grabbed my bag, opened the door, heard it bang to behind me. I stalked through the hall, lifted the heavy brass lock and went out into the fresh morning air. After crossing the road I looked back. The sun was rising behind the house that now had a halo of morning mist about it. The bus stopped, then pulled away, and I had left that peculiar old mansion.



Resistance En Retard

By Helen Walton

The bitter fluid slid down my throat leaving it stinging and raw. It was done, I thought, and already the poison seemed to be tearing madly at my brain. I sank into a chair and regarded my reflection in the window which the cold, dark rain was beating against. I shivered. The slow dull ache that was beginning to blind me changed quickly to sharp and panging throbs.

It was better that way, I thought. Better to let them think I had turned yellow and done it myself than to see him wasted away under the strain and tension I had endured for the past three days. Better to get it over with quick than to live a lifetime in constant fear that I would be found out.

Doc'll kill me, I thought. Kill me, why that was funny. I gave a feeble laugh. Doc never quit. He was the sort of fellow that was all for taking a chance when there was a chance to take. To

Doc, life meant hope. So far they couldn't prove a thing. We had been careful to dispose of all the evidence. But then, they say there is no perfect crime.

God, the pain was terrible! It was harder to think now. My arms and legs were beginning to tingle, but the distant sound of a siren somewhere made me start, and I thought of the times in the last few days I had heard them and had sat alertly anxious until they passed. I relaxed. Jean had been a girl with class. I must have been insane—but why think about that now. Why think at all for that matter. It was getting harder and harder—. The door—someone was coming in the door. Through the haze and dim light I saw Doc standing there. He was shaking me now and screaming. "We didn't kill her . . . we didn't kill her . . ." Why didn't Doc do something?

The pain . . . the gnawing pain . . .

Aftermath

By Carolyn Mansfield

In the streets of Rouen
The solemn children play
Clothed
In black.

The silent children of Rouen
Sleep in blackened rooms at night
And dream
Dark dreams.

Ninety-Second Street

Incident

By Jane Ellen Tye

My name's Otto Sclovinsky. I come from Hoboken, Jersey. I met up wit dis guy, Hugo, one night in The Gloria, which is a neat little bar over in the West Side. Here I am, minding me own business, drinkin a mug of ale, conversin wit Gussie, de bartender which is a friend o mine when all of a sudden dis guy walks up to me out o nowhere . . . A big guy he is, wit a scar dat runs across his face and slanty eyes . . . He says to me, "Buddy, ain't I seed you somewheres before?"

"Can't say as you have, Mister," says I, "I ain't seed you nowhere before."

"Skip it," says dis big guy . . . "Set me up a beer man."

Me curiosity is all the time gettin the best of me, and I knows it, but I can't hold it back no further, so I says . . . "Is dere a guy you're lookin fer . . . Maybe I knows him?"

"Yeah," says the strange guy, his eyes kind of laughin . . . "yeah, maybe you know him. Name's Al Welsh . . . Used to be a school buddy of mine. Ain't seed him in fifteen years though . . . We was to meet at this joint tonight . . ."

"I getcha . . . and you thought him was me."

"Yeah."

I shut me big trap long enough to swallow the rest of me drink and was gonna ast this character if he was new around these parts, when the door opens and an-odder guy busts tru de door and walks up to me buddy drinking beer on de stool next to me, and knocks the mug smack outta his mouth . . . spillin the brew all over him and me. "What gives!" the guy turns around and faces dis odder guy

which has hit him. "Why Al, you ole son of a gun" . . . The two guys grabs each other and stands there sayin nothing and pattin each odder on de back.

"Scuse me all over," says I, and starts wipin the beer off me pants . . .

The two guys break up de clinch, have a stool, and order two more beers. I was keepin me ears open while these birds talked on account of it's a habit o mine to listen to people . . . I ain't no fool. Gussie, de bartender I was speakin of, was eyein dem up and down . . . he ain't too unsuspicious of strange guys which bust into his bar after twelve p.m. and den start holdin a family reunion like these birds was doin.

I picks up me paper, but I ain't readin a line of it, see. I was gonna hear what these guys was up to. I hear this Al call the odder guy Hugo, and I kind of laughs to meself at de name, Hugo . . . Onst I had a mutt which I called Hugo. Anyway, dis Hugo finishes his beer like he was dyin o thirst and pulls out a big cigar which he offers to his buddy, and de buddy don't smoke evidently, so Hugo sticks it in his kisser, spits off the butt, and lights it. Now I ain't never been one fer readin faces, but this Al's face strikes me as bein on you couldn't trust further'n you could throw de Jersey freight . . . also he's got little eyes and a big nose that appears like one which somebody knocked flat . . . Cauliflower ears and a two day beard, but he had on a sharp suit . . . striped, which myself would wear on Sunday if I was going to Choich.

All this time de two birds continue their conversation. Al tells Hugo he just blowed

in from L.A. Was cussin like a sailor on account of a train went off and left him in a little town out in Kansas and he had to wait a day to get outta the dump. Al ain't laughin about it, but Hugo knocks himself out . . . Ho Ho Ho, he hollars so dat de room shakes, and Gussie grabs his toupee and gives dem a mean look. "Let's get outta dis firetrap," says Al, but beins its already past midnight, Hugo talks him into stayin there cause there ain't no other place open on ninety-second street, and Hugho is ready for another beer anyway.

I sees them lookin over at me like they wishes I'd beat it, but I ain't no dumbbell. I just sits der and keeps lookin at de door like maybe I'm expectin somebody . . . which I ain't. Dey go on chattin' about nothing and I'm about ready to sign off and go home when this Al reaches in his hip pocket for a billfold and I see he's got a gat. Then I really gits suspicious and decides to hang around awhile longer to see what these birds is up to. Always I am wanting to be a detective, see . . . Got it in me blood I guess.

Al lays de billfold on de counter and Hugo scoots his big hand right over to it, flips open de cover and sees a picture of a dame, I guess, cause he looks up at Hugo fast and says, "Where'd ya get dis picture of Margie?" His tone ain't friendly like before, either.

"What's it to you, big shot?" answers Hugo. "I figured it was all over between you and the kid . . . My God, man, you ain't had a liken fer her since back at C.U.

"And you ain't so bright, joyboy . . . We been writin . . . I'm looking her up tomorrow . . . Came up here to start that ball rollin again . . ."

"Well, I got news for you, scarface . . . She's my girl now. We're gonna get hitched when me pay check comes around . . . We been goin steady, see? And I ain't plannin on no interference from you or

Harry Truman or nobody."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah!"

"Well, Mr. Clark Gable the second, you might as well start huntin you a new girl friend, cause Margie and me's plenty thick . . . She's my dame."

"Let's give her a ring," says Al, "and we'll put the cards on de table. I ain't never been played for no sucker by any dame."

"Now ain't dat just like a tramp . . . Wantin to get a lady outta bed at his hour to ast her a silly question like does she love you or me. I can tell you myself, sweetheart, she's my girl, and if you're planning on seeing that big sun come up tomorrow you'll forget what you used to feel like and leave us be."

"Dis is Al Mason you're speaking wit, lamebrain . . . I ain't no mouse and I ain't given up nottin without no fight, see?"

Der voices was gittin louder . . . Den Al goes to de phone and dials a number which he don't have to look up in the directry. Hugo is chuggin the rest of his beer and tappin his fingers on the counter. His big white teeth are gnashin . . .

Al comes back and says dat Margie is on her way over and Hugo coughs nervous like. I figure he ain't so hot on dis idea he was so hepped up on awhile ago.

In about fifteen minutes de door opens and I turns to see Margie which is breakin up this beautiful friendship . . . "Wow," says I to meself, "that tomato could make me argue, too." She was a classy goil, wit blonde hair and a nifty little figure stacked like the Congressional Library . . . She had on a black dress and a mink coat which says she is but def in the upper bracket . . . both guys lets out a long whistle and even Gussie gives her the up and down as she meanders up to the bar.

"Hi Margie," says the two guys in one voice.

"Hello boys . . ." and Margie is given them the Ipana full speed ahead. She parks herself on the stool between the two. I was about as welcome as a cop during a crap game, but I don't move and goes on turning the pages like I was readin every word . . . Already I've had time to read the whole paper tru a dozen times . . . So dey ignores me again and begins to shoot the questions at dis baby which looks like Miss America . . .

De guys are choiping so fast she don't have time to open her mouth yet . . . Den, all of a sudden, der is a crash which sounds like the Empire State done fell flat . . . Hugo, sittin on de far stool turns a somersault back off de stool into de floor and like a flash there is blood coming outta his head and smearin up the floor somethin awful. I looks up and a tall guy which looks like the Green Hornet without a cape is standin in the door with a smokin gat, just standing there smiling. Den he says softly, "Come on, Margie, let's go home." But Margie is screamin "Sam, you shouldn't have done it" . . . and she doubles up like it was her that was shot instead of Hugo. Al ain't moved an inch and his mouth is hanging open like the Grand Canyon . . . and I heard Gussie sobbin like a baby on de floor behind the bar.

I ain't had time to collect meself yet when de sirens are blowin out in de street and de room is suddenly filled wit coppers.

Dey nab Sam in a jiffy and starts astin us questions right and left. Gussie can't quit sobbin long enough to say anything though and the commotion sets me to shakin like a scared dandelion in the snow. De people outside is starin through de window and I ain't doin much of nothin but sittin there shakin. Right then I says to myself . . . "Otto, you ain't never going to be a detective, junior . . ." and Lord, I meant it too.

An hour later de place was quiet except fer Gusses teeth which ain't quit slappin each other yet . . . Der is Gussie, sittin on a stool drinkin a triple Sasperilla and smoking three cigarettes and a cigar. Margie and her boy friends were in de cooler by now and just me and Gussie was in de bar like nothin had happened at all.

"Gussie," says I, "I ain't never seed such a night. I knowed all the time those birds was crooked . . . Like I says, Gussie, to be a detective you gotta know faces, like me here . . . The first minute I laid eyes on that guy . . ."

Den I sees Gussie ain't payin a bird of attention to me, so I gets me lid and leaves him sittin there on the stool, shakin like a wet dog dryin off . . .

"See ya tomorrow night, Gussie," says I . . ., but he don't answer, so I wanders out and on down Ninety-Second street to see if Sargeant Kelly wants to get up a little poker game before bedtime.



Three Poems

By Neilyn Griggs

I

A birch and a riverlet talked one day
In strangely muted and lyric tones
And though I listened, I could not say
Whether their whispered sighs and moans
Was talk about man or talk about God,
But these things alone I do know:
The tree began to bow and nod
And the voice of the stream murmured low
And it echoed the wind from Northern caves
Who told me that I was not wanted there
And knelt to the snow as her humble slaves
Glaring at me with an icy stare.
Perhaps in that warmer time to be
The birch and the brook will talk again
And share their secrets and dreams with me
While muttering they tell what they said when
My very heart did not feed the tree
And my tears to the stream were not yet akin.

II

The hopes and dreams of men
Are as the countless waves of the sea
That beat incessantly on the rocks of shore,
Then fall exhausted into obscurity.

III

Will whatever angels that may guard
This faltering, wayward spirit
Bestow on me this one thing
That I do ask of them:
A firm conviction laid upon my heart
To set my eyes upon a star
And climb to reach it
Though its light may blind my eyes,
Though its heat may scorch my body
And though its power in the end
May overwhelm my very being.
Oh, let me know the sight of a goal, hard sought,
Set dimly in the distance,
Just out of reach, yet always present,
An ever yielding source
From which my thirsty
Soul may come to drink of courage.

The Observer

By Mary Jane Lotspeich

Claire rushed into the room, upsetting the waste basket and everything else that stood in her path. At last she bounded onto the bed, eyes round with excitement.

"What do you think?" she exploded. "Betty's watch is gone!"

I exclaimed with the rest of the girls present. This was the most recent of many thefts in our hall. Stolen articles ranged from cigarettes to a diamond ring. A small fortune in jewelry was missing from the second floor. This floor, my floor, seemed to be the only one the thief had attacked, and a small group of us at the end of the hall had been hit the hardest.

A few of the girls wandered in to discover the cause of Claire's excitement. She told them in high pitched squeals and gestures that would have done Ethel Barrymore justice, ending with "something has got to be done!"

There was a general mutter of assent from the assembly. Someone repeated Claire's statement, and we looked at each other in question. Claire was right, but what could we do? We had to devise a plan. I remember Jean's story of a black-clad woman who had stolen from this hall last year. It seems this woman, while the hall was deserted, had ransacked the rooms and taken a great deal of valuable jewelry, and escaped through the basement in twenty minutes' time. I had an idea.

"If it's an outside person, we can trap her." I continued in this train of thought until I had outlined a scheme. It wasn't original, but would possibly work.

Each floor would post two girls in a room directly opposite the entrance. Three of the tallest would stand by the door

of the dark basement. Because I am five feet, ten inches tall, I was directed into this classification. It was with not a little misgiving that I accepted my position, but I did not wish to appear cowardly; so I agreed.

There were ten of us; Claire was captain, of a sort. Claire is always captain, president, chairman, or a kind of leader in any group; I wondered how her roommate stood it; I paused to gloat over the fact that I had a single room. Claire herded us down to sign out for that night's dinner. There was a hint of gleeful expectancy in our crew. Imagine capturing a criminal. Each, I am sure, had a mental picture of newspaper publicity. We marched back upstairs almost in rhythm, for we were now a secret army, pondering our secret, exhibiting our secrecy and gloating over the effect it had over others.

After an eternity the dinner bell rang. The "army" sat on my bed and listened to the footsteps that passed the door and hurried down the steps. At exactly 6:03 o'clock we adjourned to take our places.

I followed Mary and Jean down the steps at a distance, for I was not as eager for worldly fame as they were. Mary opened the basement door and stepped into position. An absolute silence had been requested by our leader, no one spoke. Thus we waited, in silence, each with her separate thoughts, each in nervous anticipation, half hoping that nothing would happen. I could hear Mary's watch ticking. What time is it? I tried to use mental telepathy. Tension heightened with each passing minute. Visions of a small woman, dressed in black, wearing flat heeled, soft soled shoes, ran across

my mind. Would she be small, or a large, powerful woman?

More minutes ticked by. My ears were beginning to ring from the silence. Wait! Did I hear footsteps? Yes! A soft padding, at first barely audible but growing louder as it neared the basement stairs. I heard Jean's gasp and wondered how she would react when the footsteps walked through the door. She has three more steps to go; two more; one more. She is walking toward the door. I could sense my companions steeling themselves, ready to pounce. The door swung back toward us. Claire's face appeared.

"How's everything going?"

We sighed mingled relief and disgust in one accord; Claire, seeing that we had heard nothing, crept back up the steps. The tension was lessened and when distant voices buzzed and came closer we dashed up the stairs and hurried to the smoker. Comparative data were exchanged, and disappointment was prevalent. When study hall bell rang, the students scattered to their rooms. One by one the girls crept to my room to discuss the night's adventure. As expected, no one had seen anything, but a few imagined noises were discussed. We resolved to continue the procedure until the thief had been captured.

The following day passed as usual. Conspiritive glances were exchanged among my fellow detectives.

We adopted the same procedure for that night. Our criminal obviously did the same, for that night proved as uneventful as the one preceding. And dogged in our determination, we followed the plan religiously for a week. Then one by one, through hunger or boredom,

our "army" dissolved until something further developed.

Friday night came and still no thief. We decided to do nothing further until some clue appeared.

Friday night I dressed for dinner, but when the dinner bell rang I did not go to dinner. Instead, I wandered aimlessly around the hall. I walked toward Jean's room, Room 230. I opened the door and admitted myself into the room. Jean had forgotten to turn off her radio; it blared forth in frenzied jazz. I turned it off. I gazed around me. My eyes lit on the dresser; there sat Jean's gold lighter-cigarette case. I picked it up and studied it; I had always admired it. With the case still in my hand, I walked from the room, closing the door behind me. I entered my room and walked to the dresser. Kneeling, I opened the bottom drawer and inserted the case between the folds of my blue sweater beside Betty's watch and the diamond ring.



The Story Book Witch

By Nancy Wilson

Mrs. Drake was the very picture of the story book witch who prowls around after dark in long, black, mysterious clothes. As far back in our childhood as we can remember, we can recall the cold chill that passed through our bodies every time she came into view.

She was a little woman, about five feet in height when she stood up straight. Her hair was smoky white, worn long and unkept, swaying across her back as she hobbled along. Her face, which had once been young and lovely to look at, was now old and shriveled from her eighty-three years. Her cheeks and lips were sunken in to outline the smooth gums, where pearly white teeth had once been.

Her legs were covered by the long-out-of-fashion black wool skirt, which she wore from one January to the next, but her slow, unsteady steps, and the ever present cane, told us that age had played its part on them, too. This was our only consolation when we saw her; we knew we could outrun her if she ever did set out to get us.

Mrs. Drake lived alone in a dirty-white house, three blocks west of ours. Perhaps it was the mysteries of her darkened house that frightened us more than she, herself did, for inside her huge eight-room home were more secrets and mysterious looking chests and boxes than one has ever seen elsewhere.

After dark we would sneak up to the cracked side window and peep into the candle-lit room. Every evening we would hear and see the same sight; in the far side of the once-called living room sat Mrs. Drake high on a stool playing soft, weird notes on one of the two organs that sat side by side in the big room.

Then she would open her shriveled mouth and sing in a high-pitched, strained voice long forgotten songs that told sad, tragic tales. Suddenly one of the boys would giggle or one of the new comers would become frightened and begin to cry. This was the fate we dreaded, for the least little sound could be heard by her sensitive ears, and before we could move she would be out on her swaying porch, waving her fists at us, swearing loudly, condemning us all to Nell for our sins. We never waited to hear any more but would dash to the security of our homes.

It was always to my sisters and me that the cursing and condemning was shrieked, because she had a special dislike for our family in particular. It seemed that when we were very young—too young to remember—her husband and she lived normal, happy lives. They were the picture of a sweet, happy old couple. Everyone loved Mr. Drake; he was a person who did for others but never expected praise or glory in return.

At the age of eighty-two (he was considerably older than Mrs. Drake) an incurable illness that he had for some time finally sent him to his sick bed. The neighborhood was immediately in an uproar. Everyone made long visits to him and offered their help to Mrs. Drake. One of these was my Grandmother, who cooked a pot of hot chicken broth for him soon after she learned of his illness. Grandmother knew of his illness, knew it was then incurable, but Mrs. Drake had no inkling of the seriousness of her husband's health. In fact, she didn't even know what ailment he had.

One week later he died a not too pleasant death. It broke Mrs. Drake's heart, and, so they say, her mind. Only one

thing remained in her mind. My Grandmother had given him broth—poisoned broth. It helped not at all to console her or try to explain his sickness. It was the one thing that she would always remember. I can't recall how many times I would awake in my bed on our huge sleeping porch to find Mrs. Drake peeping through the window, chanting, "Your Grandmother killed my husband."

To us, all these strange actions were nothing less than witchcraft or black

magic. She frightened us but still fascinated us at the same time; so much, in fact, that our parents finally forbade us to trouble her every evening. Finally, at the age of ninety, she passed away in her sleep. With tears in our eyes we reverently filed in to see her for the last time. We never understood her strange ways or customs, but we already missed the crabby old lady who added local color to our neighborhood.



The Mississippi

By Jane Adams

Have you ever missed a *thing* so much that it takes on the proportions of your longing for a human being? Or have you lain in bed at night and heard it speaking to you as the voice of a loved one? If you have ever had this feeling, you will understand mine for the Mississippi River.

I have sat on its banks in the heat of summer and felt the cool of the lush, green grass and heard the lapping of the water on the bank and the fresh breeze rustling in the tree tops. On days like these the water seems just peaceful. I sit and think that it is slowly flowing to the Gulf and maybe, in some foreign land, some other person is sitting on a serene bank, similar to the one where I am, and in seeing that same water flow by and is thinking the same thoughts.

And I have been down to "My River" in the fall, when the leaves are red, golden, and orange and watched them fall gracefully from the tall cottonwood

trees on the bank into that swirling, busy stream. Then I have begun to feel an excitement and anticipation for the season that is to come.

When I go down in the winter, the river is no more my peaceful, friendly place to meditate. Instead, it is a turbulent, frothing body of water that sends a chill through my entire being. I try again to recapture my thoughts of summer, when I wondered where it was going. Then suddenly, I do not care where it is going, but I want desperately to go with it, to tumble furiously past the fields and towns and then empty submissively into that great body of water, the Gulf.

But I come back to my senses and know that I can never do anything but go on living my everyday existence, worrying about everyday matters and going everyday places. I am just a human being, and only in my dreams will I ever be a part of the greatness that is the Mississippi.

From the Penstaff

The Morning Dew

By Valere Potter

What mysteries are hidden in that time
Before the day when night has fled beyond
The distant hills?
What mystic phantoms hide their treasure from
The eyes of mortal man beneath a flower
Or in a song?
'Tis then the unborn souls awake, and grieving
For our earthly sorrows, leave their tears
Upon the grass.

Song for a Rainy Night

By Joan Hays

Oh, give me a wet and windy night
On a patent leather street . . .
With silver curtains 'round me blown
And silver puddles at my feet.

Oh, give me a wet and windy night
In a breathless, silent wood,
With barren branches, crystal clothed
That stand as all such ladies should.

Oh, give me a wet and windy night,
Let me walk in the sparkling rain
And drink of it like champagne's spume—
My heart is diamond bright again.

Chrysilda

By Joan Hays

Once long ago, in that misty past when each princess had her prince, there was a wonderful land which lay to the east under the first rays of the rising sun. This kingdom was a fairyland and so lay far underground, hidden from the eyes of mortal folk. It was called Chrysalandia and was ruled by a wise old king and his young and beautiful daughter. The inhabitants were peace-loving and sweet tempered, never doing any harm; but living and working happily in their crystal caverns and grottoes.

Now these caverns were beautiful indeed, with lofty vaulted ceilings so high that one had to tip his head far back to see them, and endless shining crystal tunnels leading back into the hills. Everything was crystal—houses, streets, furniture—everything, in fact, except the people. They were not crystal, nor yet were they flesh, their bodies being composed of a smooth, glowing substance which was more lovely than any flesh imaginable. Their hair was made up of exceedingly fine glass fibers and their voices, when they spoke, tinkled with the clarity of a bell.

One day the happy way of life of these peaceful folk was menaced by the appearance of a malicious sorcerer who threatened to destroy the city unless he was given the princess for his bride.

The unhappy king, dismayed at the choice he was required to make, turned to his daughter and said, "Chrysilda, my dear, you have been a good and dutiful daughter. How can I choose between my two most prized possessions, my kingdom and my child."

And bright-hearted Chrysilda, saddened by her father's grief, said, "My father, need you choose? Perhaps you

can put off the sorcerer with excuses for a short time while I seek the Lady of the Inner Earth to ask her help."

So the brave little princess kissed her father goodbye and started through the labyrinth of crystal tunnels which led into the inner earth.

All too soon the sorcerer returned and demanded his bride, but the king could only spread his hands helplessly and repeat that he did not know his daughter's whereabouts.

Upon hearing this the wicked magician flew into a rage and threatened the immediate destruction of the city.

To this the king answered, "Destroy us if you will, but you'll never have my daughter. Even now she seeks the Lady of the Inner Earth who will help us!"

And so saying, he smote his hands together and the entire city and all its inhabitants vanished from the cavern as utterly as a broken bubble. The green sea rushed in, filled the grotto leaving only a few groups of crystal rocks above the pounding spray, and the sorcerer disappeared into whence he had come.

Meanwhile Chrysilda had been hurrying through the tunnels on her search for the regions of the inner earth. Now she gave a glad cry and hurried toward an opening in the tunnel where there shown a greenish glow. Great was her surprise and dismay as she recognized her home cavern, and greater still her sorrow over the destruction of her home.

She picked her way from rock to rock until she reached the large center group of jutting boulders, and there she sat and wept crystal tears that mingled with the seafoam and were cast back against the rocks to add their melancholy chime to her sorrow.

Long years passed, and Chrysilda, since fairies never really grow old, merely grew more beautiful with each change of the tide. Sometimes she talked to the fairies of the sea for although she had never seen them, she knew they were there. And they were kind, and did what they could to ease her grief; now and then leaving her a lovely shell as a token of their sympathy and friendship.

And then one day as she sat on her customary seat on the crystal rock, looking sadly into the dashing spray, she was startled to see a lovely face taking shape in the foam. She half arose in some alarm, when the sea-fairy (for such it was) spoke:

"Dear little Chrysilda, do not be afraid. You have been brave and patient throughout the years. Know now that the Lady of the Inner Earth knows of your grief, but, she is unable to break the powerful spell which holds you captive here. That can only be done by a mortal man. Now attend me and do as I shall say." And so saying, she drew near to Chrysilda and gathered up a double handful of the crystal tears that the little princess had wept.

"Take these," she said, "and make a necklace of them. When you have finished I shall take it to the mortal world, and then—well, we shall see!"

Chrysilda did as she was told and artfully wove a necklace of seaweed. In it she set the tears as rare jewels are set, and when she had finished, she gave it to the seafairy who vanished into the ocean's misty depths.

Many leagues away, a mortal king, his household, and a goodly part of his subjects were having a holiday celebration at the boundary of his kingdom. In front of the royal pavilion a strip of sandy beach unrolled itself like a ribbon, golden in the sunlight, silver in the moonlight. Beyond the beach stretched the

restless seas whose ceaseless boom wove itself into the dreams of the merry-makers.

Tiring one night of the continuous clatter of the celebration, the king's son, Prince Christopher, left the riotous crowd and sought a quieter happiness by the sea.

Walking quietly down the beach, he suddenly stubbed his toe. He dropped quickly to one knee to examine the offending object.

Why, he thought to himself, it seems to be a ring of seaweed. It's braided, and every so often there is a stone that shines like none I ever saw before. Surely no mortal hand made this! And yet . . . What can it mean?

Sadly perplexed, he picked it up and continued a short distance up the beach. There he sat down, and for a long time gazed fixedly out to sea. He dozed fitfully and dreamed vague dreams of delightful colors and delectable odors. Suddenly he awoke. The moon was swinging slowly across the sky, and by its light he saw a shape forming itself in the spray at his feet. Surely I am dreaming still, he thought, and closed his eyes. When he opened them again our friend, the sea fairy, was standing beside him, pale and shimmering in the soft light.

"Who might you be lovely creature?" asked the prince.

"My name is Foama, but that is not important. What do you have in your hand?"

"Why, it's a necklace," he said without hesitation.

"Then you really are the one. Yes, it is a necklace, one made by a beautiful princess who waits in sorrow to be rescued. Will you help? Only you can break the spell that binds her."

"I? I can help? But I am only a mortal!"

"Will you try?"

He nodded.

"Then put the necklace around your neck and follow me into the water."

Doing as he was told, the prince waded into the water, and taking Foama's hand was borne swiftly down through the lowest regions of the sea. Down, down, they swam; and then, just as he thought they would swim straight through the earth, he found that Foama was now pulling him upward as quickly as she had dragged him down.

A minute later he was standing on a cluster of crystal boulders in the center of an immense flooded cavern. Foama had vanished, but the necklace remained; and so great had been its power that his body and clothing were as dry as they had been when he had walked the beach. What do I do now, he wondered, gazing around helplessly.

But just then he heard someone sobbing, and coming around a particularly large rock, he saw Chrysilda.

"Come, lovely one. You must not cry. Who are you, and why are you so sad?"

Chrysilda lifted her pretty head. "Ah, at last! At last you've come! Foama was right—my necklace did bring you!"

"But I don't understand . . ." And so Chrysilda told him her story. And maybe it was the necklace, or maybe it was just her dainty self; but by the time she finished, Prince Christopher was deeply in love with her.

When she finished speaking, the prince stood up. "My dearest little princess,"

he said, "how can I break the enchantment that holds you here? I have nothing possessed of magical qualities, except your necklace."

And so saying, he took it from around his neck and put it around hers. There was a blinding flash of light as the cavern melted away from them like mist, then a momentary sensation of lightheadness. An instant later he found himself back on the beach. But this time he was not alone, for at his side Chrysilda smiled up at him.

"You have succeeded, my prince, for the Lady of the Inner Earth has helped us. Look, the sun is rising. Wait and see what will."

The great yellow ball climbed slowly over the rim of the horizon. As its first fingers of light caressed the princess, she changed. She was the same, yet different; for although she retained her lovely coloring, her body was now made of flesh and her hair was real hair, not fibers of glass.

Putting her hand in the prince's, she gave him her mortal's heart, and as the sun rose higher, they started toward the royal camp.

'Tis said that she married Christopher, and that they ruled wisely and well for many years. It is also said that when she died, the crystal tears left the crown into which they had been set, and rose to the sky where they became stars. And so, when you see an unusually brilliant group of stars, you may be sure that they are the crystal tears of the lovely princess, Chrysilda.

Jack Frost

By Eda Larsen

Softly he comes now
In the night,
Silently,
Unseen.

Swiftly he dabs his colors
Painting leaves
Flaming with
Crimson.

Deftly he sketches
Fronds of lace
Sparkingly
Fragile.

Elf-like his lips quirk
As he goes
Silently,
Seen not.

On Winter

By Marjorie Schock

Trees stand naked against the wintry sky
Aloof and proud, challenging the unwary;
Their infinitely perfect twigs
Stand out in bold relief,
Weaving endless patterns
Each imperfect without the other
Yet completely within itself.
The wind, that whimsical artist,
With a stroke sweeps them along
And creates a million more
To take their places.

Essay on Education

By Valere Potter

Why is it that so many people have lost sight of the true value of education? To me, a full education is a gem to be treasured among my most valued possessions. Too many have come to think of education as the laborious acquisition of a mental library of facts all indexed and catalogued for easy reference and ready to be brought out from the cerebral stacks at a moment's notice. My idea of education, however, is simply the training of the mind by the use of mental calisthenics so that it will be able to take on easily any task set before it—just as a soldier practices gymnastics, not to the end that he will be able to perform those same exercises all of his life, but so that he can meet the rigid physical requirements of battle when he is called upon to do so.

You may ask how memorizing dates for history can train the mind. It can't. Instead, it is the process of accumulating facts and fitting them together to form a concrete picture of human advancement that trains the mind by teaching it to draw conclusions from known facts, and by using these, to track down other facts upon which to work as the modern chemist does in the laboratory.

There is another purpose of education other than that of training the mind to think, and that is to teach the mind to find more enjoyment in life than it could without that training. The truly educated

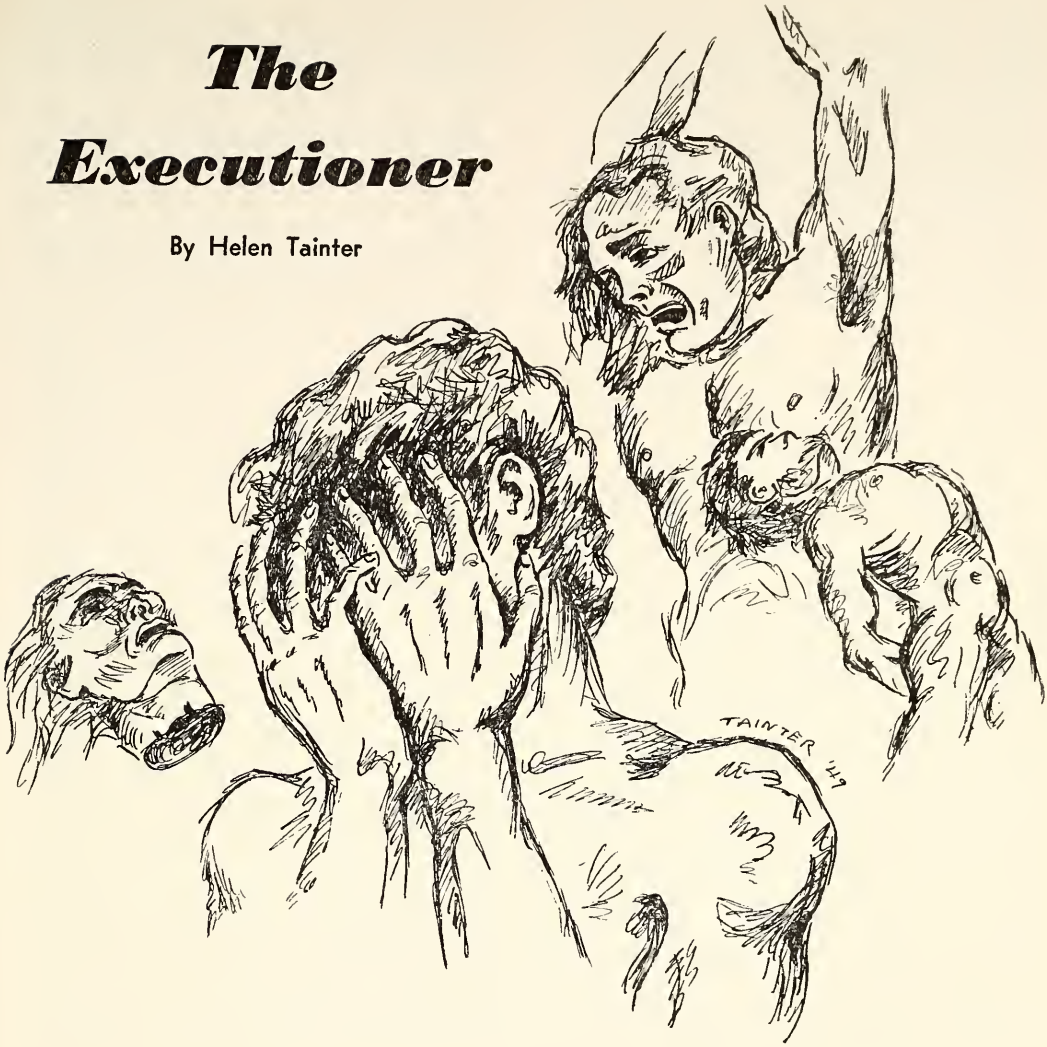
man does not lose his capacity for the enjoyment of simple things; instead, he learns to appreciate and find beauty not only in great symphonies but also in simple melodies. The educated man learns to wonder and to ask questions, and thus to find beauty in what is to others merely an ugly stone or an uninteresting book. In this, education may be likened to an x-ray which enables the eye to look beneath the surface of the obvious and to see the underlying wonder of life itself.

Of course, attending school is not the way to obtain a full education; there are many classic examples of this. However, in our modern world, school offers the easiest and best method of doing so. Perhaps this is a bad state of affairs, because too often the world accepts a college degree as a mark of education and turns away the man lacking this as one incapable of meeting the requirements of the position offered; and too frequently the possession of a degree makes a man feel himself above the "crowd." This man is not yet educated. True education humbles a man, for it alone can show how little one knows and how much one has to learn.

Education is, in the words of *Webster's Dictionary*, "the act of enlightening the understanding of; of cultivating and training the mental powers of." How can one better gain this than by a formal education?

The Executioner

By Helen Tainter



The executioner of St. Aliquis castle descends the gloomy stair of the donjon, carrying in his hands a hunk of black bread, a vessel of water, and a lantern. Its light illuminates his face showing a boy who could not be much more than sixteen years old, yet his face is grey and his forehead is twisted slightly with the force of thoughts that lie behind it. His nose and sensitive mouth are wrinkled against the foul air of the dungeons below. The boy takes the stair slowly, one by one, with a reluctant movement until

his process is halted by an iron door heavily barred. Setting down the lantern he forces the rustic barricade open and admits himself to the inner chamber. A feeble light glows on a dark shape which is huddled on a crude wooden stool near the wall. As young Arn Garnier enters, the dark shape moves slightly—a tousled head is raised, and dismal eyes meet those of the boy. The latter's eyes drop and come to rest on the slimy, putrid floor of the dungeon. Then he says gruffly, "I have brought you food."

The prisoner stretches out his hand which is attached by a metal chain to a large ring in the stone wall. He clutches the bread and for a few seconds crams the coarse, dry material into his mouth. As the hunk diminishes the fellow glances hopefully at the young turnkey. "In the name of God, lad, can't you get me a little ale? When a man is in this place he would give his very soul for something warm inside."

The boy shakes his head. "No—you are lucky that I have not taken your clothes and that I have brought you water. My father was not always so kind." With these parting words, the boy turns his back on the chained wretch and makes his way up the wet stair of the donjon.

As he emerges into the bright daylight of the inner court, he blinks his eyes and breathes heavily, ridding his lungs of the fetid air of the cell. He then continues to the baily of the castle. There the hubbub of the morning activities resounds. Dirty children play and shout, horses neigh, and the folk of the castle chatter and cry to one another. Adela, the young daughter of the master armorer, is taking a loaf of bread from the baron's great oven. She calls gaily to him, but he scolds and quickens his pace. It is not for him to care about the gay blue eyes, the black curls and the ruddy lips of Adela. He is the son of a hangman, and hangmen's families must marry among themselves . . . the sons of hangmen must in turn become hangmen. Lord, that poor fellow in the dungeon who is to be dispatched! As his thoughts take hold of him, Arn Garnier hastens his pace. A great shudder shakes the boy from head to foot, and his sensitive face twists as if in agony. Memories of his newly dead father swarm into his senses, memories of his father's contempt for him because of his aversion to violence; because he had turned white at the screams of poor wretches on the rack, be-

cause he had once watched his father chop off a criminal's hand and had vomited for no reason at all.

His mother's words rang in his ear, meaningless: 'Arn, you are well off. The position of the executioner is assured and there is not much work to it. If only you will forget your silly nonsense! Your father was a good, pious man but he did not shrink from administering justice.'

What could she know? What could any of them know . . . those fools who trooped after the carts of death, who gaped in mixed enjoyment and horror as the twisting, turning bodies flipped into the air, suspended by the noose—those fools who forgot the dangling, crow-pecked forms though they swung at the side of the road and were horrible as their features crumbled away. As the familiar sight rises before him in his imagination, he flinches as he stands. His brown eyes widen with repugnance. Then he stares at his hands—strong, brown hands, with blue veins and dirty fingernails. These hands will turn the rack, will swing the two-handed sword, will apply hot pinchers, will hang men at the baron's command. He flexes his hands, staring at them intently. Then he buries his face in them and is immovable for a long time. A trickle of sweat slides slowly through his fingers.

A cart rattles and jolts over the rough ground. Inside huddles a dark form, bound tightly into a human package. Moans escape cracked lips at intervals, and shudders rack the limp body. On the man's filthy flesh are numerous red wounds where sharp dice have been thrust beneath his skin, for he has been stubborn and has needed encouragement before confessing to several fearful crimes which have been penetrated on the baron's fief. Before the cart comes the provost and two assistants, riding great strong horses while

behind trail numerous peasants gazing at the criminal with wide-mouthed fascination. Buzzings of anticipation and conjecture as to the execution pass between them. Now and then an awed glance is directed at the man who drives the cart. He is a strong built fellow dressed in a curious yellow garb. His brown hands, blue-veined with black crescents beneath the nails, are firm on the reins. His face is deeply lined about the brows while his hair is streaked with gray. Before the village Church he halts the cart and the provost prepares the criminal for the "amende honorable." A candle is thrust into the poor man's hand; he is dragged forward by a rope and is made to throw himself before the door of the Church. He cries out in choked and desolate voice, "I have grievously sinned against heaven. My punishment is just. I beg pardon of God and man. May heaven have mercy on my soul!" At this he collapses in a groveling heap on the ground, and is prodded to his feet and again thrown into the cart. His anguished glance meets the narrow brown eyes of the driver of the cart and they fall before their cold, detached gaze. The cart jolts on.

Near the gallows the procession stops; the driver of the cart steps down and with the help of the provost, attaches strong ropes to the criminals arms and

legs. These ropes are in turn secured to the four strong horses which have been brought for the purpose. The man in the yellow garb mounts one of the horses and raises a sinewy arm. "Now!" he shouts, and the four horses are lashed into a gallop, each running at right angles from the one next to it. The horses are stopped short and strain under the heavy lashing. The wretch attached in the middle emits a few strangled gurgling screams; and with a splatting dull sound, parts with his arms and legs—death by quartering.

A sickening silence follows as the echoes of the screams fade. The executioner turns on his horse. His gruff voice bellows loudly to the provost and the assistants. "Hurry, get the fellow hung up where he may be seen. I am anxious to get my dinner." The shattering pieces of body are hung from the gallows that all may see the results of crime. As the four men start off in the direction of the castle to partake of the feast the baron gives them on such occasions, the peasants and servants return to their various labors. One of the women leans toward her companion and says in an awed whisper, "Adela, that Arn Garnier is a man without emotions . . . I wonder if he has ever felt anything in his life?"



When My Poem Is Ended

By Jane Ellen Tye

I have laid aside my pen,
And the white sheets,
(On which I have lived for an hour or so)
Are folded away,
And now the blood of a beast has welled up
Strength within me
Strange to understand.
I might reach up and touch the surface of the moon,
Or bend that maple tree with a fingertip . . .
Or call to some loon off in the high wood
To hear it answer.
I pray for some wild wave to beat on me,
Some wind to tear my clothes and lash my back . . .
A savage, passionate thing has crept into me,
And turned me mad.
Standing on tiptoe I can see beyond
The highest mountain where the flaming sun
Is hiding.
Leaning low I can hear
The earth breathing, hear its thundering pulse
Beating lovesongs.
Yes, when my poem is ended,
For an instant
I am god.

Polly Takes Her Place

By Helen Walton

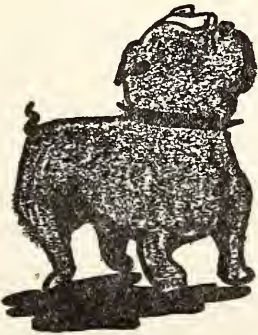
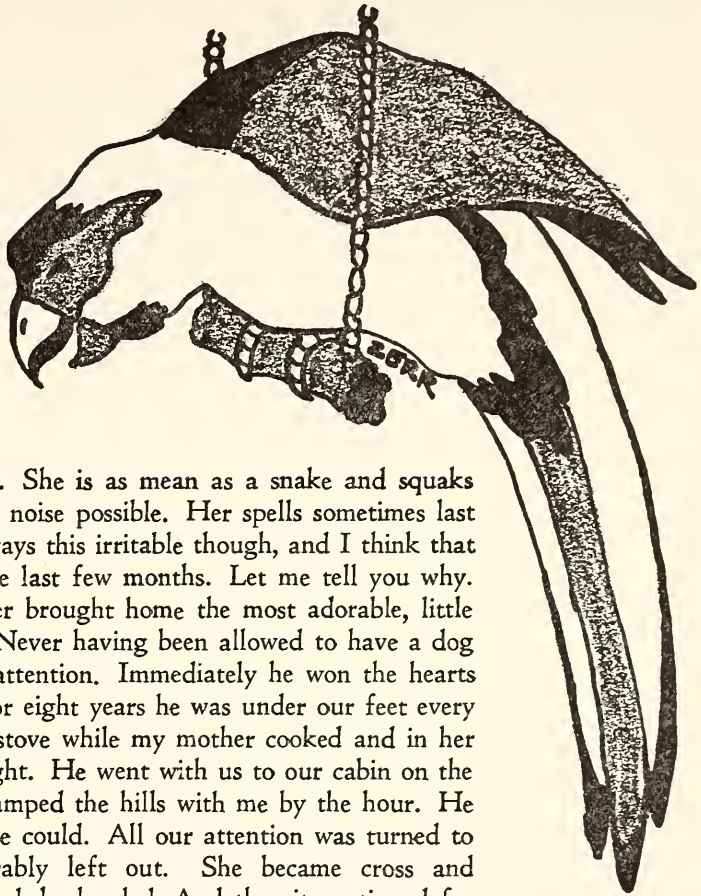
Polly is a parrot. She is a double yellow-headed Mexican bird and truly beautiful. Her green body is offset by a multicolored tail and wings, and her head becomes increasingly yellow as she grows older. For all her beauty, she can

be the most despicable piece of matter God ever created. She is as mean as a snake and squaks with the most nerve-racking noise possible. Her spells sometimes last for days. Polly was not always this irritable though, and I think that she has changed a lot in the last few months. Let me tell you why.

Eight years ago my father brought home the most adorable, little Boston terrier imaginable. Never having been allowed to have a dog before, I gave him all my attention. Immediately he won the hearts of our whole family, and for eight years he was under our feet every minute. He lay under the stove while my mother cooked and in her lap in the living-room at night. He went with us to our cabin on the lake every week-end and tramped the hills with me by the hour. He understood when no one else could. All our attention was turned to him, and Polly was miserably left out. She became cross and she squaked; when she talked, he howled. And thus it continued for eight years.

This summer Tippy died, and we had his little body laid in his

favorite napping spot under the weeping willow tree. We were broken-hearted. The house was achingly quiet and empty, and we found ourselves expecting to find him everywhere. Memories lurked in every corner—his biscuits in the cabinet, his dog hairs on the bedspread, his bone in the yard. We missed his yelps when the ice wagon passed and his faithful welcome when we came home. We had settled down to mourn when Polly suddenly became alive again. She went from one to the other chirping and cooing sympathetically. She climbed on our shoulders and rubbed her fuzzy head against our cheeks. She was everywhere; she walked up and down the piano keys singing to us. There was a tender sad air about her.



I think she missed him, too. Her haughty manner seemed to change overnight. For the first time in years she failed to squak. This was not our old Polly, but a new one altogether. She lives an entirely dif-

ferent life now. She accepts our attention becomingly and unaffectedly with an occasional slight relapse of her ole vanity—merely a "Pretty Polly, caw—caw—caw—"

Too Bad

By Mary Lee George

I dropped off the freight car at the Genessee Street crossing. The sun was just beginning to crawl through the hazy smoke of the industrial district, and all I could hear was the rumble once in a while of a street car coming down the Wyoming Viaduct and snatches of jazz music from an all night hash house. I lit a cigarette and stood there on the corner, taking in the sights.

To the west as far as I could see lay the stockyards, long rows of pens with six foot board fences around them. Now and then a ramp led up from the brick alleys to the wide, covered passages which criss-crossed back and forth above the pens. It made me feel kind of funny to think of the millions of fat steers that had started their last mile up one of those ramps and had ended, throats cut, hanging in a packing house ice box. Looking north down Genessee Street, I could see the West Side business district. The Livestock Exchange and the Stockyards Bank were still deserted, and there weren't any loafers in front of the Stockman's Hotel. A colored boy was swabbing the windows of Shipley's. Later, I knew, ranchers and cowpokes from all over the West would flock in to buy everything from two-dollar lariats to silver mounted saddles costing thousands. East of me, up on the bluff, were the blunt skyscrapers of down-town Kansas City.

I turned and headed down a side street toward the cafe where I had heard the music. The steak and french fries I ate here made me feel a little more like a man. I figured that by that time they'd have switched the cattle car onto the American Royal siding, and I didn't want the kid to get panicky out there by himself, so I took a short cut through the yards. Sure enough, when I got to the siding, it was full of cars. I read the names on them as I walked down the tracks—Rio Grande and Denver; Gulf, Mobile, and Ohio; Sante Fe; Northern Pacific; Minneapolis and Saint Paul; Illinois Central; Frisco; Missouri, Kansas, and Texas; and Burlington. I waved to the fellows in them as I passed. Finally I caught sight of the kid. He had a worried look on his face, just like I expected.

"Lookin' for somebody?" I yelled.

"Oh! Hi Skip! What happened to you? It kind of scared me when I woke up and missed you."

I couldn't help grinning. Boys on the show circuit usually grow up early, but the kid seemed more like ten than sixteen. Sometimes I wondered if Stan was crazy for hiring him. You got to be able to take it in this racket, and the kid was soft, mighty soft. Right then, he was saying, "Skip, do you suppose I could take off this morning. I'm awfully tired

of being around these cattle, and I've read about the art gallery here, and I'd like to go out there and—well, just look.”

“Rats,” I told him, “we’ve got eighteen head of show cattle to take care of, and everyone of them is worth more than you or I will ever be. And if they aren’t unloaded and bedded down when Stan’s plane gets in at noon, he’ll skin us both alive! Let’s get busy.”

We worked like mice in a wheat bin all morning, and by eleven o’clock I figured we were due a siesta. I stretched out on a cot and looked around me. The big gleaming windows let in the sunlight, and it sparkled against the spotless white walls and clean yellow straw. The long rows of slick black cattle lay soaking it up. They reminded me of patients in a hospital ward. I sniffed and almost expected to find that sharp antiseptic smell instead of the mixture of leather polish, creosote dip, and lespedeza hay that I breathed in. It was a good smell, though, and, lying there in the sun, I felt it carry me away like ether in an operating room.

When I woke up, the kid was sitting across from me. He was shiny clean like a dude ranch cowhand, and on his face was a dreamy look. I figured he was thinking about the championship that we had cinched and didn’t pay him any attention. He had our radio on, and a woman was creeching in a foreign language to some of that highbrow, classical music. Somebody in the far end of the barn yelled, “Cut out that lousy racket!” I reached over and changed it to the Sons of the Pioneers. The kid looked hurt, like he’d really been enjoying all that commotion. But then, he always was a great one for getting crazy ideas.

It wasn’t long until Stan ambled in with Pamela, his wife. I never could figure why Stan married that girl. She wasn’t our kind—always wanted to drag

him upstairs to the Hoof and Horn Club instead of staying down in the barn—had to have a box at the horse show instead of sitting in the exhibitors’ section with the rest of us. Well, she and the kid took up right away. While Stan checked over the show string, the two of them were talking a blue streak about operas and ballets and poetry and stuff like that. Later on, when Stan took us all down to a hamburger stand for something to eat, they were still at it. I heard her say, “What this show world of theirs needs is a Carl Sandburg or perhaps a Vachel Lindsay to immortalize it.” And the kid smiled, just like he knew what she was talking about. Maybe he did; I don’t know.

We spent the first part of the week in the routine way. Up at five in the morning. Exercising, cleaning, bedding down, feeding, and watering by eight. Then breakfast. At noon, feeding and then dinner. At night, the same thing again. In between times us cowhands over the other livestock, played poker and shot craps, or just fooled around. A lot of the time, the kid disappeared as soon as the work was over, but he always showed up again in time to help do the chores.

The night before show day, Pam came out again. She told me that she was catching a plane home at midnight. It made me kind of disgusted, but it was just like her. Not even staying to watch Stan’s show! The kid was busy helping me, and he only stopped to talk to her for a minute. I saw her hand him a piece of cardboard and heard her say something about not having any use for it now. I didn’t think anything more about it at the time.

The next morning we were up long before daylight working on the cattle. At ten the bulls were ready to go in the ring. When the show started we were

on the run all the time. While Stan was in the ring showing one class, I would be back in the barn putting the last polish on the next entry. The kid took each one when I finished, led him into Stan, and brought back the one that had showed. By one o'clock we had shown in six classes and won four. Sunbeam Farms led out the champion bull, but we didn't mind because we knew we had the best heifer in the barn.

It wasn't until two when we fouled up. The kid was missing! Nobody knew where he was. That put us in a rough spot. Stan and I had to do our own running back and forth. That meant that he couldn't concentrate on showing and I couldn't concentrate on fixing. We got more confused as the show went on, and we lost a lot of valuable time. To top it off, Stan was so mad at the kid that he was seething, and you have to be cool to make a good show. When the time for the female championship class came, we still were in a jam. Neither one of us had had time to dress up our heifer. We lit into her as fast as we could, Stan cussing the kid all the time. It didn't take us an awful long time to finish her, and we headed for the arena in a trot. "We'll win it yet!" Stan hollered as he tore through the gate. But the blare of the loudspeaker stopped him in his tracks. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the judges' final decision. The champion heifer of the American Royal is number 1011, Lady Bess of Green Ridge, owned by Green Ridge Farms." It was all over . . .

When the kid finally came in, I knew something big had happened to him. His eyes looked sort of watery, and he was smiling all over his face—a shiny smile. Stan got on his feet and walked over to the kid. His face scared me; I wished I could get out of there and not see what was going to happen. "Where in the sam hill have you been this afternoon? Don't you know we were in the show ring? What do you mean by walking out on me?" Stan wasn't yelling like he usually did when he got mad. His voice was soft, but there were icicles hanging on every word. For an answer the kid pulled a folded piece of paper out of his shirt pocket. He handled it tenderly, like it was the championship ribbon that he had lost for us. Stan looked at him for a minute; then he grabbed the paper. He read the words on it. "Symphony," he said in that quiet, flinty voice, "You walked out on me on show day to hear a lot of fool stuff that's not even music." He looked down at the paper again, and all of a sudden he ripped it apart. He tore it and tore it until there was nothing left. Then he reached out for the kid. There was the blunt noise of flesh and bone meeting bone and flesh. The kid didn't even blink—I don't think he knew Stan had hit him. He stood and stared at the pieces of paper scattered on the floor. To look at his face, you'd have thought he was dead . . .

When I woke up the next morning the kid was gone. Too bad. But he never would have made a cattleman anyway.

Sounds from the Scarlet World

By Jane Ellen Tye

The trapdoor gave way and I was hurtled down, down, and down into morphine-granted sleep. Somewhere, up there, a clock was timing me, but I saw it not nor heard its unceasing ticking. Vague green circles had begun to swarm and spin before me until it seemed they rose and rose and rose and upon reaching the inside surface of my closed eyelids burst and began again their incessant climb. A sharp, keen, high treble note began to ring in the back of my brain's sensitive cavity, faintly at first, then screaming at a head-splitting pitch, and it did not stop. The distorted, multicolored bubbles, resembling moving cells, jerked and crowded about the circles until a conglomerated massive form became itself. Clearly I remember every detail of this figure as if now its indelible imprint was branded upon my mind like the scar from the heated iron. The head of this figure was puffed and bulged disproportionately above a drawn, tiny dwarfed body. Eyes, gleaming, piercing white, ghostly white, viley white, nauseatingly clear, stared through the moving circles into my innermost soul . . . And there were no pupils in these eyes . . . nothing but the milky, white, moist surface surrounded by bloody membrane. There was hair upon this being's face, black and coarse, and curling. The nose was pushed flatly against the rest of the face and spread outwardly in uneven parts. The mouth—God, the mouth, the drooping, hairy, foam-wet mouth, was twisted and bent and gnashed until it was hardly distinguishable. This whole form was of foulest color, a sickening hot electric copper bronze before a

background of coiling inky circles. Yet, the eyes compelled my attention, and I could not escape their glassy glare. In trying to push away, I, in my sleep, fell again, and upon losing my balance was sent still further down until it seemed I had passed the domain of Hell and Hades a billion miles. A stinking, slimy smell of burnt flesh seeped through my



nostrils and choked me . . . my body wrenched, even unconsciously I knew that, for I felt something more terrible than pain, more horrifying than physical bruise or puncture. It was as if a hundred thousand spiders and tarantulas were tickling my entire body, and silently, schemingly robbing it of its blood.

There was nothing kind or merciful in this world. The heat of damnation's furnaces possessed my being . . . the odor of stale corpses . . . and the color . . . the repulsive scarlet color of my sin that would not leave me.

And the red and the red and the red. Fire and blood had never known this hue of the color. I fought, cringed, tried

vainly to call upon the name of God and Christ or Dante or whoever it was people prayed to, but the high, screeching treble note only magnified its intensity until I could not hear my own thoughts and ideas or hold onto them.



Then, too suddenly, it stopped. The peak, the ultimate climax, the height was reached. First, the note—the throbbing slicing note halted so quickly that it shocked my body and left it trembling and weak. The red began to fade. Thank God, Christ, it was going away; it was becoming dark, soft and dark, and then there was no color at all. The face and the white pupiless eyes went with the red . . . the circles and the fantastic bubbles. Then, what was more than pain became only pain . . . and I welcomed it. I was being swept upward . . . I was rising, up and up into blessed life and light . . . slowly up.

Tick tock tick tock. It awoke me. The air I breathed was cold and sour after the sweet sticky air of the world below hell. Realization socked me, punched my body, jerked and shook me. I moved my

hand and felt the sweat covering my face . . . sweat, and tears unconsciously wept. When I opened my eyes there was no red. A pale green wall, a white enamel basin in the corner, a vase of dead flowers on the neat dresser, and a closed hospital door . . . that was all.

I heard the sound of footsteps coming closer and closer to my room. They stopped outside . . . the knob turned, and a white-clad nurse walked to my bedside. She was smiling, and in her hand she held the hypodermic. My mouth opened . . . my vocal cords strained to utter but no sound would come. My eyes screamed, pled, begged . . . my hands reached to fight her. I drew my body tense and rigid . . . a miserable, pleading, writhing body. The nurse's face came closer, smiling . . . her white teeth like a leopard's jagged fangs. My being relaxed, gave way, surrendered. There was no use. The cold, steel needle pricked my arm, the footsteps went back through the door and echoed down the long, quiet corridor, and I began to fall, back down, down, and down into the living death, the hell's hell of the scarlet world.



Kathy

By Nancy Wilson

The moon was smiling down on us as we stood side by side at the back gate. It was one of those nights that poets write about—the summer night, the full moon, and the girl and boy standing side by side. It certainly gave the appearance of a romantic scene. Neither of us spoke a word; after a few moments I turned and looked at her. I saw the tears slide slowly from her eyes. I spoke very gently.

"Kathy, dear, we must go inside. Are you feeling better now?"

She looked at me for a few moments and answered me in the same quiet tones I had used.

"Yes, I suppose we had better go in. I feel fine now, Dave; please don't worry about me."

We said no more; slowly we walked into the house. Although the lights were dim, the house was filled with many faces. As I entered the room I glanced over them; many were familiar, but most of them I had never seen before. As we entered, everyone's eyes rested on us, filled with questions. I took Kathy by the arm and quickly walked through the room before anyone could stop her in conversation. The next room we entered was the living room. Still more unfamiliar faces stared in mine; automatically I spoke hellos as we made our way through the room. The room was so silent it seemed that the smallest sound could do more harm than an explosion. Why didn't someone say something, I thought, why

doesn't someone break this horrible silence? I smiled at a familiar face as I steered Kathy to the place where her mother was sitting. No word of greeting was spoken; would this awful silence never be broken?

Kathy did not sit down as I expected her to, but instead remained standing at my side. We looked at her mother, her mother looked at us. Suddenly Kathy spoke. She spoke softly, but the sound of a voice in that silent room seemed to shake the walls.

"I'd like to go now, Dave; will you please take me?"

I said nothing, but merely held her arm as we walked to the other side of the room. As we approached the big bay window that faces the main street we stopped, but we didn't see the window or the street.

"Kathy, my dear," I whispered, "I love Jim very much; brothers have never been closer friends. The love you two have shared and will always hold first in your hearts is the most beautiful thing I have been fortunate to know. I know that love will never die and I want you to know that I will always be here just in case you need help or advice."

She smiled then and looked into my face as if to thank me. I wanted to say more to let her know how deeply I felt about this too, but what else can a man say to the woman he loves when she is standing in front of the coffin of the man she loves?

Three Types of Hands as Seen by a Bank Teller

By Betty Quillen

I am a teller in a modern bank, coming in contact with many different types of hands. They come either bringing money to be deposited or to be withdrawn from my window. The three most common types would be the hands of a worker, a woman, and those of a well-to-do man.

I came to work early this morning, for it was Saturday, and I knew the bank would be crowded. The only thing that made the crowded Saturdays bearable was that the bank closed at twelve, instead of at two. The clock struck nine, and I watched Henry, the janitor, walk over to the bank doors and open them. He was quickly shoved aside by the over-anxious pedestrians as they rushed over to the teller's windows.

In my direction a laborer quickly appeared at the window first, but not before he had rudely jolted the lady behind him. He was embarrassed and jammed a dirty hand in his pocket. His head turned slightly sideways to see what actions the lady would take, but she was staring nonchalantly ahead. He turned to me and stated his business briefly in a monotone; all the while he scratched his ear. Occasionally he was not able to find the right word to say, and he would clumsily tinker with the buttons on his blue overalls. I looked at his hands. They were tanned from the hot summer months and calloused from hard work. He wore a cheap ring on his left hand, but his fingernails were so dirty and broken it was hard to notice much else. When he realized that I was looking at his nails, he quickly took a splinter of wood from his

pocket and hastily cleaned them. I counted his money and handed it to him. He took it carelessly, not bothering to count it, and walked away from the window.

The next person came up to the window quickly. She was in her early thirties and looked like any other woman. While explaining her business to me, she nervously twisted a string of pearls around her neck. Her hands were well cared for, and their whiteness was in contrast to the red of her nail polish. I started to count her money, and she impatiently dug her longest nail into the wood of my counter. This left a white scratch on the varnished surface as she reached for her money. Our hands touched. Her's were as cool and soft as they looked. She abruptly started away from the window after ramming her money in a green leather bag.

"Next," I called, and a plump, well dressed man waddled up to my window. He wanted to make a deposit, but needed information before doing so. His hands clutched a pamphlet and his feminine-like finger quickly pointed out things of interest. His nails were neatly cut and filed. His whole hand looked protected and well cared for. He brought out the money he was going to give me and counted it several times. His nervous fingers prevented his counting it quickly. His hands greedily caressed the money and held it in a most possessive way. At last, when he was satisfied, he gave up the money reluctantly, bade me good-bye, and left the window.

"Next," I called a little impatiently.

The Lord's Little Messenger

By Nancy Wilson

Years ago when I was young enough to call myself an "old country school marm" with a jolly smile on my face, I prided myself on the fact that I could handle any type of child with the greatest of ease. In fact, I could handle people in general. As I told my family when they worried about my leaving home alone, some people are gifted by God to help others and understand them. I felt sure that I was one of these people. Maybe I was, but it wasn't too long before the Lord himself sent me a "messenger" to unbraid my self-confidence.

At the time of my "messenger's" arrival I was living alone (usually huddled by the old stove so I wouldn't freeze to death) in a four room house, next door to Luckville's white-frame school building. My real home was in the East, over one thousand miles away from Luckville, Missouri, but not once in my years of teaching (two whole years) had I felt desperately homesick or discouraged. My students minded me well—better than they did their parents (so I was told)—, my lessons were always entertaining and good, I liked my little private home, and above all I was madly in love with my problem-child's widowed father.

By the early part of November Dickie had become my first and only problem child. Of course, I will admit I encouraged him on until finally I found myself "forced" into the usual procedure of talking him over with his father, who conveniently enough, was the very person with whom I fancied myself in love. Mr. Warner was very friendly when I called; I might venture to say he seemed anxious to make the appointment as soon as possible. Somehow it never occurred to

me that his anxiety was for his son—not at the thought of seeing me. In a state of complete bliss and confusion I somehow managed to stammer that Tuesday night I would expect him to call at eight o'clock.

II

And so it was that when Tuesday night slowly crept around I found myself singing in the bath tub, discarding clothes from my wardrobe, at last choosing a white lace blouse with the black full skirt, and finally primping before my long bedroom mirror. Who was it that had told me once I was too pretty for an old school marm? My vanity agreed with him that night. As my hands worked, my mind was working, too, planning out the evening—the remarks I would make, and, of course, what he would say. The house looked lovely; I had seen to that, too. Fresh white doilies I had crocheted myself, flowers from the school yard I had picked myself, little cakes and cookies I had made myself. How could a lonesome man resist all these domestic accomplishments of mine? I felt sure I really was too pretty to be a school marm; now I had only to convince Mr. Warner. This, however, was to be the least of my worries. I never worried about people or occasions; I had no need to. I could manage people well; in a way it was my hobby; and as for managing an awkward situation, why lands, there wasn't a situation in the world I couldn't cope with. Then like a bolt of lightening, my theories and self-assurance were trampled before my very eyes. Why? Because at that moment the Lord sent his "messenger."

III

The clock struck 7:45 as I saw a car pull up at the school gate. Silly of him not to pull closer to the house, I thought. But then, dear reader, if you can remember those heavenly autos we drove way back then you can very well see why it didn't disturb me too much, since the chances of getting stuck in a slight dew was nine out of ten! Minutes passed and nothing happened. I was sitting at my desk, playing tit-tat-toe on the top of Susie's spelling paper. Finally I could stand the suspense no longer. I walked to the front door, threw it open. My mouth dropped open. "Oh, dear Father, help me," I prayed silently. I understood grown people and school children, but my knowledge of infants was only as far as seeing their pictures in magazines. The little tot was wrapped in four blankets, crying its little heart out. Someone had placed the bundle between my storm and front door.

Minutes must have passed before I came to my senses. Suddenly I heard some one say, "My Lord, Miss McBride, what are you doing standing here in the cold wind?"

I stopped him by pointing at the little bundle at my feet.

"It is a baby. I don't know what to do with it."

"Well, my God, woman, pick him up and get him inside before he freezes to death."

I was so confused. I reached down for the little bundle and almost dropped it in my sudden realization that I had never before held a small baby.

"Damit, give that poor thing to me before you drop him on his head."

As I closed the door behind me, I struggled to regain my senses and poise.

"Mr. Warner, will you kindly stop using profanity in my presence? If you had a little control of your temper you

wouldn't have to use such vile language. And another thing, Mr. Warner, it so happens that that child is a girl. Just look at the girlish little face she has."

"Miss McBride, after the display of unintelligence you just showed out on the porch, I am very much surprised you can even tell the difference between a puppy and a baby, much less name the sex of this child. I have never heard of a woman who did not know how to hold a child properly. You really are a school marm, aren't you? Over the phone I would have guessed you half school marm, half woman. Sorry I was wrong."

"How dare you call me a school marm!! Give me that child! How dare you say I know nothing about children?"

I was close to tears by now, but I choked them back as I reached for my baby.

"Give her to me this instant and leave!"

"Watch out! You'll drop her."

"I will not drop her—leave Mr. Warner!"

"Hey, you're choking her!"

"I certainly am not!"

"Damnit, you're hurting her, you clumsy fool!"

"Stop cussing. I'm not hurting her."

"I've reared a child, Miss McBride; you know nothing about babies. Now please give her back to me before she smothers in those blankets."

He had lowered his voice; no trace of anger was left. He smiled at me rather apologetically. Meekly I handed the child to him. She was still sleeping unaware of the happenings around her. As he unwrapped the child, he turned to me.

"By the way, Miss McBride, I'm Dickie's father. In the confusion I forgot to introduce myself. I've seen you before but never had the opportunity to meet you properly. Just lost my last chance, too, I guess."

I'm sure my face turned fire-engine red! Before I could answer he started again.

"Look here, clean diapers, bottles, formula, clothes, and everything. Here's a note—'Please name my baby after you and love her always.' Just like a story, isn't it?"

Again before I could answer he said (with safety pins in his mouth, I might add), "Now about that little tyrant of mine. What seems to be the matter with him? He seems to like you enough. He talks about you every night at the dinner table. Bet you didn't know you ate dinner with us every night, did you?"

"Mr. Warner, please forgive me, first of all for tonight, and next for Dickie. Dickie is a smart lad, full of spunk. Every child of his age has it—nothing at all to be alarmed at."

"But you said it was necessary to discuss his conduct at once."

"Look, little Amy's asleep again."

"Who? Oh, is your name Amy? Nice name. Like your house, too, nice and friendly. These cakes are wonderful, you make them?"

Men!! Oh well, some one told me once that I was too pretty to be an old school marm.

The Fountain of Youth

By Betty Quillen

Our grandparents took pride in growing old gracefully; we strive to keep perpetual youth. Even before Ponce de Leon, men have sought perpetual youth—whether by doses of mineral water, or by marrying younger spouses. Nearly every daily newspaper carries such an item as this: "Man 95 takes bride 45." Some business men may play golf, swelter in steam baths, and stay "on the go," boring his wife with a younger crowd at the Country Club. That man is a success—the type found dead of a heart attack or apoplexy. Then there is that doctor who just never found time for a vacation. We have all known the dare-devil whose philosophy of life is "here today—gone tomorrow." He skis in the cold, races his yacht in the regatta, speeds his coupe down the highway. Oh yes, his youth is grand, but he never grows old—we hear of the tragic crack-up of his plane.

There is the charming society matron who diets strenuously, entertains frequently, and follows an extensive social calendar. During the trying period in a middle aged woman's life, her nervous system completely "goes to pieces;" she is *forced* to take seclusion at a rest home. There is another pitiful case of a woman, married to a man several years her junior, who regularly dyes her hair, and spends a small fortune on the finest creams and cosmetics for her toilet. Many laugh at her efforts and say, "Why doesn't she act her age?" Too many of these examples are present in the hurried, modern world of today.

The little old couple we love and cherish, our grandparents, are truly refreshing. Their hair has turned to silver, their eyes have dimmed; yet their depths hold much wisdom. Their love has grown richer and mellowed through the years.

They have quietly spent a life of service; it is nearly over, and instead of trying to hide their age, they are proud to be the "old patriarchs of the tribe." Their conception of growing old was the right one; they have laid up many treasures in heaven. Perhaps the two are living on

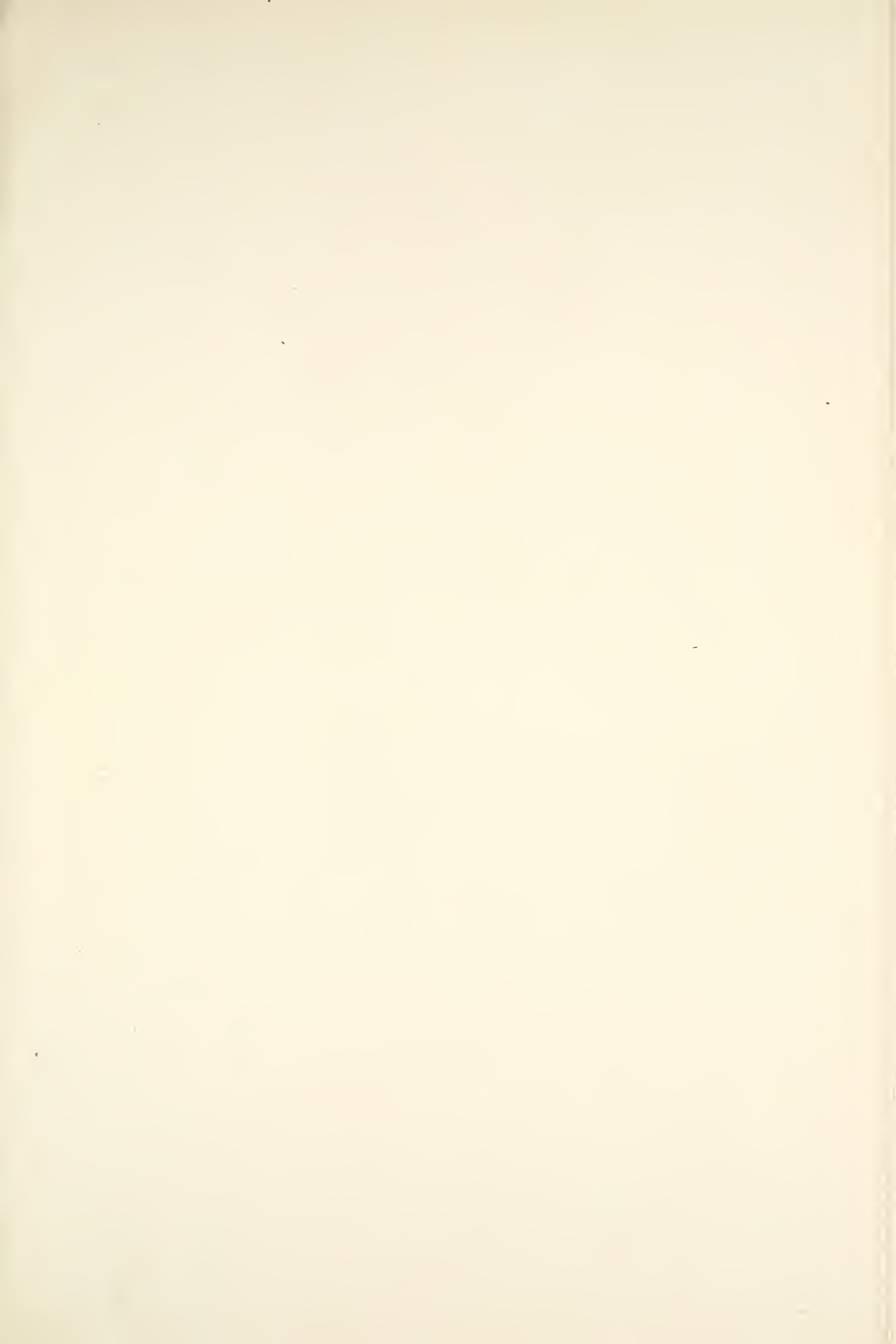
borrowed time, but they are the ones who have attained eternal youth. They may linger awhile longer, listening for their call. Then when God speaks, they will answer, and enter into a place where youth will forever be theirs. The Fountain of Youth stands before them.

A Winter Melody

By Carolyn Mansfield

Be silent—the snow is falling;
Walk softly, for the world is still.
The river's a spear of silver;
White marble incrusts the hill.

This is a fragile moment;
God has placed the grace
Of silent, perfect beauty
On earth's disfigured face.







CHIMES



WARD-BELMONT
NASHVILLE, TENN.
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*In my beginning is my end,
In my end is my beginning*

—T. S. ELIOT

THE CHIMES

Vol. 12

MAY 1949

No. 3

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

EDITOR'S NOTE

Editor's Note—And the inevitable note of sadness . . . the last word, the signing off . . . the most difficult task of the editor's year of work. It is the time when she must sit down in the big chair behind her desk and think back . . . back to the scurry of Orientation and picking her staff, back to the Monday night meetings, the hurried trips to the printer, the sleepless nights wondering whether or not the magazine would meet its deadline, and finally the excitement upon seeing the bundles arrive from downtown that means the CHIMES is "off the press." There is even more than that to look back upon, however. . . . There are the little things that add up and must be concluded here, here in this editor's note. If there were time and space I could enumerate these little things, but there is neither, so I shall look on to the future . . . to next year and to the years that will follow.

Wherever I am, next May, I shall think back to this year and now; for an editor, more capable than I, will be sitting here doing this same piece of writing. She will have completed her last issue, as I, and will feel the same satisfaction and happiness I am feeling now, for her staff will have contributed their many new ideas to her as my staff has to me. Those new ideas mark progress, for year after year this magazine moves forward to become a better magazine. I believe in creative writing as much as I believe in life. Creative writing is the expression of life, and that in itself justifies the value of literary magazines. The stories and poems that go into the completion of each issue are as milestones along the road of creative living and creative writing. Each year, each issue, the milestones take you a little farther along the road of life.

The honor and the pleasure of editing a magazine is inexpressable. The fun of putting one together makes you forget the headaches and disappointments. It has been an experience I shall never forget because I shall always be grateful for that opportunity. In the first "Foreword" I wrote, I stated the purpose of the CHIMES, to be a magazine that is opened with expectation and closed with profit. I sincerely hope it has lived up to that aim.

Let me take this opportunity to thank every reader and contributor for invaluable cooperation, and to say, "It's been more than wonderful, and I will never forget it."

Jet.

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Mountain music, miller style



This is a true story

My Grandpa Miller was truly a remarkable man. Had he been a person of national fame no doubt there would be many books recording his life's experiences. Although his fame was not so widespread as to be termed national there are few people in existence today in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling, county seat of Montgomery County, Kentucky, that cannot easily recall to mind memories of Joe R. Miller. Almost everybody in town had some of Joe Miller's money in their pocket, for Grandpa was great for lending money, whether it be to the town banker to play a hunch on the stock market or the starving Negro in the shanty across the tracks, anybody—as long as the cause was right and just.

Grandpa was the kind of person that might be called a "jack-of-all-trades." There was very little he couldn't do. When he married Grandma and came to Mt. Sterling—some fifty-odd years ago—he opened a bakery because he could make better pies and cakes at his early age than most housewives can at forty. As time progressed he became owner and manager of the best grocery in town. Later on he owned a restaurant and after that the only theater in town. Finally, after he had started each of his three sons in their own business, the doctor told him he'd better sit back, take it easy for awhile and exert himself only to the extent of inspection of some of his many real estate investments. This doctor also gave Grandpa a diet which he expected the grand old man to

follow. Grandpa tried his damndest to live up to the doctor's expectations, but my Grandpa Miller was a man of typical masculine appetite and soon he grew so cranky over what he wasn't eating that he abandoned the diet entirely. As Grandpa explained at the time, "I may as well be dead if I can't enjoy living." So he went back to work helping his sons to establish themselves as he had established himself—something which, I believe, can never be done. Two years and three months after the doctor's diet—which was supposed to keep him alive for the next six, possibly twelve months—Grandpa Miller died. Many adventures and experiences give his life history a most colorful hue, but the one that will always stick in my mind as being most typical of Grandpa and his all too famous Irish humor is the tale that is told yet by his family and friends about "the time Joe Miller took his phonograph hunting". In the following story I endeavor to relate to you the incident as I know it must have happened, having been wrought by the never forgettable Joseph Royal Miller—my Grandpa.

My Grandpa Miller always managed by some endeavor to be the first to acquire the latest improvement for easier living that happened onto the market. When a pony trained to take all buggy and saddle commands by voice took ill and had to be discarded by the circus to which it belonged, Grandpa offered the highest bid on the sick animal and took home the only horse in the county that didn't need a bridle. When Mr. Rountree died and the shotgun Jesse James had stolen from him was auctioned off, Grandpa thought that it must have been pretty good for Jesse to rely on so he bought it—it leans yet in the corner of my brother's den. He was also the first person in town to own a horseless carriage, an eight-passenger Buick, and a motorcycle, so it was only natural that he was also the first one in that vicinity to

own the latest improvement, the phonograph. Grandpa was like a serious-minded little boy with each of his new possessions and the fascination they held for him was long in disappearing.

Grandpa, although he did not often find time for the sport, was quite an enthusiastic hunter. He was an excellent marksman and derived great pleasure from exercising his skill. Therefore, when his duties permitted and he found time for some relaxation, it was not unlike him to accumulate his camping equipment and take to the nearby mountains for a week of hunting and fishing. At one such time when the opportunity for this type of trip presented itself, Grandpa had just acquired one of the latest new improvements of the phonograph and he decided to take it with him as a means of companionship.

When the specified day of his departure arrived he packed all of his equipment atop a sleepy-eyed burro, rented from the town livery stable, and took to the narrow winding paths that led to the heart of the mountains. At last he arrived at a desirable spot, some ten or fifteen miles away from any form of civilization, and prepared to pitch his tent. Just as he drove the last peg in place he noticed the clouds gathering and knew that before long the sky would loose an avalanche of raindrops that, no doubt, would continue to fall throughout the night. Grandpa spread the tent canvas over the frame, fed the burro and stabled it beneath the tent. Then he picked up his "Jesse James" gun and his prize phonograph and set out in the hope of finding a mountaineer settlement somewhere in the vicinity.

His knowledge of the mountains being near perfect he did not have to go far before he found a cottage. The sky, blackened both by oncoming night and promised rain, was a much darker hue than usual as Grandpa walked rather casually toward the porch of the cottage, which

was fashioned a great deal after a log cabin. My Grandpa was five-foot nine, decidedly plump, thoroughly Irish, always tidy and a profound believer in the clean-shaven face. He, no doubt, was a most unusual sight against this particular setting as he approached the cottage with his slow, strolling walk, gun in one hand, phonograph in the other.

He ascended the rickety steps, crossed the quaking porch and knocked on the hard, rough-surfaced door. For a few minutes there was complete silence. Then the door opened slowly, in an agonizing creak, and a tall mountaineer stood before him. The man was at least six-foot four. His woolly, ebony hair was not unlike the matted tail of a collie, and the features of his face were well camouflaged by a thick, bushy beard. His clothes had, undoubtedly, been in long and constant use. As the two men confronted each other a simile may have been drawn with reference to the ant and the elephant.

The dark, beady eyes stared unflinchingly into Grandpa's twinkling, blue ones, and with a voice much like the thunder that now rumbled in the sky the mountain-like human spoke. "Whatcha want?" he grumbled, and in reply Grandpa told him of the predicament he had found himself in. The mountaineer stood there eyeing Grandpa, his gun and his strange looking box with suspicion. "We ain't got no more room," he said, and was about to close the door when Grandpa leaned his gun against the house and reached for his bill-fold. He handed the man a ten dollar bill and at once the door was opened, and he was admitted entrance.

As Grandpa stepped through the door he was immediately aware of the fact that the house consisted of but two rooms, a general room and a kitchen. As in most mountaineer cottages there were wide cracks between the floor boards, and the meager furniture present was hand made.

There was an open fireplace near the front part of the room and in the back portion of it stood a very, very antique coal stove. Hovered around the fireplace were some fifteen or twenty men, women and children of all ages. In the corner opposite the coal stove stood a hand made, oaken bed in which lie a small, feeble, white-haired old lady.

Grandpa greeted all present with a friendly "Howdy," but no one returned the greeting. Instead he was met with pairs of staring suspicious eyes. He walked slowly, casually across the room to where the coal stove stood and seated himself in the rickety rocker beside it. He set the phonograph on his knees and proceeded to wind it up. When this was done he deposited it on the floor and raised its lid. "Whatcha aimin' to do, stranger?" asked the man who had greeted him at the door. Grandpa smiled a bit, and then in the dialect in which he had been questioned he answered, "I aimed to play a bit on my music box a spell." "Can't have none o' that, stranger," said the mountaineer, casting his eyes toward the aged woman in the bed, "That ole' lady's gotta sleep some." Grandpa made no reply, but leaned back in the rocker, took out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe. He lit the pipe and set the rocker in motion.

Back and forth, back and forth he rocked. The creak of the ancient chair was the only sound in the room. Every eye was upon him. The men and women eyed him suspiciously, the children looked upon him with an expression of awe, and from her bed in the corner the little, old lady peered curiously at him from behind her covers. But Grandpa sat there very calmly, quite at ease with his pipe and rocker. At length one of the women rose and disappeared from view as she went into the kitchen. All others continued to stare—and Grandpa continued to puff and rock.

Finally, Grandpa discovered one of his

shoe laces to be untied and, with much difficulty because of his size, bent over to tie it. As he did so he quickly slipped the needle onto the record and brushed his hand against the lever of the phonograph. At once the still of the room was shattered by the floating strains of "Nearer My God To Thee". Immediately all attention was focused on the strange looking music box and the sweet sounds and voices that arose from the throat of the odd shaped, metal arm that rode with an easy up-down motion on the revolving black disc. Never in their lives had they seen or heard anything so wonderful.

Grandpa fumbled at his shoe a moment and then, as though in great haste, turned the phonograph off. As he looked up from the phonograph to the occupants of the room he found quite a different expression on their faces. There was a hushed murmuring amongst the women and children, and the strange noise produced by Grandpa's music box had drawn the woman from the kitchen; she leaned against the frame of the door, a huge apron covering her dress, and a dripping wooden spoon in her hand. The fellow with whom all of Grandpa's former dealings had been transacted stepped forward. "G'wan," he said, "play it some more."

Grandpa immediately drew in a breath and with the expression of an innocent devil lighting his face replied, "Oh, no! I wouldn't dare think of disturbing the little, old lady."

There was a sound of rustling covers from the corner of the room where stood the ancient bed, and a shrill, squeaky voice cried out, "Ain't gonna bother me none. I dasent care. Play it if ye will. Ain't gonna bother me." The little old lady was sitting upright in bed and her ancient eyes sparkled with eagerness. So Grandpa played the phonograph for them and they all listened, bewildered, mystified, enraptured. First he played the side containing

"Nearer My God To Thee", then he turned the record over and played "Onward Christian Soldiers". His hands grew weary flipping the record back and forth.

There was talk now in the room and the environment was warm and cheery. One of the younger mountaineer men sided up to Grandpa and expressed his surprise that the music was of a religious nature. "We hear tell that all the folks in the cities has durn near sold their souls to the devil", he told Grandpa. Grandpa frowned a bit and explained to him the untruth of such a statement, clarifying his answer by naming some of the religions by which men worship. "hich one o' them d' you b'long to?" asked the mountaineer. "I'm a Catholic," answered Grandpa. As he did so all the mountaineers began to look closely at the upper part of his forehead. Finally one of the men turned to the rest of them and said in a low tone, "He ain't got none". Then he turned back to Grandpa. "We always was led to believe Catholics had horns," he explained. Inwardly Grandpa was beside himself with laughter, but he managed to keep a very sober face while he answered, "Well, I've been de-horned." They accepted this as a logical explanation and were satisfied.

At length Grandpa turned off the phonograph and looking toward the woman with the dripping spoon he exclaimed, "I smell something burning", wherewith he was led straightway to the kitchen and supper. When he returned from supper he found the room filled with people, old, young, crippled, strong, handsome, homely, all sizes and shapes. They had been called in to see the odd-looking music box and partake in the hearing of the wondrous music produced by it. Grandpa played the phonograph for them all night, and when the dawn came and he told them he must go their faces bore openly the signs of great disappointment. "You don't wanna' go deeper in th' mountains," they told him,

"them folks back there is pore'. Stay here with us and work your music box and we'll make it worth your while." (Grandpa looked at the cracks in the floor, the network of patches on the covers of the old lady's bed, the creaky furniture, and wondered what these people meant when they said "pore".) Despite their pleas Grandpa had made up his Irish mind and as his Irish constitution was of a very strong Irish will he would not stay. So, as the saying goes "since Mohammed would not go to the mountain, the mountain came to Mohammed"—and the mountaineers came to Grandpa. For three days and nights wherever he went he was followed by the mountaineers. And as he visited each mountain settlement the number of his followers increased, until at last, on the fourth day, he was forced to return to

Mt. Sterling and civilization for need of rest.

But he did not return without being well thanked in the way of mountaineers. The sleepy-eyed little burro was not capable of carrying all these "thanks" and the mountaineers gave him a sure-footed old mule, laden down with all varieties of vegetables, fruits, garments woven by the women and all sorts of mountaineer handiwork. In return Grandpa left with them his wonderful music box and invitation to visit him sometime in Mt. Sterling. Then, as my Grandpa made his way back to civilization down the narrow, winding paths he could hear the strains of "Nearer My God To Thee" as the mountain folk joined in with the voices on the record. And the whole side of the mountain seemed to be singing—mountain music, Miller style.

Man Made Night

By Carol Kessler

The rounding search-light
Haunts the sky o'ercast.
It trails and softly penetrates
the thick mists and clouds.
Old earth below it sleeps
In sweet forgetfulness,
Heedless of the city's roar and din,
Forgetting man as man forgets
The life of things that is his kin.
Ah sleep, sweet peace of eve,
Dost thou encounter darkness as thy light?
Or must the busy roar of men
In earth and sky
Disturb thy natural quietness?
Somewhere afar a plane must soar,
Somewhere near a train must move;
Man-made night without quiet;
Materialistic time without light;
Such is and will be, man-made night.

The case of muscles and cousin sally

(Also Concerning Tommy)

Tommy stared nonchalantly out of the window of the sixth grade class room. Golly, that snow sure looked good. He could hardly wait to get out and play in it. Why, already he could practically feel the nice, crunchy slush under his feet. After school there was going to be a big snow fight between the two gangs: Muscles' gang and J. C.'s gang. Tommy was in Muscles' gang; so naturally he thought that one was better, but then Muscles was a better leader. Muscles was in the eighth grade and J. C. was only in the seventh grade. Gosh, that ought to be a good fight this afternoon. Then the thought struck him like a thunderbolt. He had to stay after school this afternoon! Friday afternoon! Just because he had had a little fun with his teacher, Miss Strong . . . the old bat!

Now he turned his attention from the snow outside to Miss Strong. What a droop! And he had a pretty good idea of what she would make him do: write "I must not be impudent to my elders." Boy, SHE really WAS an elder . . . old as the hills and twice as big. H-m-m-m, that was pretty good. He's have to remember that one to tell to the boys. Then it occurred to him that he would probably be there all afternoon writing that silly sentence.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath. That's what Muscles always said when he got mad. That was a pretty good word; it sort of made him feel better to say it.

"Damn," he said again. The effect was wonderful; he felt a hundred per cent better. Then through the fog of his thought he realized that the old bat was speaking to him. "Damn," he muttered

again because he knew all the rest of the class was looking at him; and then looking impudently at Miss Strong the way he thought Muscles would do . . .

"Mam-m-m," he drawled in an imitation of Miss Strong's Southern accent. The class tittered; they always did.

"Tommy, you aren't paying attention. I asked you, where are the white marble deposits found in England?" Tommy made a pretense at deep thought.

"The White Cliffs of Dover?" he beamed innocently. The class roared. Tommy slouched down in his seat enjoying himself thoroughly.

"Tommy," she was really mad now, "it seems that you have taken it upon yourself to entertain the class . . ." She paused.

"Well," Tommy looked down with mock humility, "Ah tries." The class roared again. She didn't call on him again after that; so Tommy contented himself for the last few minutes until school was out in drawing pictures of the "old bat."

Then school was over. As the rest of the kids rushed out for the big snow fight, he began to feel bad. He saw Muscles pass by the door on his way out, but Muscles didn't even look in. As the building emptied, Tommy began to feel worse and worse. Mike slapped him on the back as he rushed out "Sorry, old man. Wish you could be at the snow fight. Come on over IF you get out before dark!"

Tears welled up in Tommy's eyes as the last of the kids left the room. "Damn," he said, but it didn't give him any satisfaction. "Damn-it-to-hell!" he said ex-

perimentally. That's what Muscles said when he got real mad, but somehow it sort of shocked Tommy; so he just sat there and stared out of the window.

"Tommy," said Miss Strong, "you know the sentence. Two thousand times this time. Maybe that will get it into your hard little head. And don't think I'll let you out of it either. You're going to write every single sentence no matter how long we have to stay here."

"Well, Miss Strong," Tommy drawled, "Ah can stay heah as long as you can . . . if you don't think people will talk." But that fizzled out completely because the kids weren't here to laugh at him. Miss Strong simply ignored him. So he started scribbling as fast as he could. First I's all the way down the page. Then a column of must's, and so on.

It was nearly dark when a weary, disgusted Tommy turned in two thousand "I must not be impudent to my elders." and started home. Of course the snow battle was over. Oh, well, he could talk his Mother out of making him go to dancing school tomorrow afternoon, and he would talk Muscles into getting up another snow fight between the two gangs. He began to feel better.

When he got home his Mother seemed so preoccupied that she didn't even ask him why he was so late. Tommy breathed a sigh of relief, and immediately set out for his room to finish that book Muscles had lent him. Boy, was that ever good! All about gangsters and everything!

"Tommy," his Mother stopped him, "your Aunt Ethel and little Cousin Sally are coming tomorrow morning to spend the weekend." Tommy groaned, but not very whole-heartedly. That wouldn't be too bad; Sally was his own age, and she was a pretty good kid. She could play football, climb trees almost as good as a boy, and everything. He could take her

to the snowball fight tomorrow afternoon. His Mother continued . . .

"Since you last saw Sally, she has grown up to be quite a young lady, so you must treat her as one. She has been taking dancing lessons lately and just loves it. You will take her to Miss Hyder's dancing class with you tomorrow."

This time his groan held genuine agony, "But, Mom . . ." Just then his Dad walked through the room and gave him that final look; so there was nothing to do but to stalk with sulky but dignified silence up to his room. He muttered as he stalked upstairs, "Some people get all the bad breaks;"

The next morning when Sally and her Mother got there, Tommy let an audible sigh. What his Mother had said was true; Sally had changed. She obviously wasn't going to be any fun anymore. "Too bad," Tommy thought, "and she was a real good kid." Now she looked almost like a grown-up woman. She had on a neat blue skirt and a kind of soft, fuzzy yellow sweater. Her hair wasn't in pigtails any more. It was curled, and it hung down almost to her waist. Gosh, it was kinda pretty! And she wasn't fat like she used to be; she was kinda skinny. Tommy gazed at her with mixed admiration and disgust. She was pretty, but after all she was nothing but a down-right GIRL now.

Her first remark to Tommy was, "My, Tom, you really haven't changed, have you . . . except in height. Why you must be nearly a half-foot taller than me, and we used to be the same height." Tommy started to stick out his chest with pride, but then he stopped himself. He wasn't going to have no truck with this female.

Just the same he took care to get nice and clean to go to dancing school. He even rubbed some of his father's after-shave lotion on his face. He didn't even

start dreading the class until he got to the door of Miss Hyder's. Then he got right sick thinking about it. Grimly he opened the door and let Sally go in first. She took off her coat and nonchalantly handed it to him. Tommy looked blankly at it for a moment; then it occurred to him that she meant for him to hang it up for her. He scowled at it for a moment. He knew that he was blushing and that didn't help matters any. The other girls hung up their own coats. After he had hung up the coats he went back over to Sally and whispered brusquely, "You go over there with the other girls." And then before she had a chance to say anything, he darted over to the little cluster of boys standing uncomfortably in the corner. As he approached the group, he was astonished to see Muscles standing there . . . all clean and everything! Tommy strolled over to him and slapped him heartily on the back.

"Well I'll be damned," said Tommy in a voice that was much deeper than his own, "what're you doin' in this torture chamber?"

"Thought I'd look in on the joint and see how the peons live," Muscles snarled out of the side of his mouth like Humph-

rey Bogart. Tommy chuckled appreciatively. "Say, kid," Muscles nudged him sharply in the ribs with his elbow, "who's the blond dame sittin' over there by herself?"

"Oh, her," Tommy's tone was disparaging. "She's just a cousin of mine that's here visitin' for the weekend." Muscles let out a long low whistle.

"Damn pretty," Muscles said, "damn pretty." Just then Miss Hyder clapped her hands.

"Now, children, let us begin. Each of you little gentlemen go ask one of the nice little ladies to dance with you." Tommy groaned and started shuffling his feet. Then in complete amazement, he heard Muscles saying,

"Think I'll ask your cousin to dance." As Tommy followed Muscles over to the girls' corner, he heard Muscles saying to him, "She's a cute little number: just my type. I like my women dainty and mature like her." Then almost in a dream Tommy heard himself saying to the skinny, freckled-faced little girl that followed him around at school,

"Come on, Henrietta, let's dance. You're just my type!"



From the Notepad

By Helen Walton

i

Bursting Bud
A wondrous world awaits you
Burst, bloom, love
And die
While the world's still wondrous.

ii

Sallow moon
Faith pale and waning
A colorless morrow
Blends with my heart
Bled white.

iii

Relentless rain
Patter never ceasing
Steady and sure . . .
Can you never be violent?

iv

Wavering, unsteady
Shiftless, unsure,
Lying, deceitful,
Irresponsible,
A drunkard,
Yet he knew
The meaning of a sunset.

Fog fantasy

There was a slight breeze from the sea. She could feel the moist air rustle her grayish hair as she climbed. Her deep gray eyes furtively gazed with sad intensity at the familiar landmarks about her. Looking down toward the breakers which fragmented into bits of spray upon hitting the black rocks along the shore, she noticed, far on the horizon, a faint mist which only experienced eyes could detect from the pale gray sky overhead.

The path she followed was not a rough one, but overgrown with weeds and grass; much different from the wide stony path she had trod as a child. With a rush, memories of her childhood crowded about her. Memories of the days she used to run gaily up the hill eagerly anticipating the first view of her father's boat as he sailed into port; and more numerous memories of the times she had stumbled along the path with tear-dimmed eyes as voices calling her name resounded over the country-side. Her mouth twisted in a queer sort of smile as she recalled those former trips up the deserted hill.

Pushing aside the bushes which separated the utmost of the hill from the path, she was struck by the familiar sights; the rolling sea far below, Hanset harbor on her right, and there at her feet the barren rock. How much smaller the white rock seemed now than when as a child she had flung herself upon it, cried a little and then, propping her head in her hands, gazed out at the fog which was slowly creeping in. What infinite peace she had received in those days as the fog had softly hidden all from her. She had become entirely isolated from everyday existence. To the mournful accompaniment of the

foghorn she had created a world of her own. Out of the mist come dreams of trips to far away countries. In fantasy she sailed to exotic India, tasted the fragrant fruits of the Western isles, saw the magnificent castles of Europe, and smelled the pungent odors of the Orient, just as her father had described them all to her. As a climax to each voyage her return home was welcomed with great rejoicing by the family; and while relating her experiences to the open-mouthed brother and sister, she felt the envy which they tried to conceal from her by exaggerated affection. Often her fog dreams ended on a note of melancholy. She fancied a glorious death at sea—a martyr's death in which she gave her life to rescue her father from disaster. Then the moisture of the fog became the tears of the brother and sister as they learned of this great sacrifice and repented for the cruel way they had treated her while she was with them.

These flights of her imagination had been her only means of escape from the noisy and cruel household where her sister, Abby, ruled with an iron hand and her elder brother, Rod teased her incessantly day and night. Now she could think back on those two with pity and kindness. How blind she had been in her youth to the toils and troubles of poor Abby. At her mother's death, fourteen-year-old Abby had taken on her hands the duties of a grown woman. She had run the family of four and taken in washing to carry the household from one of their father's voyages to the next. The woman unconsciously crossed herself as thoughts of those two, many years dead, surged through her mind.



With a start, she realized the fog had crept almost to the sandbar. She had been so carried away by her reminiscences that she found herself listening for the shouts of, "Penelope, Penelope, where are you?" which so often had broken upon her dreams fifteen years ago. She stood and watched the world disappear now, under the cover of the fog, while the bleats of the foghorns were the only sounds which reached her ears. The wind pushed the mist gently. It had swallowed a tiny sailboat which had bounced on the choppy sea not far from the point where she stood. The rocks of the lighthouse were also vanishing as the lava-like flow of the mist overtook them.

Cold shivers crept up Penelope's spine at the sight of the approaching fog. She started to turn away and take the path down, but almost immediately she straightened her back and faced again the rolling mist as though it were an adversary. "Strange," she thought, "that I should hate the fog so when it was my only balm in childhood. Strange, how one incident can change the deep love to uncontrollable hate." Her thoughts raced back over the years once again to those last weeks she had stood on the point watching for her father's ship, long overdue. She recalled how each time she saw a ship resembling his the detested mist had covered it, and she had waited and watched for the fog to lift, often to no avail. Her father's ship had never appeared. Weeks later the report came that it had been lost in the North Sea. After this shocking news she had never again returned to the point to watch the fog roll in; she feared the fog

and blamed it for the loss of the one she loved. Then her uncle had come and taken the orphans to live with him in Boston. There she had perfected her sewing ability and was completely independent. She thought of the dingy little room in the city where her busy fingers flew day and night as she worked over the clothes of her clients. She was alone there, too; alone in a multitude of noisy people. However, there was little comfort in that loneliness. The sunbonneted child of long ago had been happy in her solitude; the sad-eyed woman of today was miserable in hers.

Once more she looked about her. The red rooftops and the old ivy Church tower which now pierced the top of the fog were being hidden by the infinitesimal progress of the misty drifts. Gradually the fog reached the point. Faint wisps of it circled about her. The trees in the background became ghostly pale and at last she was surrounded by nothing.

Penelope stood enchanted. All hatred and all fear was gone. For a moment her face gladdened; she was a child again, loving the dampness and the gray impenetrable cloak about her. Then her deep eyes lost the sparkle which had filled them momentarily; the mournful expression passed again over her face. Yet her eyes had lost the look of a hunted animal seeking rest. At last she was home and alone no longer.

She stepped to the edge of the point. The fog did not lift until morning. It hid the body from all intruders until the spirit had fled.



by jane ellen tye

poem pictures

centered sun
casting no shadow
pauses on the skyway
for an instant
at high noon

that wide glass window
is the portrait
of a bronze world
tied with golden threads
that are webs
caught by the spider
who weaves
at sunset

black hour
black as the breast of a falcon
would I could be
as lost in your arms
as is the infant bird
lost beneath the wings of a falcon

twelve anthills
and the watching hundred eyes
daring my feet

rain on my roof
is like the gypsy spring
tapping her tamborine
with gentle fingers
and jingling her bracelets
and crying softly

dandelion
I know a child who loves you
though you smell
like the breath
of a parrot

spring intoxicates
the world
with cups of strawberry wine
very old
given us while we are busy
watching
the willow fingers
touch the sky's forehead

November
lifting her petticoats
made rustling music
up December's stairway

January
left hurriedly
forgetting
her paint brushes
pussy willows

the north wind did not
mind leaving
for I heard him laugh
as he turned
the last corner

You were listening with me
remember
when we heard March
reading love poems
to April

April has brown eyes
that are soft to look into
as soft as the ear
of a field mouse
or the paw of a new kitten

I thought I saw sunlight
pouring into a pitcher
but it was only May
brushing her hair
early this morning

Indian summer
sits at the loom
outside her tent
making dreams
of gray and silver

awaking from violet sleep
late last night
I heard June
in sandals
dancing on my porch

whisper
whisper
June is dozing
in my yellow hammock

as I was writing my poem
the candle moth
shook colored powder
on my white paper
and painted a picture
of summer's face

at twilight
a stranger passed
beneath my window
whistling
a tune as lonely
as the cry
of a turtle

overjoyed
was I
to hear at midnight
word that the katydid
was back
in the mulberry patch

when I first saw the cocoon
of a moth
I thought some fairy lady
had dropped her glove
on the lilac bush

Afraid I was
at first
to take the honeysuckle's
tendrils
in my mouth

last summer
I heard a firefly
tell a secret to the first star
but I did not understand
all the words

have you seen
the ballet
danced by sunbeams
on the moss rose's
petal

under the white birch tree
in the damp field
a boy sits
making music
with a hollow reed
the swamp grew

a blue egg fell
from the high spruce
scattering pieces of life
about the ground

God likes best
to talk with poplar trees
see, they are tallest
and they have a million voices
on every limb

I know a street
with a thousand eyes
that are blind

arpeggios
through the harp strings
were really
water flowers
bathing
in my blue brook

now east
now west
now north
now south
the wind has not forgotten
to dust
any corner

flowerets
who love the night
weep dewdrops
when morning comes

see how bright the moon is
the rain storm
washed his face
very clean
tonight

yesterday
on my back step
I saw the lavender ribbon
dropped by the queen snail

high on the craig
where the white rock gleams
they say the eagle sleeps
with one eye open

clouds
are puffs of smoke
from God's pipe

very much afraid
I hid in the grasses
and heard the child
talk with a green snake
about God

Non, merci!

Because of the irreproachable qualities of products on the market today, described by full page advertisements in magazines and newspapers, I often wonder what I am missing in life. This new atomic age has swept past me at a high speed of molecular motion, and I am left in the dust. The conservative manner of my customs and habits has deprived me of enjoying the difficult art of living. Although I do not consider myself a "doubting Thomas," perhaps if I would keep in step with the moving world of today, this deficiency would manifest itself in artful living. Unfortunately, my mind has not collaborated with my eye concerning the helpful hints of comfortable living, freely contributed by advertisers.

Thus far, I have ignored the advice of the Proctor and Gamble Company, The American Tobacco Company, The Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Towle Manufacturing Company, The Sunshine Biscuit Company, Libby, McNeill, and Libby Company, Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Ponds Extract Company, Cannon Mills Incorporated, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, The Nash Motor Company, General Motors Company, and many other infallible producers. The observations, suggestions, and earth-stirring facts which these companies offer to the public have sadly gone unnoticed by my eye.

If I were an observant and up-to-date person, I would not be driving my world-weary 1932 model Chevrolet car. Instead, "the bullet nose, and airsplitting sweep of line" of the 1949 "Nash Airflyt" would have me in its thrall. "Here's the room everybody's been waiting for . . . amazing more head-room . . . and seats

so wide they can become beds at night." "Here in Nash alone, Cockpit Control and Uniscope." Here is the "curved sweep of a one-piece windshield, and dials near eye-level." "Here is the thrill of engines with Uniflo-Jet carburation." Here is the "softest, levellest ride you ever had in an automobile, every wheel pillowed with super-softcoil springs." "Here is the super-safety and quietness made possible only by the Nash Girderbuilt Utilized Body-and-Frame." Here is a car whose qualifications could ease my mode of living, and there in the driveway is my 1932 Chevrolet, boasting only of its durability. On the other hand, if I preferred another make of automobile, I might drive the "fabulously fine Studebaker Champion or Commander." "Sleek and low—agleam with gay, exciting color—appointed and upholstered to the peak of perfection—there isn't another car with style of this one. Surely, no one could resist such adjectives.

Now, the various possibilities offered by every manufacturer astounds me. Although the soap which I use is of the pioneer type, it is surprising to note that Proctor and Gable is offering a soap called the new "lifetime Oxydol," "washes your very whitest clothes to a new white." Actually, white is not a color, but a pure shade which exists in all matter. Therefore, there are no varying shades of white. A so-called off-white is not at all white, but an entirely different color. In the light of this fact, Proctor and Gamble is offering a product which can make white clothes whiter, and whiter clothes whitest—a certainly amazing accomplishment!

Speaking of soaps, I am reminded of

an experience I had with several types of bar soap, each loudly extolling its own merits. Upon hearing that "Now in Palmolive's famous 'Beauty Lather' you get something!" I immediately gave this soap a try, for if "you use it for tub or shower for the loveliness all over," "the alluring new fragrance of Palmolive's 'Beauty Lather' leaves you even lovelier," I was grievously disappointed, for I possessed the same face. On the other hand, "Camay, the soap of lovelier women . . . shows the way to lovelier beauty." I needed only to go on a diet—"the Camay mild-soap diet." I found that Cashmere Bouquet "odorns your skin with the fragrance men love," and "9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap," for "Lux girls are lovelier!" (Screen stars would remain enchantingly lovely if they used tar soap!) After trying each of these promising soaps, I found that my face would remain unconquered. Only a plastic surgeon could help me.

Because of this loud boasting of many producers, I am often torn between one product and another. Since "more independent experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two brands combined," I feel that I am obliged to follow suit and "smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke." What could prove the popularity of Lucky Strike more than this fact? On the other hand, "more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette." Should I follow the example of the tobacco experts who have a great deal of knowledge about the world of tobacco? Should I follow the example of the doctors who know a great deal about the effects of smoking on the human system? Or should I follow the example of those who have tried everything and have given up the habit of smoking?

Even the efforts of Emily Post are

thwarted in the advertising world. The idea of "keeping up with the Joneses" is magnified to such an extent that it becomes desirable and proper. Use "the new Sterling pattern for women who are first with the very smart and very beautiful." Reed and Barton offers their sterling to those who get there "fustest with the mostest." On the other hand, "if it's Community . . . it's correct," and when "you bring Towle into your home, you bring the pride, pleasure, and prestige that go hand in hand with lovely things." The merits of such silverware have certainly changed since the day that grandma brought her flatware over from the old country where it had been a fixture in the house.

The advertising world of today has gone far ahead of the average individual. The days of Thoreau and Emerson are long since gone. The age in which things advertised themselves under their own advantages or disadvantages has been replaced by an age in which over-statement and vainglory are accepted as right and true. In advertising the Concord River, Thoreau might have written "Here lies a Utopia where the grass is so green its reflection can be seen on the wing of an over-flying airplane. There are enough golden colored, delicious fish to feed Napoleon's army. Come to the gorgeous, restful haven of solitude, and rest by the lazy waters of paradise!"

I shall take the attitude of Cyrano de Bergerac and say "Non, merci!" to the Polyanna persuasions of advertisements. I'll take truth and purity in preference to the "delicate, natural flavor of All-sweet Margerine," "a lovelier complexion with Palmolive Soap," or "a pattern for happiness" by using Reed and Barton fine Sterling.

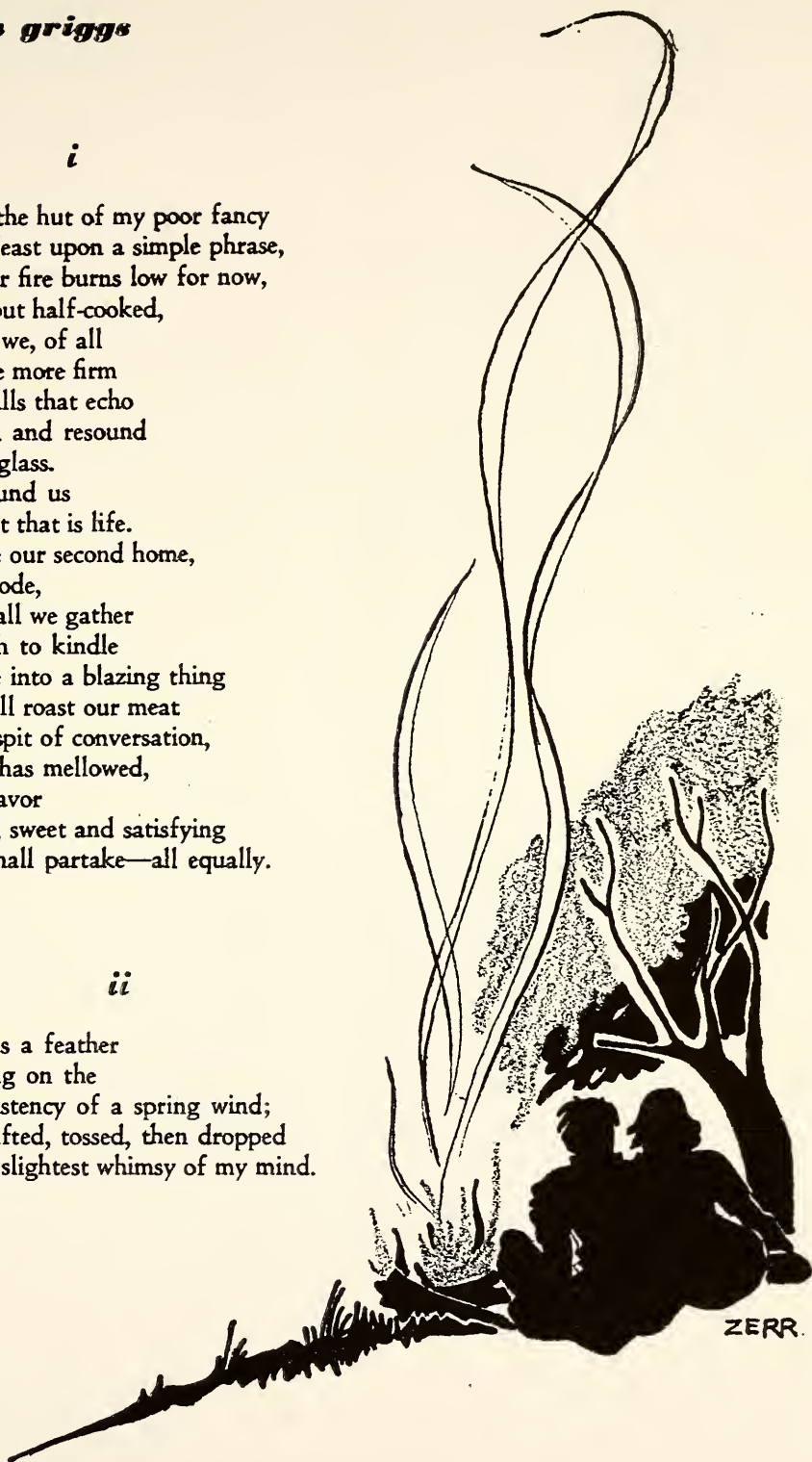
by neilyn griggs

i

Oh, crawl into the hut of my poor fancy
You few who feast upon a simple phrase,
And though our fire burns low for now,
Our food still but half-cooked,
Know you that we, of all
Dwell in a place more firm
Than all the halls that echo
Clanking metal and resound
With tinkling glass.
Know that around us
Grows the forest that is life.
Let this then be our second home,
An inginate abode,
And from it shall we gather
Fuel with which to kindle
Our poor flame into a blazing thing
And over it shall roast our meat
Pierced by the spit of conversation,
Until the heat has mellowed,
Changed the flavor
Into an essence, sweet and satisfying
Of which we shall partake—all equally.

ii

I am as a feather
Drifting on the
Inconsistency of a spring wind;
I am lifted, tossed, then dropped
At the slightest whimsy of my mind.



iii

Today I say, "Think no more of yesterday.
No more of foolish lamentation,
Dwell only on the things
That are on hand
Or on the things that in the future
May yet lie."
Yet as the days must ever age,
Grow gray in mists of evening
So must the liquid thoughts of yesterday
Seep through their thin-walled vessels
In my mind
And slowly rise to fill the emptiness of
Solitude.

iv

Come not to me with even one gem
Though it shines with the polishers dust
For of it I can only say,
That it is beautiful.
Come not to me with just a rose
Though it be white and crying
With morning dew,
For of it also I can only say,
That it is beautiful.
Yet come to me if you must with both
And bring with you but one fine thought;
For then the jewel will outhsine the sun
And the tears of the rose
Will water my soul.
Then only can I give to you
One low-voiced word
Of welcome.

U

My spirit trails above
Like the thin coil of smoke,
Which presently climbs
On high and seems to become
One with its brother, the cloud.
But with a gust of the winds
That blow from the darker niches
Of the gray sphere that
Surrounds me, it
Defuses and becomes
The mists
That softly lie
Over the wilderness
Of my eternity.

vi

Do you with in some dark pocket
Of your mind
Select and rearrange the clues
That one upon the other
Will form themselves into a
Golden thing, that can
Undo that tightly locked
Compartment in my thoughts
Which guards its musty store
Of well-worn hopes and dreams,
And releases them from their
Stagnant vessel of the past
Into the radiant sphere of
What may be.
Who holds the key to my tomorrow,
Is it you?

Time to go back

The boat rocked crazily as it plowed across the wake of a shrimper and swung out into the blackness, leaving the lights of the bay in misty circles behind it. Stephany shivered and pulled the robe more closely around her and tucked it under the cushions of the deck chair. The spray was cool on her face, and the wind and the deafening roar of the engine numbed her senses, and her eyes blurred with the vibration of the boat closing out the objects surrounding her. The sound of the motor and waves took her back into a world of several years before, a world of growing up. It was the last summer at the lake, and she had said bood-bye to Mike. She hadn't known then that it was actually good-bye, but there had been a sort of final note about it, and she had not seen nor heard of him since. Mike's folks had had the cabin in front of theirs on the bend that overlooked the main bed of the lake and the entrance to the river that wound its way back through mountains to the start of Pigeon Creek. They had been a funny lot—only Mike and his step-mother and father. They had never mixed with the other campers and had showed a positive dislike for anyone who tried to mix with them. Mike wasn't so much that way; it was almost as if they had a strange hold on him. He often sat wistfully watching the other kids racing around in their inboards and riding each other's waves. Maybe that was what had drawn her and Mike together. They had both had smaller and slower boats, and the races were a little useless to them; so when the rest started unloading their boats to race, Mike and Stephany climbed the hill together to the fork in the path which led

each to his own home. When they weren't going to race and everyone piled into the biggest boats to go down the lake to find a place to swim where the water was cooler and deeper or to go to the bridge to fish, Mike went; but he never seemed to enjoy it. He showed a distaste for these people who shouted and splashed the still waters of this lake he seemed to regard with a sort of reverence and even personal ownership. He cringed when he saw someone yank the plug out of the mouth of a baby bass or a turtle, and he once flew into a rage when he came upon a string of sunfish someone had caught just for the sport of it and had left tied to a root to die. As far as Stephany knew Mike had never killed anything. Once when she had been squirrel hunting alone in the woods, they had met and gone on together. She had seen a squirrel sitting in the fork of a tree and had aimed while Mike was turned the other way. Turning quickly, he had knocked her gun aside spoiling her aim; and the squirrel had scampered away unhurt while he breathed a sigh of relief. Then he had blushed and stammered something about how he had thought it was only a chipmunk; but she had known that knowing the woods as well as he did, he had not been mistaken. That was what made her wonder when he started out in the morning with his gun and returned empty-handed in the evening if he had had any intention of hunting or if he had just tromped all day or maybe just sat and thought in his beloved hills. Several times before, from the boat, she had seen him sitting high on the point of a cliff overlooking the lake.

There were other things about Mike,

too. The fellows didn't like him. They made fun of him when he wasn't around, and they got pretty mad sometimes when he refused their invitations to go in their big boats and would go off by himself in his own boat which he had made himself. But they didn't really want him around. It was plain that they were ill at ease when this strong silent boy of the woods was along. They had to be careful not to shoot at a bird or tear down the beaver's dam or cover up ant holes.

Another thing that was different was that Mike stayed at the lake all the time. On Sunday evening when everyone else had to pack up the cars and go back to the heat of the city, Mike was still tramping around the mountains with five more days to himself before the dreaded weekend when they would all return to turn his serene world into turmoil. They had all sort of pitied him for not being able to go back to the parties and life in town. For any one else it would have been boring to stay there during the week when the other people were not around, but not Mike; he had too many fascinating things to do. All day he had to work hard around the house. Mike's folks had built their own cabin and even now, after several years, their basement was still only partially dug out and their lot only partially cleared. Mike built a house in the back yard in which to keep snakes for study purposes. The neighbors shuddered for fear that some might get loose some day; but because everybody was a little afraid of those peculiar people, nothing was ever said.

Stephany had had company one night and the house was full of people when Mike came to the door and asked to see her for a minute. Stephany felt her mother's cold stare as she walked across the front porch and down the bank to the rock steps that broke at intervals the steep trail to the lake. The sweat had been pouring off Mike, and in the dark-

ness she could detect a tremble in his voice. The night was cool and breezes from the lake tossed the pines with a sort of humming hound while the noises of the woods and an occasional cry from the screech owl played an eerie background to Mike's voice as he spoke. He was not crying, but his voice caught from time to time, and he would take a deep breath before starting again. He was scared stiff. His father had been drunk and had threatened his mother until she had left the house. Then there had been a horrible fight and his father had torn up the things Mike had worked so hard to make—his carved picture frames, his leaf and flower collections and lastly his snake cave. Finally Mike, who could stand it no longer, had struck him. That had been the story, year after year, father insanely drunk, threatening his mother, and destroying all he loved; and now Mike had had enough. He had gotten his father to bed, and revived him, had told him that he was leaving; and now he had come to tell her. He did not stop there, though; he went back further to tell her of his love for the water and the woods and his one aim in life—to have a big boat in which he could set out on his own to India, to Africa and to hidden coves of the ocean to find the world that must exist somewhere away from sorrows and complications. And then, to her surprise, he had turned to her and asked her to join him in his struggle to find it. Her heart had beat wildly for an instant, and she had known that he had realized that she was the only one who had ever understood him and probably ever would; and she had also seen that he had looked straight through her and seen what she herself had never realized, her own desire to break away from the conventional. But she had sat there amazed and almost in his power, her mother had called and she had turned and climbed the hill back to the house.

The sound of the engine made Steph-
anys' ears throb wildly with her heart,
and she blurred her eyes to see the hand-
some tanned face of the man in the driv-
er's seat take on the wild hardened
features of Mike, and for a moment they
were racing together over the road that
would lead them to Singapore and Siam

and a thousand other places. Then the
man spoke.

"Steph, dear, don't you think we'd bet-
ter go back? There is a hard day ahead
of us tomorrow—your bridge club, my
dinner speech and tea dancing at Gran-
ville's."

"Yes, Ronald," Stephany sighed, "It is
time to go back."



ann pingon

Sophisticated satire

Seldom is found in this age of the five
page short story and the twenty page essay,
on the same story a critical essay whose
topic is a magazine in which these stories
along with numerous articles, reviews,
poems and cartoons are printed. If there
were more such essays perhaps Mr. Ameri-
can Public's discriminating reading taste
might be improved, perhaps he could take
more interest in perfecting to a greater
degree the art of literature; therefore, by
improving what he read, Mr. American
Public might improve his thoughts and
thus improve his life. One of the most
interesting critics of Mr. American
Public and his modern life including his
literature, art, drama, music, horseracing,
politics, foreign affairs, domestic troubles,
styles, and fads is the *New Yorker*, a
twenty cent weekly, which is continually
ridiculing with subtle humor Mr. Ameri-
can Public's frailties as a human being.
Interesting though it is because of its
polished wit, its smooth prose, its odd com-
ments, it is, to me, still sophisticated satire.
As such it should be read with a grain
of salt for both the sophisticated and the
satirizer tend to lose track of the good in
life and tend to see nothing but the evil.
An example of what to me is this sophisti-

cated satire appeared in the February 5,
1949, issue and is as follows: "The woman
called Axis Sally must be puzzled at the
serious situation in which she finds herself.
Almost all she did was tell our boys to
stop fighting and go home to Mom!"
There are numerous other such examples.
To find them just read the *New Yorker*.

Read the *New Yorker*! In so doing
you will find a great deal of variety built
around the same general outline to give
the same general effect—sophisticated sa-
tire; which as Sabatini used the same
"happy ending" plot for a variety of dif-
ferent settings and characters in his his-
torical novels.

This general make up of the *New
Yorker* which is used for each issue is
divided into sections and begins with the
cover. This cover, rarely twice in succes-
sion by the same artist, manages to convey
either as cartoons or as straight art the
interesting, amusing, and varied character-
istics of man. Only one a year, in Feb-
ruary, is the cover the same; then it is a
picture of a man in high silk hat and
formal clothes whom the editors call
Eustace Tilley. Mr. Tilley was the cover
of the first issue and thus it is in honor
of its origin that one issue a year is de-

voted to Mr. Tilley who is, indeed, a most suave looking old gentleman.

On opening the magazine you at once run into the ads, expensive, eyecatching ones of expensive eyecatching articles—the things smart looking people own. Interspaced among the ads is a section entitled "Goings on About Town". "The Goings On Department" briefly reviews without criticism all the movies, plays, radio shows, operas, recitals, art shows that are taking place in New York City for that particular week. It also included brief dope on popular restaurants and night clubs.

After the "Goings On" comes the magazine proper which begins with "The Talk of the Town". "Talk" consists of the first five pages of each issue. It might be compared to the editorial page of a newspaper although it has no editorials and contains rather anecdoted, dope stories, personality sketches, and interview writeups; however, it sets the tone of the magazine, that of suave, polished wit. An anecdote from "Talk" is "Inflation Intelligence: The price of the Dime Mystery magazine, which went up to fifteen cents a year ago, is at present twenty cents." from the December 18, 1948, issue. "Talk" begins with the "Notes and Comments" of E. P. White whose name is never signed to it. All the information that I have been able to find out about the *New Yorker* staff I found in an article from the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "Tilley the Toiler" by Russell Maloney. Mr. Maloney further described "Comment" as being "modest, sly, elliptical, allusive, prim, slightly countrified, wistful, and (God help us) whimsical".

Following "Talk" are usually one or two well written, worthwhile short stories. After which comes either a "Roving Reporter" or a "Profile", article. The "Roving Reporter" article discusses small people and little things; the "Profile", famous people and important affairs.

Both originally were brief sketches but have grown into ten page, two issues affairs. Each takes a subject and develops it to its fullest extent.

After the "Roving Reporter" or "Profile" come the reviews, "Of All Things," more short stories, and the letters.

The weekly reviews consist usually of theatrical, movie, book, and musical ones. Less frequently appear the art and horse-racing sections. To me these reviews are always witty and clever but rarely kind. Perhaps that is not the review's purpose in life; but such eternally, everlasting disapproval as the *New Yorker's* reviewers spout in their clipt, caustic prose seems sad to me. Sad in the fact that men can be so cold, so cynical—Even the few nice things that I have read in these reviews have always been phrased in such terms as to make you feel it wasn't as good on second thought as the reviewer first thought it was. To illustrate my first point here is a review of a show criticized by John McCarter from the December 25, 1938, issue: "Every Girl Should Be Married" serves to introduce a young actress named Betsy Drake, who has an inability to stand still for more than a second at a time. I was often afraid that she was going to become hopelessly hysterical, but although she approached that state often, she did manage to keep from tottering off the emotional deep end. The picture has as its theme the problem of an overwrought maiden who has designs on a man who wants to be left alone. In a tired attempt at originality, the script calls for the male in question to be a pediatrician, and you may be sure that none of those trying jokes about bachelors and babies is neglected. In her initial effort, Miss Drake is supported by Cary Grant, Franchot Tone, and Diane Lynn. I wish her and them better luck next time." And on Christmas, too!

My second point may be illustrated from the December 18, 1948, issue. It

is as follows: "The Seven Miracles of Gubbio and The Eight," by Raymond Leopold Bruckberger (Whittlesey House). A quiet little religious parable set down by a Dominican who was the Chaplain General of the French Resistance. Written in an unadorned and lucid manner suitable to its content, it concerns a wolf to whom Saint Francis of Assisi has granted the power of performing miracles. At first sensible to the dangers of this strange ability, the animal is later betrayed into employing his gift of effect such useless feats as putting on fireworks displays and making people fly. He is finally, however, absolved quite gloriously. Happily free of embroidery and dogma, and a fitting gesture to this season." I read the "Miracles" on Christmas Day when the ice on all our trees sparkled in the sunshine like fairyland and to me the "Miracles" sparkled in the same delightful, refreshing manner. Could it be that genuineness seems more genuine to the unsophisticated?

"Of All Things" is a section which gives brief comments in an ironic manner on current affairs. Again I quote some samples, this time from the January 8, 1949 issue: "From Washington comes word of a scientific discovery of great value to the nation. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has found a way of extracting gold from radio comedians," and "Business leaders are optimistic about the prospects for 1949, but they realize that the price structure has weak spots. In some places, consumers are beginning to make a horrid noise."

The letters are from foreign correspondents. Every two or three weeks there is one from England discussing all phases of English life from the House of Commons to the price of eggs in Devon. In between are letters from various geographical points on the continent—France, Spain, and Germany.

Throughout the latter part of the maga-

zine the ads make a reappearance. While in the first part of the long newsprint columns are broken up for the human eye by poems of modern poets as Ogden Nash and by the cartoons.

To me the cartoons are the best part of the *New Yorker*. It was by them that I was first seduced into looking at the magazine, which my mother, by the way, swears by, and I have yet ceased to enjoy them although to be perfectly frank I am not subtle enough to catch on to some of them. Of the individual cartoonists I think perhaps Adams, Thurber, and Arno in order are my favorites. There is something about the witch and the ghoul cartoons that appeals to my more cynical nature. Thurber's queer little men without clothes and with puzzling, worried faces are almost equally appealing. While Arno's pompous figures are bound to draw a smile from just such as me.

There are two omissions to be found in the *New Yorker's* make up. One, there is no mention anywhere in any issue of a sport other than horseracing. Two, there is no mention anywhere, anytime of a title page Who is the editor? Who is his staff? If I hadn't read "Tilley the Toiler" frankly I wouldn't now know. Conjure over these two facts, if you so wish, while I skim over the few facts that I have found out about the *New Yorker's* staff. The owner is R. H. Fleischmann and as such he collects a tidy sum of money yearly; for the *New Yorker* has a circulation of about three hundred thousand and a collection of some of the best advertisers in the country as well as some of the most sophisticated ones. The circulation is no larger because of the *New Yorker's* guarantee to its advertisers that at least half of its readers shall live within New York City. Mr. Fleischmann rules the business side of the *New Yorker*, but as for the contents of the magazine—his sayso is nil.

The *New Yorker* in the last few years

has become more and more of a legend, a legend standing for fine art expressed in well written articles. This legend has been definitely boosted along by the editorial staff which works hard at being a legend. The editor in chief is Harold Ross who has one requirement of his writers, that he be able to understand what they write, and one of his cartoonists, that he be able to understand where he stands in relation to the drawing. Two other men who have greatly impressed their personalities on the magazine, and its legend are E. B. White, the writer of "Comment," and James Thurber who is famous for his drawings but who originally was one of the editors and writers. After these the personalities become just names to me although it seems that the excellent writing found in the *New Yorker* is due to the excellent editing done by the untitled, unknown, men who do the proof reading.

Mr. Malloney believes that an editorial job on the *New Yorker* is the quickest way to have a nervous breakdown for several reasons. One, Ross's belief in perfection not as an ideal but as his personal property. Two, the number and variety of items in each issue. There are no two similar articles. If "Talk" has an anecdote

about a dog, the dogs aren't so much as mentioned again in that issue. And three, the complex action involved in obtaining information, writing it, rewriting it, and printing it. It would seem that my opinion of the *New Yorker's* being sophisticated satire isn't all sophisticated behind scenes.

The predominating style of the *New Yorker* is still sophisticated satire to me. On further analysis, however, I find its writings clear, smooth, free, flowing, polished. Its subtleties, its wit, its irony are never ending sources of interest, thought, and imitation. In trying to compare it with another magazine I can think of none that is even faintly similar in the United States. There is *Life*? It has reviews, articles, personalities! Yes! It also has photographs and simple language that appeal to all kinds of people. There is the *Post*? Yes! But are the *Post's* stories and articles as well written as those of the *New Yorker*? Well—*Time* or *Newsweek*? Do they have satire? No I know of no magazine that is the *New Yorker's* peer. It is literary, intellectual, witty, and though I don't like the reviews, their caustic remarks, even they are amusing to read just as one laughs when a wit pokes fun at a fool.



janie lotspeich

Men

Since the beginning of time, woman has been conjuring an effective way to make advances to man, at the same time leading him to believe that he is the aggressor. This accepted truth leads to the question, "Are men naive enough to believe this?" We of the weaker sex answer an emphatic "Yes!" How does the female do this? There are various approaches; all become

equally effective when practiced enough. Girls nowadays discard the handkerchief trick as dated, and go in search of more novel or sure-fire methods. Despite these, first and foremost is the opportunity for advance. This presents a problem; the girl must first meet the boy. Aids to the conquest are such trifles as bobby-pins, lipstick, mascara, and above all, perfume. With all this, how can we miss? Here we

may stop and ponder the problem of Daisy Mae. Daisy Mae, if cartoon pictures don't lie, needs none of these aids; yet through ten years of continued effort she has failed miserably in an attempt to convince Lil' Abner that she is an attractive woman, or even that she is a woman. From this we may conclude that "Beauty isn't everything." There are far more subtle ways than Daisy Mae's to attract the male's attention. Not long ago, while attending a concert, I was spectator to an old approach that nevertheless, proved effective. A girl was sitting next to an attractive but strange boy. She asked to borrow his program, which he handed to her without so much as glancing in her direction. The first try being unsuccessful, she asked him how to pronounce a name on the program. The result: she has had several dates with him every weekend. I do not doubt that Cleopatra must have used a similar attack on Anthony or Caesar with her cleverness and with her wit—even going so far in the first stages as to have herself delivered to him bodily in a carpet roll, or so says George Bernard Shaw in his play, "Caesar and Cleopatra". This move was slightly obvious, but the carpet roll and Cleopatra turned the trick. After further thought on the matter it can easily be seen that this would fail to impress any modern gentlemen. It seems that modern men are catching on to long used approaches and are becoming more and more cagey.

After this first step half the battle is won; but it takes sheer force of will, mental telepathy or what-have-you to induce the boy to call. This takes time, as some boys are shy, and others need to be reminded constantly of your existence. Boys are all different; therefore no two dates can be exactly alike. There are those that are so hopelessly boring that all one can do is to sit and wish for time to pass, asking the hour at regular intervals. A little of this time can be passed in inventing excuses to

leave early. When Knighthood was in flower, the fair damsels regularly sent their knights out on quests for dragons, witches, tyrants and so on, I imagine these were exceedingly hard to find, but a brave knight always managed to complete the task. A shining example was England's St. George. To aid in the hopeless combat these heroes were usually equipped with the superhuman strength of Beowulf, Roland's magic horn, or more famous Excaliber, King Arthur's singing sword.

Men of today have none of these instruments; this makes them easier to cope with. Worry over men is age old, and men seldom occupy their minds with the problem of the fatal attraction; this, then, falls to women. An often quoted expression says, "Love to a man is only part; Love to a woman is all her heart." Famous among fenagling methods is the blind date, which falls into many categories; more often than not it results in disappointment on both sides. This is a well known fact, and realizing boys are timid about them; but girls eager to the end will usually go. Rarely do blind dates turn out well, but a date with Mother's best friend's son would be even more deadly, or so I thought. I was wrong. When such an event was arranged, I entered the bargain with caution. When my date arrived, my theory was quickly disproved, as he was over six feet tall and handsome. All turned out well.

The success of theories such as these depend upon personal experience alone. Ideas on the treatment of men are widely varied. There are some women who can hold full sway over a man's actions. Delilah had this power, and in cutting Sampson's hair destroyed his strength and self respect. This was a fatal step as a man's ego is his most vulnerable spot. Flatter him! We of the weaker sex adopt the motto of the Royal Mounted Police: "We always get our man!"

Home again

The road ahead was dusty, warm and hilly. The sun gently sprayed its warm, brilliant rays over the country side, now and then disappearing behind a fleeting cloud. The hills and grass were now green, nourished by the spring air, not ugly from shell shots and trampled by feet. War had not laid its terrifying hand over this land but only on its inhabitants. Even the trees with their graceful swarming branches and colorful leaves sustained the picture of peace so different from what lay deeply hidden in the back of Krag's mind.

Krag walked slowly down the winding road, glancing to neither side. The broken down fence that he had followed for several miles suddenly ended, leaving him to choose one of two dusty roads. Krag knew the way well, for here he and the boy next door had fought many a realistic battle. He passed without emotion for Krag had seen many battle fields and many dead. His pace quickened to a brisk walk, for he was nearing home. Home after even four months was still a thrill to approach. Home after nearly four years of death and war, of fighting and killing, of hate, jungle, rain and heat was a blessing so great he would never leave again. Krag thought of the days of his short life before, which had hardly given him a moment to enjoy the peace, the full days of youth. There was no use glancing in the past: at the gay and happy days, the Saturday night dances with the swirling, colorful dresses of the girls, the quiet parties at the club houses, the walks down the path to the river on a moonlite night: this was all gone and never would the boy Nick see them again.

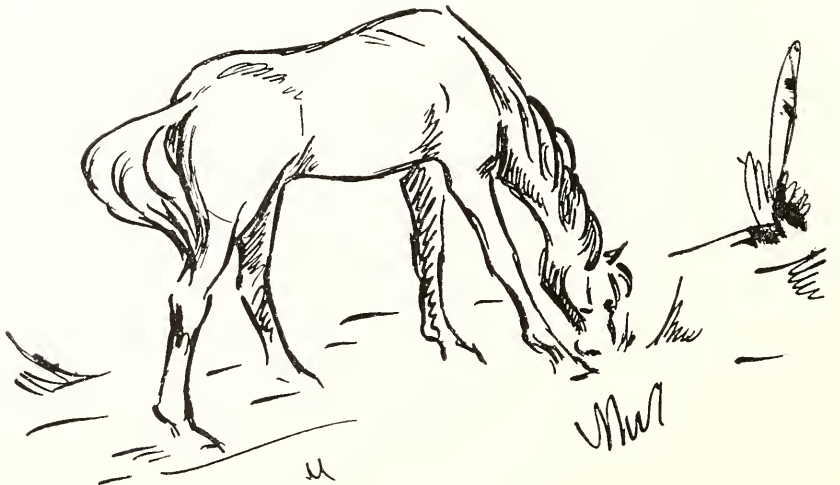
"Oh, let me forget," he cries, "Oh, let me forget!" The same feeling of guilt crept over him as he remembered the night he had escaped from the Japanese prison camp.

It was a very natural night in the dark jungle, no different from most except to the four men who sat huddled around a small candle in a dingy room.

Outside the red-orange ball called the sun had quickly settled behind the skyline. Shadows, showing the approach of darkness, were reaching out from the dense thickets and clumps of trees. High into the trees the last chattering monkeys climbed to find refuge and safety for the night. Back in the opening of a cave a panther blinked its green eyes, getting slowly to its feet, and stretching the rested muscles of its body. Stalking back and forth before the entrance of the den, the beast waited impatiently for the closing in of complete darkness, for then it could venture forth, and start the never ending search for food. A swarm of mosquitoes rose from a stagnant pool, and then they too went in search of blood. Thousands of jungle sounds which were almost unheard during the day seems to multiply in the steaming darkness. A jackal gazed at the moon, half hidden by the branches and leaves above, and from his throat came a blood curdling howl. Thus night closed in on the jungle dense and black.

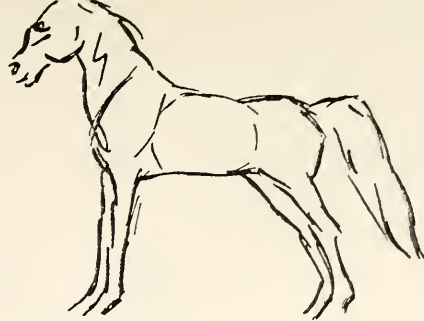
But even the jungle seemed safer to Krag, Jack, Steve, and the young boy called Nick, than the Japanese prison camp. Every move was dangerous. The one named Jack was speaking. The plan was for the four to cut the wire fence

(Continued on Page 52)



horseplay

hester bodenstein



The Lost Planet

A Sonnet Sequence

i

Beyond the realms of Universal height,
Hidden by atmospheric veil of space . . .
Secluded from the sun's gigantic light
And from the moon's less incandescent face
Dwells the lost planet, named Deloraloom.
God, in Creation Time, excluded her
From the solar system's limited room
That she, unbound, might soar and stir
With hind'rance not, nor telescopic eye
To peer through lens upon her virgin form
And seek her lustfully through sacred sky.
'Twould bring to her the everlasting storm.
She has been promised, lost Deloraloom,
Silent sleep, and peace before her doom.

ii

God's angels know the legend yet by heart
That one day mortal eyes shall find the place
Where trembling there abides Deloraloom
A bride behind her cloudy robe of lace
And man shall lift the veil and cry, "Behold,
I've found a land mysterious to see
Where time is steeped in silver, locked in gold."
Then shall Deloraloom in agony
Cry out to God or to her sisters far . . .
To Saturn and cold Pluto, deaf and mute,
To comet red, to meteor and star;
Her voice will be but then a weakened flute
Lost in the music of the aerosphere
With none but God himself to stop and hear.

iii

Some bold discoverer shall drink her wine
And suck the nectar from her budding mouth
Bring to her mortal space and measure time
And map her with his north and east and south,
Compelling her to join the sun's round course
With Earth and Mars and torid Mercury . . .
Dissolve her solitude and stake his claim
And plot her life with Fate and Destiny.
The man will give her some familiar name
and teach her devastation, strife and war.
The act will bring him praise and earthly fame . . .
 "He found a planet, past the final star."
The angels sigh and wait the coming doom . . .
Of the hidden planet, lost Deloraloom.

iv

Through the omnipotent window let us look
Down on the planet we have labeled Earth . . .
As easily as one reads the printed book
We see all life, and death, and love and birth . . .
We see the newborn babe grow wise to learn
Of astronomy. And on his bright young face
The Gleam! And in his wondering eyes
The lust to search for newer realms of space.
This carefree boy lies long awake at night
To watch a lurid moon parade the skies . . .
His heart-beat quickens, catches, grows more light
And sleeping there he dreams of that which lies
Beyond. There in the quiet, four-walled room
He sleeps and dreams of lost Deloraloom.

v

And so the boy throughout his passing years
Kindles the flame until it bursts with fire . . .
Nurses his woe and joys, his care and tears
By vowing himself to win his long desire,
Deloraloom. That name he did not know
But sure was he that somewhere, heavens high,
Spun a lost planet, waiting for his hand
To grasp. And he would grasp it, else he die.
The wise astronomers laughed loud at him
When his wild dreams he spoke out trustingly . . .
Yet their eyes now were growing weak and dim,
No longer held the Gleam . . . the certainty.
The boy becomes a man, and very soon . . .
Comes nigh the time to seek Deloraloom.

vi

He built a ship, a rocket fast as light . . .
That shone, steel-glistening, in the noonday sun,
And smoked through nostrils, jerks of jet and steam.
Glorious the hour when this great ship was done!
The man, equipt with every tool and need
Set forth to conquer his most maddening dream.
Up, up went he, higher than the swiftest bird.
Up, up more rapid than the sun's gold beam.
Four hundred nights, four hundred hurtling days
Found him still climbing. Light itself was gone.
Something within him pushed and gave him strength,
Something within him called him on and on.
At last . . . the rocket slowed and swirled and dropped.
At last . . . the zooming rocket slowed and stopped.

vii

Half dead with weariness and pain and fright
The man let go the pilot's rigid wheel
And fell exhausted to the metal floor;
Too tired for sleep he let his brain's mind reel.
In coma long he lay and could not stand
'Til hours had passed, and then he found his feet . . .
Opened the vessel's door . . . breathed in the sweet
Intoxicating vapor of this land.
But was it land? Soft as the feathery clouds.
Windy the air and gentle on his face.
Music from nowhere wafted from the dark
And he thought him dead in Paradise's place.
The dreams, desires of childhood were forgot . . .
He'd found Deloraloom, and knew it not.

viii

Hark to the choir of angels singing low
In voices sweeter than sweet opium wine . . .
Hark to the cool fresh winds that come and blow,
Hark to the scent of flowers born divine.
Deloraloom's high caverns ring with sound . . .
That echoes o'er the velvet sands of time . . .
Deloraloom's deep valleys seem to swell
With heavenly poems in tinkling waterchime.
All silent sleeping things come now awake . . .
All nothingness comes now absorbed in time
All emptiness comes now absorbed in space.
And o'er the way Light creeps upon the place.
Dawn, dawn breaks forth on Night's Deloraloom . . .
"And after dormancy shall come her doom."

ix

The prophecy fulfills and Man has won
The prize his youth fond fashioned and begun . . .
The prophecy fulfills, Deloraloom
Awaits in terror her oncoming doom.
But No! The seraphs hush their holy song
And Light returns its course and disappears . . .
Vanishes sound from every nook and cave . . .
Follows the music, fading from his ears.
He gasps to breathe. He cries last words in vain.
Then loses hold, falls backward down the spheres,
And fair Deloraloom is safe again.
The pioneer adventurer has lost
And downward into death his form is tossed.

x

In heaven the angels sing the legend still.
On Earth the bright-eyed souls are being born
To grow and wonder of the Universe . . .
Of planets that have never seen the morn.
Yet none have dared defy the law of space
As did the brave discoverer, who died.
And none have seen that high forbidden place
From earthly eye forevermore denied.
Yet, God has said that oneday man will seek
To find the planet lost from curious sight . . .
To take it for his own and build a world
And turn eternal darkness into light.
THIS HOUR, somewhere, awaits Deloraloom
Her destiny, her fate, her dawn of doom.

New york central train no. 68

"That will be fine porter, just put the two bags there, and the hand case here on the seat. It's the only one I'll be needing tonight."

"Yes ma'm. Thank you ma'm."

"One thing more. How soon is the train pulling out?"

"At five-thirty-five, about twenty more minutes."

"Fine, I should have plenty of time to walk back to the station and pick up a few magazines."

And so with that thought in mind Miss Sylvia Wehmeyer descended from the Pullman platform and hurried back toward the interior of Penn Station. She had hoped by taking the Commodore Vanderbilt to avoid the parvenues who now traveled only the Century; and she felt that so far she had been successful. One learned after much travel that often the truly interesting and more cultured people were most often found *not* on the railroad's crack train. And it had always seemed to her that could a train possess character the Commodore's would far outshine that of the Century.

Reaching the magazine counter Sylvia thumbed through a few magazines, finally deciding on *Fortune* and the *New Yorker*. Lee Ingersoll had mentioned something that morning about an excellent article on the fixed ratio for world currency exchange in *Fortune*. Since that was her favorite economic point, perhaps she had read it before the San Francisco conference. Tonight for the first night in oh, so many months she wasn't going to touch her briefcase of notes. No she would read a while in the club car, then retire early; and try for one evening to forget that she was head of the U. S.

delegation to the Economic Money and Exchange Conference. Sometimes lately Sylvia Wehmeyer wondered if she were really alive or—not? Perhaps she was merely an automaton envolving theories and plans, plans, plans.

Slowly she ambled back toward the gate. She had fully five minutes before train time. At times it seemed that all humanity converged on the gates, but now there were only a few stragglers. She leafed through the *New Yorker* and wondered what openings she would be missing in the next few weeks. Nothing looked too good. This was the slack time of the season for plays. The conductor had begun calling "All aboard" when she reached her car, "The Moorlands." For one long second she wished with all her soul that instead of this train she were catching a steamer on the way to the Scottish moors, where—oh, could she get away from humanity?

The Commodore pulled slowly through the underground tunnel and then emerged out in the suburbs. Twilight had fallen, but it seemed a much happier sort of twilight here than in the depths of the city. Sylvia noticed a few ragamuffin children playing by the side of the tracks, football she guessed—or rather hoped.

Thus she spent about an hour in her compartment, alternately reading and watching the telephone poles and church steeples that passed outside. Here and there a few lights were slowly showing themselves. She had always thought that this was indeed a lovely sight; just so many candles being lighted in a world of darkness, just so much intellect invading ignorance. She smiled to herself. "Of course, Sylvia, anything with

a philosophic turn always pleases you, doesn't it? Come on—for once leave all your pet theories in the briefcase; be care-free, be gay, be human. Of course you can do it on a date or especially at the theater but why not give it a try before seven?"

She relaxed and thought of dinner. Hmmm, their roast beef should be good this evening, or perhaps a lamb chop. But she knew perfectly well that no matter how certain she was of what she wanted before she looked at the menu she would turn up having sea foods in the end. Musing a while over food, and a few epicurean's delicacies, she finally turned her mind to San Francisco. She'd not been there for almost fifteen years, when she went for the first time with her parents. A little girl sees a city quite differently from one of her age, but Sylvia knew that when she would catch her first glimpse from the ferry through the fog she would feel exactly as that same little girl. She remembered the cable cars, Telegraph Hill, the Cliff House, Knob Hill, everything as if it had been only a week ago. Would Market Street look the same? Perhaps not, but still it would be San Francisco! She thought again of Telegraph Hill and how brilliant lights of the city below had thrilled her—and of the taxi that had waited for them with ticking meter while they sauntered slowly around the base of the building. What fun it had been!

She came back to real consciousness when she heard the waiter walking through the car calling "First call for dinner." She rose, flicked on the light, and reached for the handbag at her side. Pulling out her compact, she opened it, and lifting the puff gently to her probably shiny nose, powdered it. She returned the case, and giving a swift brush to her hair, unclosed the door.

Sylvia stepped out into the vestibule, and turning in what she hoped was the right direction for the diner, walked

briskly through the next few cars. Had she been five minutes sooner she might have made the first seating, but now she must wait. To pass the time she chatted with the woman standing next to her.

"Why, yes, she was Sylvia Wehmeyer—on her way to the conference."

"Oh, don't you think that that is positively thrilling?"

"Yes, definitely."

"Oh, my dear, you don't know how I admire you. Why, when I was in college, I could hardly understand economics. How do you do it?"

"Well, of course, I might say that I was born with a passion for it, and to be truthful I guess that that was partly the case, or should I say that perhaps it just grew on me?"

"Oh, charming, utterly charming. I suppose you have simply scads of theories with you?"

"Yes, but tonight they are locked up in a briefcase."

Before she had finished the head waiter approached, and she turned to follow him as if he were a saint freeing her from a prison cell.

Sylvia ate in peace. The elderly gentleman across from her seemed quite occupied with his turkey, and so they did not even exchange the latest news of the weather while passing the salt and sugar. She ordered lobster, and a beauty he turned out to be. Juicy and delicious. Sylvia enjoyed herself thoroughly. This was probably the last meal that she would have alone for a long while. For the next few weeks every night would be filled with a different committee chairman. Some would be handsome, some ugly, some gay, some definitely boring—but it would be exciting and she, of course, would be charming.

While she waited for her dessert she noticed across the aisle and a little ahead a young man slightly older than herself she presumed, she sat quietly and stared

continuously out of the window. Sylvia doubted if he had even the smallest notion of what he ate, for surely he had the most serious and dejected countenance of anyone she had ever seen. "He looks more melancholy than I have ever looked in even my most depressed moments. Somehow—somehow he looks familiar." She mused a second, but her dessert arrived and she thought no more of the fellow.

Sylvia returned to her compartment in "The Moorlands" and read until almost 9:00. Ingersoll's suggested article in *Fortune* had turned out to be only another rehashing of the same timeworn subject. The author offered no new ideas. *The New Yorker* proved to be of little more interest; so for some time she sat staring into the utter darkness of the night. Then, unzipping the hand case beside her, she hunted through the various articles that she invariably tossed into it for her jewelry case. She felt along the bottom and pulled out what she thought was the case. But, no, it was only a book. She hadn't put in any book. She looked more closely at the title. It was—oh, joy, the fifteenth century edition of the Koran that she had been trying for over two years to procure. It must have come this morning; and then, of course, Nanny had smuggled it in as a surprise. No wonder she had looked so smug when she asked if there had been any mail. Holding it in her hands, she felt almost as if it were a piece of solid gold only a hundred times more dear. She turned its yellow pages carefully; had they been brown they could not have been more beautiful.

Sylvia was so happy she felt almost like celebrating. Book in hand, she left the compartment and walked back toward the club car. Not that the Koran and a drink seemed an appropriate mixture, but she did feel like celebrating—and at the moment there seemed no better way to do it.

The lounge didn't appear to be as crowded as she had expected. Sylvia ordered a Tom Collins and while she waited scanned a few of the opening phrases of the Koran. Her drink arrived and she sat staring into the icy glass. In the morning she would be in Chicago, the Windy City. Sylvia laughed silently, remembering the cold mornings when she had walked along Michigan Avenue toward the Art Institute. She would feel at home there she hoped. All was so different now; could it be that there would be something familiar, if only just a trifle—that way? Sylvia looked up suddenly as if she had returned from the dead, of memory; that melancholy man in the diner was coming toward her.

"Pardon me, I hope I'm not intruding, but seeing you with that book I thought that perhaps I'd found a friend."

"Why, surely, won't you sit down? "It was this same sad man. His eyes seemed now to hold the slight ray of a smile. Strange! such a handsome face, but how torn by emotion.

"You are Sylvia Wehmeyer, aren't you? I am Mathew Alexander, assistant to the late—

"Mathew Alexander—of course, I remember, Dr. Cobb's assistant. I was almost heart-broken at his death. I've always felt that his, your work is one of the most splendid volumes of our time. I first knew him when he was a professor at Oxford. As he was something of an exchange teacher and I an exchange student, we became quite well acquainted. It was he who always planned my weekend excursions in the country. I had always hoped that he considered me as one of his friends; I could never have wished for a better one. I last saw him at a tea in Boston. He went to great lengths to tell me about your latest troubles with the book—and how dearly he wished to live until it was finished.

"Doctor has told me about you so

often that I do believe that there is as much of you in our *Essentials* as either one of us. He sincerely hoped that we might become acquainted—strange that it should be here.”

Now Sylvia remembered, Mathew Alexander! A beaten young man whom she had caught only a glimpse of at the funeral. Many times Dr. Cobb had been to see her at her office, at home, but Mathew was either working at the time or doing research at some obscure place out of town. And, of course, their work had always centered in Boston while she rarely got away from New York.

This was Mathew, the subject of so much concern after Dr. Cobb's death. She understood now why his face was so haggard. He had almost killed himself finishing their book, trying to get it in the hands of the publishers before the world had gone too far for even religion. Mathew had for ten years been Dr. Cobb's constant companion. He had looked upon him as a father. Little wonder that Cobb's death had almost killed him, too. The last she had heard was that he was ill, and indeed he looked almost that now. Perhaps, though, he may have recovered in these past few weeks since the book had been published.

“You are going to San Francisco, are you not?” Mathew asked. And he seemed to have a way of asking that would have made her almost wish she were going wherever he might say.

“Why, yes,” she answered. “And to what parts are you headed?”

“I am going” and then he seemed to lose himself in his mind, in space; for a few long minutes he sat staring before him as if Sylvia, the car, the windows had nothing material about them. Finally he recovered, a bit bewildered at first, then looking at Sylvia if not as a comrade in arms as one in beliefs he began to talk.

“I am going to return to the college that I first attended, the one which ante-

dates all that I am now—or to a few months ago was. 'Twas there, before I came East, before I met Dr. Cobb that I first picked up the thread that has unraveled into my life. I studied the Koran; in fact it was the first real taste that I had had of cultural beliefs. Of course, before I went there I had had experience with nature—and enough to believe, but actually it was there that I found the primary cause. You wonder why I am returning; that is why. I have lost my way—that is all, no more, no less.”

To this Sylvia could say very little, but being encouraged by the other's frankness she turned their thought on to other channels. They touched religion, art, philosophy, poetry, literature, all the things that naturally run through hyper-sensitive minds. Sylvia told some of her pet theories, Mathew spoke of mankind and humanity as if he himself had been twice-born. They talked on and on much as two interested students under the same professor talk of things said and done. To them there was no world of reality, only the world of the intellect.

The club car was now almost empty except, of course, for a few waiters sweeping or washing the table tops. The bartender was cleaning the bar, clinking bottles as he put them away in the cabinets. The ice that had long ago become no more than cold water was poured into buckets. Straightening the bar was not an uninteresting task, and the bartender appeared to be enjoying himself. He lifted the bottles to inspect their contents. “Nothing like what Joe uses on the Century,” he muttered. “Guess my substantial customers haven't as many troubles as his.” He flipped the dial on the radio. Another station going off the air, and he had had about enough of “The Star Spangled Banner.” It was far past midnight. But all this made little difference to Sylvia and Mathew, who might have

been as easily transported to a mountain top, and indeed they may have been.

"Mathew, is it true that your book was only a little more than half finished at the time of Doctor's death?"

"Yes, I had the outlines and the notes on most of the rest but as for actual writing I suppose the last half is my work. I'm sorry that it's not as good as the first."

"But Mathew, I believe—that it's—better."

"After Doctor's death I couldn't work, but then following the funeral I began again to look at the unfinished manuscript. Almost as if a spirit were guiding me I knew exactly what to do, and how to say everything that had before been so hard to put into words. I worked at lightning speed. But when I finished I was alone and lost. For weeks I've felt empty, as if I had no friend. But this morning when I awoke it seemed that something, I know not what, had returned. And though, of course, there was still that deep sense of loneliness, a certain quantity of calm had pervaded my soul. And now tonight—perhaps what I write is actually true."

Sylvia smiled. Mathew! She had never known that the world produced such as he. She looked toward the window. Rain was pitching itself against it, and up to that point neither of them had even noticed it. How strange! There were bits of lightning piercing the darkness. Had they been watching this storm from its beginning it would not have seemed of a sudden so eerie. Now it appeared as if the whole world were experiencing terror while they were completely immune. As safe as those high in a building watching a riot in the street below. They sat for a few moments watching the fields outside, seeing them only when they were illumined by the electric flashes. Both were awed, too confused to speak. It seemed that a spirit had walked between

them as two and spoken of that certain ethereal quality, life.

Mathew turned and gazed at Sylvia, "Perhaps," he began, but he never finished.

The bright sun shining into her berth woke Sylvia the next morning. She thought immediately of Mathew. She would always have sun in her eyes just as long as she insisted upon going to sleep watching the stars—and sorry to say, that necessitated the shade's being up. The whole landscape looked greener this morning. At first she would have said, "but, of course, the rain," then she wondered "Mathew??"

She dressed quickly—only twenty minutes until their breakfast date—and trains made dressing so almost impossible. Sylvia shut the last lock on her suitcase at 7:58, even if someone were holding the doors between cars all the way she couldn't walk through three cars in two minutes. Her "sea-legs" hadn't come back to her yet. She would probably have them back by the time she reached San Francisco, but what good would they be to her then?

Mathew was already seated when Sylvia came into the diner. He looked happier, she thought, probably because he was getting nearer Chicago and the end of his trip. They had an excellent breakfast, Sylvia's favorite, wheat cakes and maple syrup. Mathew chatted about various topics, the scenery outside, what time they would be in Chicago, Sylvia's taking the El Capitan to the coast, what she intended to do in California, and other early morning pleasantries.

About nine they parted, making indefinite plans to meet for a publisher's dinner in the East a few months off. Sylvia said goodbye, feeling quite unable to express how pleased she was that they had finally met. She walked back toward her compartment to get her things in order.



The Commodore was already pulling into the railroad yards. The porter had put her luggage on the platform and Sylvia was ready to descend the second the train stopped. "Le Salle Street Station." Sylvia pulled her hat on just a bit more. The "wind," she thought to herself, and stepped down.

Sylvia was already disappearing through the crowds when Mathew stepped to the platform of his Pullman. He hurried over to the passenger agent.

"Will I have any difficulty getting on the El Capitan, Santa Fe, this afternoon?"

"No, sir, you'll have no trouble at all."



kay bond

Spoon-style

By way of introduction, I just want to say that my name is Elaine Morgan; and I live in Sikesville, West Virginia. That doesn't really matter though, because this isn't my story. This is Janie's story . . . Janie West, my best friend. We grew up together; so naturally I know her pretty well. That is, I claim to know her pretty well, but one thing I'll have to admit—I never am quite sure what she'll do next. Janie's a funny girl, crazy as they come and lots of fun. She's one of the friendliest people I've ever known, and I can remember how she always used to speak to everyone she knew and sometimes even people she didn't know. That, however was because she was near-sighted and could never tell for sure whether she knew people or not until they got close up. Her idea about that was, as she used to say, it's better to speak to a

stranger than to speak to a friend.

Janie was never serious very long about anything, that is, except nursing. As long as I've known her, she has always declared that if he didn't ever do anything else, she was determined to be a nurse. So after we graduated from high school a couple of years ago, no one was particularly surprised when Janie immediately enrolled in Vanderbilt School of Nursing. Evelyn, one of the girls in our crowd, followed Janie's lead, and together they invaded the hospital. Evelyn did all right and passed, but Janie simply took the place by storm and went straight to the head of the class.

Last time I saw Janie was this spring when she and Evelyn were at home for Easter. But I haven't heard from her since then—not, that is, until her letter came yesterday. As I said before, I



never know quite what to expect from Janie. But here's the letter I got yesterday so you can see what I mean about Janie.

Dearest Elaine,

These last two months have been so busy, I simply haven't had time to write. First there were exams, then graduation. (Please be impressed; I am now officially a trained nurse, R. N.) But the most interesting thing of all is my latest faux pas. Remember how I used to be continually mistaking a stranger for someone I knew because of my nearsightedness? My latest mistaken identity could hardly be attributed to bad eyes. I think maybe, it was just fate. Anyway, here's the way it happened. And sit down when you read this, Honey, cause it's really one for the books.

As you no doubt remember, when we (Ev and I) got on the train to come back from Easter vacation, it was freezing cold and black as the ace of spades. I guess it must have been about midnight when the train finally pulled out. Anyway, Ev was sleepy so we decided to turn in right away. Sleeping was another thing, though. Ev and I were sharing a lower, and the train was jerking, and it was freezing cold; and all in all any chances of getting sleep were quite slim. Well, I decided to get up and go into the ladies' room to smoke a cigarette. As you know, Ev never did start smoking, so she decided she'd stay there and make a futile effort to get to sleep. As I was

crawling out, she asked me if I knew the number of the berth.

"Yeah," I said, "Number Six." "No, you idiot," she laughed. "Number eight." Oh well, I never could remember numbers. So I hopped out and pattered into the ladies' room bare-footed. I guess I hadn't packed my bedroom slippers. About half-way through that cigarette, my feet began to turn blue. As I was shaking all over and my teeth were chattering so much I kept biting the cigarette, I took stock of the situation and decided I must be cold. Having made this marvelous deduction, I started back for that cold berth and Ev. I counted the numbers as I passed them.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—ah, here we are," I said to myself. "Now, why on earth did Ev button up the curtain when she knew I was coming right back? By this time I was shivering so hard you could practically hear me; so I simply pulled up the heavy curtains and climbed in. Heavens, I was about to freeze. Ev didn't move, so I punched her with my elbow and whispered loudly, "I'm cold. Let's sleep spoon-style." She turned over and there was a ominous silence. "Evelyn," I repeated, "I'm cold. Let's sleep spoon-style."

Then everything happened at once. Suddenly, I sensed that something was wrong. In a split second Evelyn's words of a few minutes ago shot through my mind—"Not number six, idiot. Number eight." The figure beside me moved again, I gasped, and then I felt a large,

smothering hand covering my mouth. I tried to scream but I couldn't. I was paralyzed with an uncontrollable horror.

And then a man's voice, strangely gently and slightly amused, said, "I'll take my hand off your mouth when you decide not to scream. You've gotten in the wrong berth." I half relaxed. Then, "Now climb out and run along to your own berth, little girl." Well, you can imagine I wasted no time in doing exactly that. As I plunged out of number six, I heard the occupant laughing softly to himself, but as you can guess I was hardly amused myself. Chalk that up as one of my biggest mistakes as to identity.

But that isn't all. The next morning Ev and I were eating cold eggs and burt bacon in the dining car when young men walked through. I happened to be sitting by the aisle; so I got a pretty good view of them as they approached. They were all nice looking boys—about twenty-two or twenty-three, I'd say. One of them I noticed particularly. He was darling looking. He was about six feet, with a divine build, dark curly hair, and eyes that I guessed to be gray (though I couldn't see them very well).

"Hm-m-m," I thought to myself, "him for me." The boy that I had my eye on didn't even look my way, however, and I turned my attention back to my breakfast. Then it happened. Just as they passed my table the above mentioned young man reached down and without a word took one of the spoons that was beside my plate and placed it on top of another. Talk about being embarrassed—I nearly went through the floor. But when I turned back around he did not even look back but went right on talking to his companions. Chalk another one up for Janie. What a train ride.

But back at the hospital, routine made me forget the incidents on the train. Only two months til exams and graduation—so

life was pretty usual for a while. But you know me; I couldn't keep on having a routine life for long. I'm just not the type. Exactly one week after I had gotten back to school, life became un-routine again.

Ev and I had been eating lunch in the cafeteria they have here for the doctors, nurses, interns, and student nurses. Ev had gone because she had a class, and I was just enjoying my after-lunch cigarette before going to the charity ward. A bunch of interns walked in, but I didn't pay any attention to them until one of them detached himself from the rest and started over in my direction. As I looked down at the table, I saw out of the corner of my eye that he was coming over to me. When he stopped at my table, I sensed, rather than saw, that he was smiling down at me. I don't know why I didn't look up. I simply sat there and watched his hands as they took one of the spoons that was on the table and placed it on top of another. For an eternity I blushed all possible shades of red. Then, deciding to try to be casual about the whole thing, I looked up at him. That did it. I know I always said I didn't believe in love at first sight, but forget it. He smiled and asked if he might sit down with me. I think I managed to gasp a weak yes.

Then he started apologizing like mad for embarrassing me so much. We sat there and talked a long time. His name, he told me, was Jimmy Crutchfield, he was from Cartersville (just think—fifty-two miles from home). He was about to finish his internship here at Vanderbilt.

Well, it would take too much time to tell you all about him, but I had a date with him that night, and the next, and the next, and so on into the present. Elaine, he's the most wonderful man in the world and is going to be the most wonderful doctor. And he has informed

me that he will very likely have a nurse to be his assistant.

Anyway, to make a long story short—as of day before yesterday at graduation

I am a registered nurse. And, as of yesterday I am

Your ever loving,
Janie (Mrs. James B.) Crutchfield



nancy wilson

The note



I'm going to die. Yes, in thirty minutes I'm to die in the electric chair so that the public will be minus one "enemy of society". I haven't thought about it all day, at least not until the guard brought me this paper and pencil to write my "farewell note" on, but now I can't help thinking about it. If only I didn't have to be reminded of the awful truth—that I have no loved ones to say good-bye to—no sister, wife, mother, sweetheart, not anybody except the gang. The gang, all my dear companions who loved me so much they didn't ever bother to come to the trial. Well, that's all over now; so what difference does it make which one of us dies? It might as well be me this time instead of next time.

I haven't anything to write about myself; I guess I've always been rotten, no good, and so on down the list; I won't bother to write it down. I'm no good at fancy story writing anyway, but I am going to try my best to tell you a story about the most beautiful thing I've ever seen happen in my short but exciting life—

About one year ago I was transferred to the state pen to wait for my execution. Lord knows it's no fancy place, but I looked forward to seeing new faces, new walls, and new bars. Especially I wanted

to meet new people in my one last year; so I guess I was awful damn friendly for a convict on my first day. Some of the fellows joked around with me, everyone was pretty swell, but the one guy who lived in the little "apartment" next to me especially caught my attention—not because of his jokes or wit, but because he looked and acted like a perfect gentleman. Yeah, George was sure young to be in here for a murder rap; I guessed his age as around thirty. Anyway, he was young, handsome, and even kinda suave in his own way.

A couple of mornings later I found out from some of the other guys that my friend, George, had only a little over two months to live. No wonder the poor guy was so quiet and reserved—he was probably shaky and nervous. That afternoon I was sent for by my new psychiatrist, those damn nosey guys who butt in on all your personal business. I stalked into the office only to find a gorgeous little number about twenty-five years old sitting behind a desk four times her size. She looked nervous, like she was scared of being alone with a convict, but I soon found out it was her first case since she had gotten her degree. This could prove interesting, I thought, as I sat down in the big easy chair. Imagine a good looking doll like her inside these barren four walls.

When I got back to my cell I raved on and on about my Doctor Reed. Everyone thought I was crazy, raving over a prison official, but when George got back from his interview I could tell he felt the same as I did. The only difference between us two was that he didn't blow off the mouth like I did about her. "She's damn pretty, ain't she?" I said.

"Yeah," he answered, "and only 29 years old."

I left him alone then, as I did many times after that, while he stared moodily into space.

I don't know much about their meetings after that; George never had anything to tell about them, but I could tell by the way he acted and the way he looked that he was happier, more content, even in these terrible four walls. Dr. Reed was different too—more at ease, more willing to be friendly, more everything. I wasn't so dumb that I couldn't tell something had happened between those two. I wasn't the only one who noticed either; the warden and his crew seemed to take a sudden interest in my two friends, watching every step they made. I wouldn't doubt if they even peeked in on their meetings a few times. That was all right too, because Kathryn (Dr. Reed) told me later that there was never a word spoken between them that didn't have something to do with his case.

The only catch was that time was getting short for George, less than two months in fact. Kathryn knew this too, and because of this she tried her best to make him talk. I've never seen a person more convinced of another person's innocence than she was of George's, and the funny part of it was that I felt the same way. She tried every rule and method she ever learned in her text books, and a few of her own, but George didn't want to tell anyone his story.

"Read the papers, they have the whole story," he'd say and then turn his back to her.

He was so proud, so stubborn. Didn't the fool realize she was in love with him, wanted to help him?

George was no fool, however. He could see the guards watch him when he walked into her office, laughing behind his back. One night I saw him write a little note and ask the guard to take it to the warden. After supper I found out what it said.

About seven o'clock the guard came and told me that Dr. Reed wished to see me at once. I was puzzled but mightily

pleased. I found the poor kid in tears, sitting behind that huge desk of hers. When she saw me, she tried to compose herself, and naturally I acted as if I didn't notice those tears.

"You wanted to see me, Doctor?" I said as politely as I knew how.

"Sit down, Jim," she almost whispered, "I have an odd request to make of you."

It didn't take much encouragement to make her tell me the whole story after that. She was tired of keeping something like that wrapped in her heart. She needed someone to talk to, and it just happened to be me. She told me how much she loved him, and how much he needed the help she could give him. She cried on my shoulder for a while. Then suddenly she straightened up and looked at me square in the eyes.

"I could stand it, Jim, all of it, even to the point where he doesn't love me." I started to deny that but she kept right on going, "But now everything I had before is gone; he asked the warden for a transfer of doctors tonight."

I stared at her; I couldn't believe my ears. That fool, I thought, that fool, robbing himself of the only beautiful thing he had left to love. Kathryn went to explain.

"We talked it over last night. You see, Jim, the warden thinks we're getting too intimate; I don't know how he knew but I guess it wasn't too hard to guess. George refused to see me twice yesterday, until finally I had him brought in by force. He refuses to get me involved in this whole rotten mess. Doesn't he see that he is the only thing I care about? Doesn't he know my job means nothing to me without him? Oh, Jim, doesn't he know how much I love him?"

I didn't exactly know what to say; I couldn't tell her why George was George. I couldn't even tell her that he was guilty, since no one but God and he knew that. All I knew was that he had been found

guilty by better men than me, but men I absolutely disagreed with.

"I want you to talk to him, Jim," Kathryn continued; "get him to talk. He's bound to talk to another convict easier than to me."

Her frightened look dismissed me. I walked silently back to my cell. How on earth did I get caught in this hell of a mess?

George was anything but talkative when I got back. I tried to think of a million ways to make him tell me. I told him I was lonesome and wanted to talk. He listened patiently while I told my life history but not a word about his did I get.

"Married," I asked.

"Nope," he answered.

Finally I got sleepy and gave it up as a futile attempt.

I saw Kathryn only once after that. I went to her the next day to tell her of my failure. She didn't say anything but I could tell she had made up her mind about something—little did I guess what it was.

George was unhappy again, silent, almost pitiful. He had only three short weeks to live. I tried to talk to him, tried to make him smile, but he was wrapped up in a world all his own. A week dragged by. Finally George called me over to the bars. He looked terrible, almost to tears.

"Have you seen Kathryn this week?" he asked.

"No," I had to answer, "I guess this is her week off or something; I've been seeing Dr. Bradley."

"I've got to see her, Jim." He almost broke down. "I have to see her just once more and tell her I love her. I can't stand going without kissing her just once."

I stood there looking at him, wondering what to say when a bright idea came to me.

"Listen, George, write her a note. Tell her you have to see her. You know she wants to see you, too, but is just too proud to make you come in if you don't want to."

That was all he needed to hear me say. He walked back to his bunk to write the note. About ten minutes later the guard brought her reply. George read it and silently handed it through the bars to me. It read:

"Dr. Reed was transferred two weeks ago. May I be of any service?" It was signed Dr. Bradly.

I couldn't look at George. I knew he didn't want me to. No man likes to be caught weeping like a disappointed child.

How George lived through those next horrible days I'll never know. How he stood the gaiety of the other boys I'll never know either. I know now how it is to stand and listen to guys talk who will probably be walking the streets free in a few years when you are going to die within hours. The last week it was worse than ever; everything seemed to represent time. The prison clock seemed to scream out "tick-tock" louder and louder. Seven days left . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . .

Three days left—seventy-two hours—. It was shortly after dinner when the guard came after George. The priest, I thought. Why did they have to start so early? But it wasn't the priest, he told me later; it was Kathryn. He had walked into the small office that the guard had pointed out, only to find it empty. He sat down and the door quietly opened. He looked around to find her standing behind him. I can't do justice to the rest; I need George to tell you the way he told me, but it was beautiful, very beautiful. I knew all along that Kathryn wouldn't just disappear; she wasn't that kind.

George was in fine spirits again, as he related the touching scene to me later. He had at last told her of his love for

her. The only words I remember as as George said them were—

"Jim, she asked me again to tell her about the murder; I wanted to, but I can't while I'm here. I hurt her, I know that, but it's just something a guy can't do. I promised her this though, Jim, that I would write her a note right before I . . . I go, and tell her everything. Oh, Jim, I wanted to tell her so bad; she's so sweet and good, and, Oh! God. . ."

Men get jumpy when they're under a strain, until finally there is nothing left of them but a shell.

"Jim, I told her I would give you the note and that you would see to it that she gets it right after I'm gone. I don't want the warden to get his hands on it—see? It's just between Kathie and me."

"Sure thing, George, don't you worry about a thing. You just go get some sleep."

I walked over to my bunk. In a few minutes I glanced over at George and he was sound asleep. I wondered how long it had been since he had had a decent night's sleep.

It took George all day to write the note. I saw him write, erase, tear-up and start over a dozen times. It was a thing for him—kept his mind occupied. Finally they came for him; he walked over to the bars.

"Here, Jim, and thanks a lot."

He waved and walked out with his head high. Now it was my turn to bawl.

I sent the note shortly after that. It had three hours to reach Kathryn; George had three hours to live.

I lived and died a million times in those long one-hundred and twenty minutes. Finally, at five after twelve, the loud speaker came on. I sat tense waiting to hear. I could see Kathryn sitting in her apartment, with the radio on, listening to the announcer saying,

"Justice again took the upper hand

when George Bryne, well-known murder of Henry Hay, was pronounced dead in the electric chair at 12:03."

She would switch off the radio, then take from her lap the unopened note from George.



m. gardner

The spring dance

She was sitting alone on the moonlight steps when he ambled out of the crowded house. He stood just outside the door a few moments; obviously he had come to get a breath of fresh spring air. Spring dances are always hot in Mississippi. She had come only because it was her sorority's biggest dance of the year.

His eyes rested on the graceful, girlish figure for a moment; then, following his glance, he walked slowly toward her.

"Hello, there," he said in his most assured manner.

"Hellow," she answered softly in a calm voice.

"What an ordeal! It's much cooler out here." He sat beside her on the top step.

"Yes, I know," she smiled. "I was suffocating!"

"But you're much too beautiful to be out here alone."

He laughed at her from the corners of his eyes.

"You're so right, Casanova; and I'm so, sorry that I can't remember where we've met before."

From her amusement and his embarrassment they managed to laugh. Then con-

versation came easier. It was light conversation, gay and clever—a small talk she seldom found easy to carry on with a man.

should have returned to his date, inside, who was, no doubt, the idol of the stag line. Yes, he was charming, goodlooking, sweet tempered; naturally he would be with a campus "queen."

Yet she was dizzy with joy. Here he was, content to be with her, trying to amuse her, commenting now and then on her beauty.

Oh, she was lucky to have met him! He felt the same, too. Hadn't he said he felt lucky? Yes, and he had whispered the words very softly and with tenderness into her ear.

An hour passed.

She dreaded the time when they would part, but said nothing. At his mention of their going inside a shiver ran over her shoulders. Thinking she was cold, he insisted that they return to the dance.

"Oh, no!" she looked frightened. "I, ah, promised my date I'd wait for him here."

"Look," he said, "I can't leave you here as prey for another wolf like me.



Come on; we'll find the guy who left you here in the first place. "Just remember this," he was tender again, "I'll see you again soon—very soon. I'll call you. Right now let's go in."

"All right." Then very calmly she did it. "Will you hand me those please?" Her arm was outstretched, her head, high.

He looked in the direction her hand was pointing. In the darkness he could barely discern the crutches lying inconspicuously in the grass alongside the concrete steps. Gingerly he helped her to her feet. His head had jutted forward from surprise.

Together they entered the noisy hall; there he turned to her. She was pale.

"Look, it's like I said before; I'll call you soon.' It, a, it really has been swell."

"Yes, hasn't it?" she whispered.

Through her tears she saw him dissolve into the crowd.



Home again

(Continued from Page 31)

around the barracks and escape in the middle of the night. They had planned for months; yet all were nervous.

They had all the equipment, but there was only one flaw in their plan. The guard was sure to discover the hole in the fence on his round at three o'clock. The men could only hope that they would have time to get away. Failure would mean an end that none of them cared to imagine.

They sat and smoked to keep calm. Suddenly Nick jumped up and ran outside. It was too much for him; his nerves were shattered. They all talked








badly of him, calling him the usual names of "yellow" and "coward." Time elapsed but Nick did not return to leave with them and still the worst was said of him. Even he, Krag, had added to the criticism. Finally the time came and the three of them who remained cut their way out and escaped.

The next morning the sentry had not discovered the hole. Some one had gone out in the night, after the men had escaped, taken his life in his hands, and bent back the wire to its original design.

Krag sank to his knees and cried like a baby as he remembered. Overhead the moon gradually pushed the sun over the horizon and the night over shadowed the light of day.





The eyebrow


You have probably observed, both upon your own visage, and that of others, two tufts of hair directly above the eyes. These are commonly known as *eyebrows* or, removing the prefix, *brows*.




Many varieties of brows exist, but the majority fall into one of the following classifications: (1) the slanted,  ; (2) the bushy,  ; (3) the aristocratic,  ; (4) the determined,  ; (5) the sorrowful,  ; the wavy,  ; and the very blond, .

The eyebrows are certainly the most important feature of the face. They determine the character of the individual, serve as ornamentation, and also express the emotions.

Here are several positions of the eyebrows, familiar even to the layman: anger,

 ; laughter,  ; sorrow,  ; and surprise, .







More subtle movements of the brows are: quizzical,  ; haughty,

 dreamy,  ; and calm, .

Movements of the eyebrows are also used to punctuate speech. In the usual idle chatter, the eyebrows move up and down with rather remarkable rapidity. The interest of any conversation may be measured by the fluctuation of the brows.

Commas, question-marks, and exclamation points are all indicated by a slight rise in altitude. Careful distinction must be made between the different heights in elevation; interest, question, surprise, and fear may be registered with only a fraction of a millimeter's difference between levels.

In the person reading aloud, especially, can the different positions of the brows be observed. Up and down, up and down they go, and occasionally knit together over a difficult word.

The singer provides opportunity for research: high note,  ; feeling,
 marching song,  ; low and sweet,  ; force,
 ; and flat note  .

Here we end.

Book Reviews



"Predes-tined" men

A review of "Home to The Hermitage." Alfred Leland Crabb. The Bobs-Merril Company. New York. 1948.

Reviewed By

adeline horton

"I think He's been predes-tined," neighborly Dr. Hume rolled forth in his rich Scottish tongue. In his visits or in the pulpit of the little brick church near Jackson's home Dr. Hume defended the name of both Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and unceasingly encouraged Jackson to the task that lay predestined for him in future. Destiny rules supreme in the pages of Dr. Crabb's latest novel, "Home To The Hermitage." Both Rachel and Andrew fight the impelling force of this destiny, which becomes the one victor that ever loomed above unconquerable Andy Jackson. A purpose far too great for the full understanding of Old Hickory forces him to be a leader of the West, impelled him to weld a great united land from the varied peoples of the adventurous frontier and to convert these independent pioneers into citizens—good citizens of the United States of America.

After service to his country in the War of 1812, after the tiresome journey home by Natchez Trace, and the jubilant celebration of Nashvillians in his honor, a weary Jackson reverently said, "Thank God, we're home and I'm going to stay," but home-loving Rachel saw in his deep, far-away eyes what every woman sees in the "deep grey-eyed men of destiny," a force far greater than either of them, leading him not home to the Hermitage but back to the front, whether it was the war of guns or politics.

It was on the return from New Orleans that destiny in the person of hero-worshipping David Hunt appeared on the scene. It was under his wise counselling, which lasted without reward for more than thirteen years, that Jackson was able to soar to the presidency. It was Hunt that saved Jackson's life by giving his own. Dying at the Hermitage, David said,

"You told me (to General Jackson) that God arranges everything. I have remembered that. He does . . . I was afraid that I would be lonesome (with you in Washington) but now I can't be lonesome . . . Well, it has all been arranged. Remember that morning on Natchez Trace? That was arranged. Everything the world was filled with flowers then . . ." David Hunt was buried in the little cemetery near the brick church which the Jacksons attended. The winter progressed and definite news of Jackson's election came. At last, he turned his eyes toward the White House. Rachel had been hesitating about whether to go or remain at the Hermitage. This was decided for her. In the cold snowy ground of January her tired little body at last rested in peace where the hating, biting tongues of men could no longer reach her.

Fame in the White House only intensified the loss of his two closest companions who guided and counceled him through the years. The presidency only denied him the right to be at home in the Hermitage. The reader feels with Jackson the loss of home and friends but finds in the enjoyable book one delightful character after another. Of course, the inevitable driver of Crabb's stories is present in black-faced Flag. Many historical people such as Grundy, Lewis and others are woven into the story. The fact that Crabb can paint successfully these delightful characters and make them old, familiar friends of the

reader can only be explained with the notation that Crabb had to write.

Andy Jackson had no monopoly on destiny. The author is one of the men who share destiny with Jackson. Dr. Crabb, an incurable Kentuckian since his early days in Bethel and Kentucky Normal, after securing his B. S. in Peabody and A. M. and Ph.D. in Columbia, after his years among the rural children of Kentucky and Louisiana, still writes. Dr. Wrenn of Peabody says, "He has to write and he does continually in church and class. His first interest here in Nashville was the old University of Nashville and that interest has grown into a devotion. Here at Peabody he teaches history and philosophy. These are his loves that have blossomed into "Dinner at Belmont," his first novel, "Breakfast at The Hermitage," "Supper at the Maxwell House," "Lodging at The Saint Cloud," and lastly into "Home to The Hermitage." The readers of Dr. Crabb can see how a man who has to write could write the destiny-controlled life of another man. Rumors hint that "Home to The Hermitage" is not the last of his series but that Chattanooga has been chosen as the site of his next novel. This latter novel may be an improvement and may not have a few of the limited weaknesses found in Dr. Crabb's first chapters. However, it is believed that whatever is to follow, "Home to The Hermitage" will stand forth as a great novel, great in its characters and setting and delightful in contents and author. "I think he's been Predestined."



The unconquerable soul

Reviewed By

jane ellen tye

"William Ernest Henley." Jerome H. Buckley.
234 pp. Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University Press. Price . 2.50.

Leslie C. Cornford and Kennedy Williamson, both biographers of William Henley, wrote their books presenting pictures of Henley, the literary giant, and Henley, a man who suffered intensely and struggled bitterly against debt and disease. Because Jerome Buckley felt that Henley's broader social, aesthetic, and intellectual backgrounds were slighted in these previous biographies, he set out to portray an author who was not only gifted with amazing speaking ability and creative composition talent, but a man who was also a critic, politician, and a man of means.

"All too frequently has *Invictus* been regarded as the sum total of its author's accomplishment," Buckley says. "By virtue of a single poem, William Henley remains at once the most fully quoted and the most thoroughly neglected of Victorian lyrists." Above all else Buckley has tried to convince his reader of Henley's versatility and to condemn the general opinion that this poet is an eccentric and atheist. Although a large portion of this book is dedicated to Henley's misfortunes and physical sufferings, a larger space is given to discussion of the poet's relationship with Robert Louis Stevenson, his home life, and his accomplishments in the literary field. The Henley that Buckley presents to us is indeed a man of great courage and determination and by no means a disbeliever in God. During his youth, Henley endured the torture of amputation of his foot, the

loss of many jobs, the breaking apart of his beautiful friendship with "Bob Stevenson, the death of his daughter, Margaret, and later the failure of his magazine, *The National Observer*, but always he was striving to make the place for himself in history which today we find he undoubtedly has won.

Henley was a brilliant man who led his class at Gloucester, studying under Thomas Edward Brown, the noted scholar and radical, who had much influence upon his worshipping student. However, college was not to be finished for the young and eager student, Henley, for his leg caused him much pain, and he was forced to leave school and to spend a great deal of time in a hospital under the care of Joseph Lister. It was here that William Henley began writing poetry such as this:

"... waiting for the knife.

*A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform"*

"... pass me in endless procession:

A pageant of shadows,

Silently, leeringly wending

On—and still on—still on!"

From the hospital an embittered cripple fought his way to the heights of literary achievement, never once whimpering or feeling self-pity. Through all failure he remained "the master of his fate and the captain of his soul."

Throughout this book the author of "William Ernest Henley" holds his reader intrigued, for he writes with vigor and swiftness, presenting fresh and impor-

tant information about the "neglected genius." Buckley never omits Henley's faults and human qualities. He shows us Henley's intolerance of opposition and his fiery temper, but he proves to his reader that the poet was deserving of this biography. The historical background alone is invaluable, and the sketches of such writers as Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, Yeats and others who happened to be intimate friends of Henley.

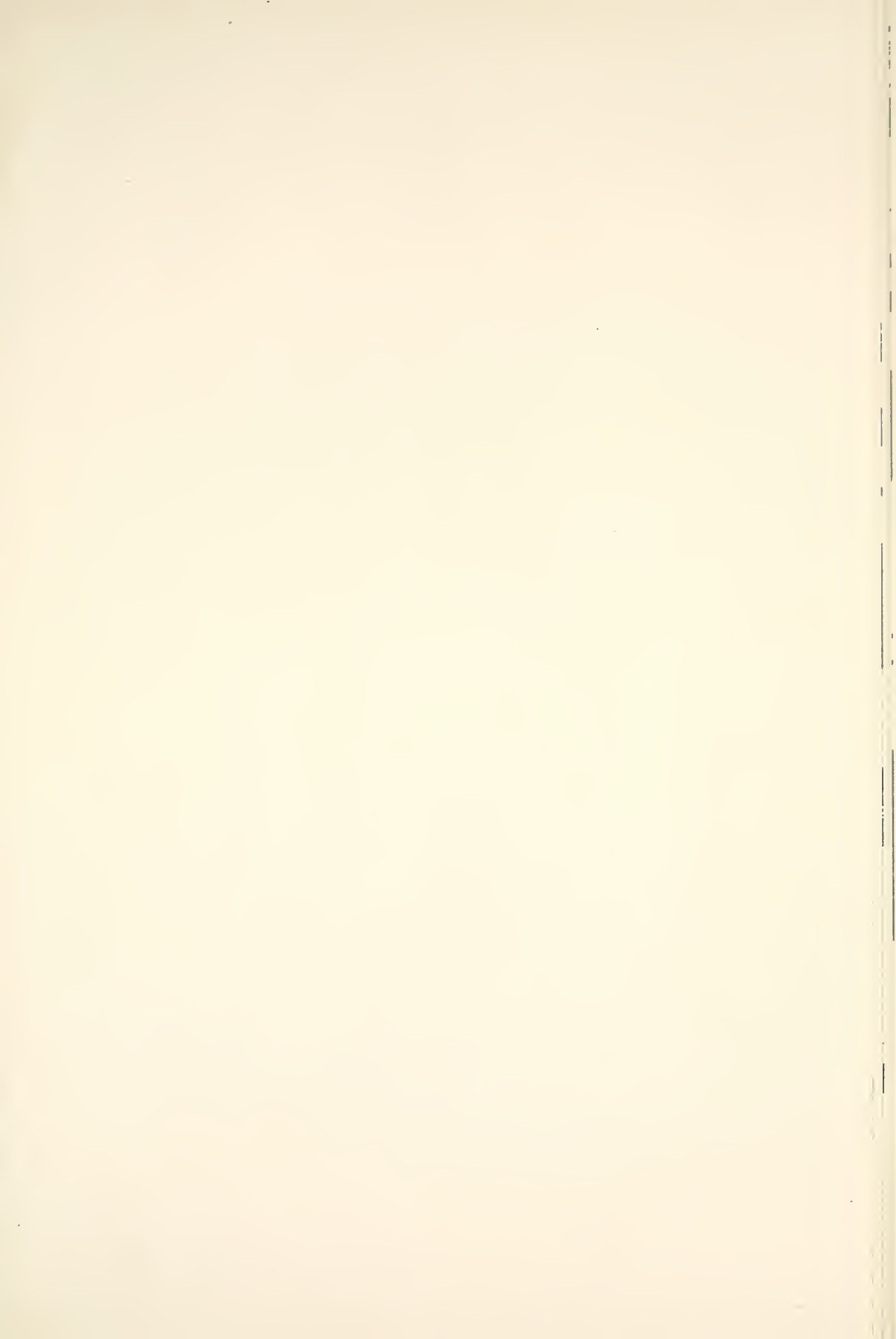
The bits of poems and quotations which the writer has scattered throughout this book have been carefully planned and selected. Even lines from Henley's plays were included in these chapters, although few have been recognized by English critics.

One completes the reading of this biography feeling closely acquainted with William Henley, and probably finds himself liking the poet despite Henley's firm resolutions and radical convictions. Buck-

ley tells us, for example, that Henley refused to write Stevenson's obituary after being appointed the honor. (The two were stubborn enemies at the time of Stevenson's death.) Henley was killed by a railway carriage a few years later and was given a warm tribute in the Crypt of St. Paul, where a bronze bust of the writer was placed. George Meredith said of Henley: "He was one of the main supports of good literature in our times . . . a man whose inspiriting heartiness and inciting counsels gathered about him a troop of young writers who are proud in acknowledging their debt to him."

Although with the coming of "modernists" Henley's name has suffered almost total eclipse, such biographers as Jerome Buckley, who have a keen appreciation of this man, will see to it that William Henley's name lives as he desired it to live.







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EDITOR'S NOTE

*T*HE jingle of bells in the dining room and the first few flurries of snow announce the approach of another Yuletide season. This to a few means more than last minute shopping efforts; to the CHIMES staff it means the impatient waiting for the first issue of CHIMES to come off the press. We hope that in the hustle and rush of the last minute cramming you will have time to sit down and enjoy the efforts of those who have written to make this magazine possible. Perhaps it will be a story of your roommate's, or a poem of your best friend's, but we *hope* that you will be experiencing the thrill of seeing your own work in print. But whatever your purpose, we hope that you will enjoy the selections, learn a little, perhaps, or maybe think of something that you have not thought of before. For after all is that not our primary purpose in every phase of college life—to expand, to grow, to develop our ideas? And speaking of ideas, here are the developed ones of a full quarter of a college year. You are the judge. Are they worth remembering, worth printing; were they worth writing down? It is your job to decide. This is your magazine; you are its contributors, its readers, its critics. It is the work of an inexperienced staff and inexperienced writers, but to us it is our experience, and we hope that by the next issue others will be sharing that experience with us. Now is the time to begin if you haven't begun before. It is time to begin to think, to feel, to find out what you really think and what is important to know and to take with you. It is the time to learn to appreciate. How many of us will really appreciate the privilege of eating that turkey at Christmas, much less the privilege of being able to have our own ideas and the privilege of writing them down? From the Russian situation to the modern poetry, these are our ideas. What are yours? We are interested. Hand us what you think is the very best work you have done this year. Remember this is your magazine. It can only be what you make it.

HELEN

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Christmas Goo

By Rosemary Lawrence

I guess Moma is glad, more or less, that Thanksgiving and Christmas come so close together. It means that she can make one holiday housecleaning serve two purposes, or, perhaps I should say, two holidays. This gives her more time to buy Christmas presents and write Christmas cards and make extravagant plans for Christmas merrymaking. But I guess the closeness of Thanksgiving and Christmas serves its worst purpose by allowing more time for the annual collection of Christmas goo. Yes, this is what we call it in our house, and it seems to accumulate into appearance every Yuletide season.

Christmas goo usually makes its first appearance when the Jewel Tea man pays us a visit sometime during the first two weeks of November. The Jewel Tea man is a house-to-house grocery salesman, but then, you probably know all about him from his presence in your own neighborhood. Well, anyway, one day in early November, he will walk into our living room and set his wire basket containing groceries, premiums, and Jewel Tea literature on the floor. And there, in the corner of his basket, tightly packed and crammed into a big, square jar, will be the first item on our list of Christmas goo. A jar of hard candy. The colored, sticky kind of all sizes, shapes, varieties and flavors that seems to always show an amazing increase in population right at Christmas time. Now, no one in our house eats hard candy. Moma and Poppa eat chocolates; my brother dislikes candy; and Grandma's teeth couldn't stand the ordeal of crunching down on its hard surface even if she did like it. But the colors will look pretty peeking through the peaks and crevices of the candy dishes, and you never know

who just might drop in that likes that kind of stuff; so we buy a jar of hard candy.

The next item that we find classified as Christmas goo is more or less inflicted upon us, and we are really not fully to blame for its presence in our home during the Christmas season. But, nevertheless, it is there. Moma has a friend who makes it a practice to bake and sell fruit cakes every Yuletide season of the year. Shortly after the Jewel Tea man's visit, speaking in terms of weeks, of course, the telephone will jangle and Moma will be trapped into conversation with her fruit-cake-making friend. Always before the receiver has been returned to the hook, we have placed an order with this person for one of her Christmas fruitcakes. And, in the course of the conversation, she has succeeded in convincing Moma that ours is a great privilege to be able to get one of *her* cakes; after all, she doesn't make everyone this offer. But Moma just sighs and with a smile in her voice places the order. It never fails. Now, I'm not saying that Moma's friend isn't a perfectly capable cook, nor am I saying that her fruitcakes aren't any good,—somebody must like them. Otherwise how would she ever have obtained the recipe? I'm merely saying that her fruitcakes and our family's sense of taste just don't get along very well together. Oh, her cakes are beautiful to look at, but, then, so is wax fruit. But, as I said, *somebody* must like that kind of fruitcake, and you never can tell just when such a person might drop in. Besides, it never does any harm to have some extra fruitcake in the house at Christmas time. So we push the jar of hard candy aside and make room for the fruitcake.

Poor Moma! In a roundabout way I seem to have made her responsible for our stock of Christmas goo so far, but she certainly is not to blame for the next item on our list. Poppa, and none other, can take all honors due him for having this item under our roof. Comes Christmas, come friends and visits, with joyous conversations around a blazing fire to the tune of gurgling wine, or a fizzing rum-coke, or just the placid flow of a cup of egg nog. Poppa anticipates the likes and dislikes of all our acquaintances when he buys the case of Christmas liquor to suffice the needs of our Yuletide visitors. From Cuban rum and French wines right down to a bottle of Jax beer runs the variety found on our liquor shelf. Drinking in our household occurs only on such occasions as birthdays, anniversaries, special dinners, and those jolly evenings when Moma and Poppa have friends in before departure for a dance or party. Our usual supply of liquor is very meager indeed compared to that of the Christmas season.

But Poppa will not be unprepared. So grows our list of Christmas goo.

Moma, trying to keep pace with Poppa's preparedness, then goes to the grocery store and makes certain purchases which add still more items to our Christmas goo list. Our cracker shelf is stacked and stocked with everything from Cheez-its and Slim-Jane pertzels right down to those horrible, little, mustard-brown crackers, that one is supposed to munch, oh so daintily, while sipping some odd concoction containing rum in its chemical make-up. But Moma is just as excellent a hostess as is Poppa a host; so is made this preparation.

Next on the list is an item that I am sure can be found in most people's homes at Christmas. This item consists of those many prettily wrapped and ribboned packages that sit beneath the tree with a nameless card attached. For these I can

blame no specific person. Nobody, I believe, is ever quite sure that he has remembered everyone while buying Christmas gifts. All of us possess that fear of receiving a gift from someone whom we forgot to remember when making out our gift list. So, there, beneath the tree, sit these unaddressed packages, just in case. Of course, it always turns out that our memory is better than we gave it credit for being, and we fall heir to our own gifts. Personally, our house always suffers an overabundance of hankies, stationery, and toilet water immediately after Christmas.

Of course, this last item shouldn't really be classed as Christmas goo, because in the long run it does serve some purpose. But as for the hard candy that always sticks to the candy dishes and has to be soaked out, and the fruitcake that eventually winds up in the maid's package of stuff Moma gives her to take home, and the liquor that could complete its aging process on our pantry shelf, and the crackers that grow stale within their unopened seals—these are definitely Christmas goo. Now, don't get me wrong. I love Christmas, and the Christmas tree, the mistletoe, the poinsettias, Midnight Mass, the wonderful turkey dinner, the thrills, excitement and joy of the season. I would not trade all the other seasons in the year for one Christmas morning. But one thing I would appreciate, and appreciate greatly, is a solution to the problem of the accumulation of Christmas goo. You may think my word, goo, is not a very fitting one for the items I have placed on this list. Perhaps it is not a very appropriate word. But, if you could experience the feeling that I do when Christmas clean-up rolls around and I am confronted with the muss and clutter created by the unwanted left overs, perhaps you would understand why I refer to it as goo—Christmas goo.

The Agnes Vaile Tragedy

By Rosemary Younger



As far as I can determine, no complete account of the Agnes Vaile tragedy has ever been written. It was on February 12, 1912, close to twelve midnight that news of what happened first reached the world. And it wasn't until the following May that the entire story could be pieced bit by bit together. Still some parts of it are lacking, and we can only suppose what really happened.

It was from "Granny" Mac that I first heard the story. Granny used to be the sole owner of Long's Peak Inn, which was approximately two-hundred yards from the beginning trail up the North Face. Since then Granny and his son have operated a ranch, raising and breeding western horses. I used to go into the corral and watch

him work out the horses. Sometimes he talked as he worked, and I was hoping he would today. I sat down on an oats bin as he inspected the shoes of a young colt.

He began talking of the time he had been at the inn, and had acted as guide up Long's Peak. Both he and his son operated a type of rescue service, going up after fatigued hikers and bringing them safely down. Many important people used to stay at the inn. Some came for the atmosphere which, was honestly rugged, and others came as tourists or hikers. Agnes Vaile was one of the latter. She was a mountain climber all the way. She had done the Matterhorn in Switzerland, several difficult peaks in South America, and some in the Canadian Rockies. She

had done everything that was a challenge except Long's Peak, on the East Face, in the dead winter. And this was what she proposed to do now. Foolhardy? Wait.

Two others were to accompany her on the trip. They were Walter Keener and Herbert Sortland, both veteran climbers. They planned to start early in the morning, having prepared all their equipment the night before. They were scheduled to make the top by dusk or before then, eat, and rest about an hour on top, starting down the Fried Egg Trail by six-thirty that same evening. They prepared the equipment and laid it out where it would be easy to get in the morning. They were taking food and first-aid boxes along with two small back-packs. On the outside of the packs they strapped ropes and ice-picks; then they retired early for the most essential thing—rest and sleep.

At four-thirty the next morning they were all three up. No, all four up—Granny was there too. The weather looked good. The sky was clear. By five o'clock they were on the trail.

Granny stood on the porch and waved them goodbye and good luck. The news of such a climb was bound to interest many people, and soon the porch was filled with spectators peering through spy glasses and speculating as to the difficulties the party would encounter. It was a mixed group who stood watching—some housewives, trappers, reporters, and a general crowd of what-have-you.

By five-thirty the sun was up on the ridge and was shining brightly. No clouds were in sight, a good sign. Even peaceful, puffy white clouds can mean rain or weather change in the mountains.

Through the spy glasses and small telescopes the watchers could see the climbers until they dropped behind Stettner's ledges. Then again Agnes Vaile was seen as she was lifted by her two companions to the second high ledge. All on the porch

relaxed a bit when that point was safely passed, for that ledge and the one directly below it are considered the most dangerous obstacles. Then, unnoticed by many, huge, fluffy white clouds drifted over the range and settled like halos on the peaks. Given another hour and the group would make the top, but slowly the sun grew dim and the sky darker. Light flurries of snow fell down into the faces of those watching on the porch. Telescopes and spy glasses were dismantled and put away. Everyone went inside, tense and worried.

The afternoon dragged and crawled into evening and the evening into night. Eight o'clock came . . . then nine, ten, eleven, and twelve. Those who were sitting inside by the fire dozing fitfully jerked to alertness and listened, then dashed to the door and outside. Coming slowly and painfully up the front steps was Walter Keener alone. He was lifted carefully, almost tenderly, inside near the fire where he weakly told what happened.

"We had gone about five hundred yards past the second high ledge when it started to sleet and hail. We nearly froze; our hands were too numb to grasp the rocks. By pulling and pushing each other we made it to the top. The sleet was even worse up there, and the wind lashed it against our faces; so we could hardly breathe. We decided not to rest at all but to start down quickly. We had just come through the keyhole when Miss Vaile slipped and fell. I crawled along the rocks back to her. Her leg was broken. Sortland was tiring fast; I told him to stay with her while I came down for help." With this Keener stopped speaking.

Granny with four others organized a rescue party. They needed Keener to direct them, but it would mean he would have to hike back almost eight miles, and his strength was nearly gone. He himself insisted on going back; so with Keener in the lead the party set out. Keener's en-

duration was amazing! He plodded steadily on mile after mile, faltering only when they reached the Boulderfield. There he wavered, stumbled, then pitched forward face down in the snow, exhausted. It was impossible for him to go any farther. The others set him up and he described the place to go. Granny then told him to stand up, rest awhile, and start back down. It was wrong to leave a man in his condition out alone on the mountain, but what else could they do?

The four men and Granny picked up their emergency aid equipment and trudged on up. The rest of the story you already know. They found Agnes Vaile frozen. Herbert Sortland was lying some yards away from her unconscious, but alive. He was removed, but Agnes Vaile had to be left. It was too late for her now. It was not until three weeks later that men

with ice picks reached her. Sortland lost all his toes and four fingers and considers himself lucky. He was in a hospital for eleven months.

That night when Granny and the others reached the inn, they expected to find Keener, but there was no news of him. So again they went out. It was no use. The storm had wiped out even their own tracks. It was not until the following May that news of him was found. The wood was at the base of a huge snowdrift. As the cook removed a log it revealed a black glove tightly clenched. That was what happened to Keener. Had he been able to go just thirty yards more, he would have been safe. This is all that Granny told me. To me it seemed foolhardy at first, and then a realization came to me. Agnes Vaile loved mountains, and those who love mountains will never be apart from them.

Knowledge

By Sue Mason

A blinding comet streaked across the sky,
Illuminating all;
And, as it fell
One jagged edge
Cracked loose,
Broke off,
Fell down to earth,
And soon was covered
With the dark and dust of ages past
And ages yet to come.

Men—futile humans—
Dig and search in vain.
For even though this fragment
Can be found,
It is forever lost.

That star was KNOWLEDGE.

Faint Silver Lining?

By Anne Pington

Pick up a magazine! Turn the pages! Glance at the pictures! Laugh at the cartoons! And notice the articles! Yes, be sure to notice the articles; for in all magazines from *Life* to the *Atlantic*, although you will find many articles about many subjects, you will always find one about Russia!

This article may be about any one of the innumerable problems that the Russian Bear presents to Uncle Sam's citizens. Maybe it will deal with Russian diplomacy in the U.N. or with Russian mismanagement in Germany, with Russian autocracy behind the Iron Curtain or with Russian affairs in the Balkans. But no matter what phase of the Russian problem our article discusses, it will, in all probability, manage to convey to the reader the implied belief, the hidden conviction, that Russia is going to gobble us up some night if we don't gobble her up first. And for writers to write such a thought, for readers to believe such a thought, shows all the earmarks of a dire tragedy—another war.

In the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* may be found an article that states far more than the fact that sometime soon Americans may have to fight another war. It states that our democracy is already fighting a war, The Cold War, and that it is not fighting this war as a democracy but as a communistic autocracy. In fighting the Communists with their own weapons—propaganda and intrigue—with a negative attitude, in a defensive response to each advance Moscow makes, we are taking big steps along a road that can lead only to disaster—the fall of our democracy. For whether the U. S. will fall to conquering Russian aggression or to the American Imperialism built in the hope of preventing this dreaded aggression, our

democracy with its purpose, freedom for all peoples, will nonetheless be gone, swept away by the uncontrolled fears of little men. All of this sounds most appalling and very alarming, perhaps because it seems so very plausible. One thing that Archibald MacLeish's article, "Overloaded Democracy," decidedly accomplishes is—to make its reader think.

Another article found in September's *Harper's* is one that discusses a small island in the Adriatic, Saseno. Russia has fortified this island so that it is practically an impregnable fortress, a veritable second Gibraltar. This Saseno is in Valona Bay off the coast of Albania. Loaded with sub pens and airbases, it is within all-too-close range of the sea lanes that carry Arabian oil to Western Europe and England.

These two articles and many more, perhaps not as well written but equally as terrifying and depressing, are to be found in our recently published magazines. And, on reading them, you, the reader, must surely think that in so much talk of armament, so much discussion of war, so much danger, so much fear, so much hate, surely somewhere in our weary world there must be some encouraging action, some deed that will give us a clue to the fact that things are not as bad as they seem. We humans are such optimistic creatures. We are such eternal searchers for the silver lining. And maybe in this case a small silver lining is beginning to appear.

This silver lining is explained by Hamilton Fish Armstrong in his October *Atlantic* article, "Tito and Stalin." Here in a very level, clear headed manner Mr. Armstrong discusses a recent aspect in Russian internal affairs that should be a bright star in our torch of hope, a bright gleam in our silver lining—the secession of

Tito and Yugoslavia from Stalin and Russia. Here in the first rebellion of a U.S.S.R. satellite from its master we may find encouragement in the belief that our way of life will live while Russia's dies.

In this compact, concrete, understandable essay Mr. Armstrong shows the causes behind the Tito-Stalin split. He explains the secession, which he calls a formal schism of the Communistic Church, by giving a brief history of the last three or four years of Yugoslavian history; and he concludes the article neatly by giving a summary of Stalin and Tito's relations to each other with a suggestion of what our own attitude should be. In so many words he explains that we cannot support Tito either diplomatically or politically, not because we might thus provoke another war, but because in supporting Tito we would support a form of government essentially and fundamentally opposed to our own—an autocracy. He believes that the most we should do is to encourage enough trade between our two nations to keep Tito's plans from collapsing econom-

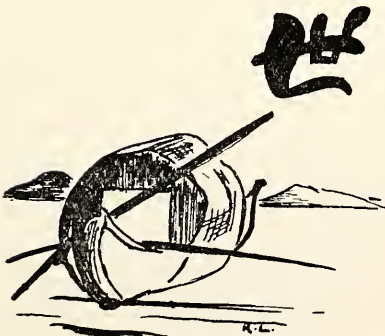
ically. For here, it is true, is the first example of rebellion against the Russians, a rebellion, which we, their spiritual as well as material opponents, should not allow to be stifled; yet, the fact that we are both Russia's antagonist does not mean that Yugoslavia and ourselves should try to be close friends.

Other articles about Russia by Dr. Armstrong are to be found in many magazines. All of them offer more encouraging views about the world situation. Their authors are by no means out and out optimists, but their ideas and facts seem to present more hope for the future not only because they present rosier proofs of Western-Russian cooperation but also because they offer definite, basically sound solutions to our complex problems of world relations. To me they illustrate a way in which we may successfully combat the Russian ideal of all for one without selling out to the militaristic and autocratic elements our own ideal of all for all. May the silver lining grow ever wider!



Acceptance

By Peggy Creagh



"What is to be will be."

That familiar phrase starts my thoughts on a backward journey to my earliest childhood memories. It symbolized a belief, a way of life. Vividly it recalls my Chinese *amah* and her attitude of acceptance.

Amah was a typical Chinese of the lower middle class, and the beliefs common to those people were instilled in her. She was a fatalist, to use modern termin-

ology; she accepted whatever happened as the inevitable. This acceptance of what ever life has to offer stems from the fact that the Chinese, as an individual, is almost non-existent. China is a vast, undeveloped country, and the people are a trivial, insignificant part of a grand yet barbaric pattern. It may be, too, that nature herself is to blame; for she brings typhoons, draught, disease, death and famine. The Chinese bow before her with complete acceptance.

Close association with Amah brought me in contact with this fatalistic outlook. She would remain calm and unperturbed through anything. During the famine, when scores of people lay dead or dying along the roadside, Amah remained placid. Her only acknowledgement was, "Missy, what is to be will be." I loved and respected Amah to such an extent that unconsciously I absorbed this attitude, in part through imitation, in part through habit.

I had always taken it for granted that Amah would go with us to the States. When I found out to the contrary, I went to her in tears. Until the end she remained reserved and unemotional. I knew that she, in her way, loved me as much as I loved her. Her last words to me before I

left contained the fatalistic acceptance, but beneath was a note which I had never heard before.

"The icy, chilling days of winter, the windless, scorching days of summer, will all be the springtime of life for you."

This fatalistic childhood environment has had a lasting effect on my entire outlook on life. Throughout life we come to rough places where we have to push a little harder. I learned, through experience, that the doctrine of fatalism completely drains the drive to stand up against hardship. My solution to each failure was the familiar, "What is to be will be." When I awoke to the fact that I had been left behind, I suddenly realized that the fatalistic approach is the approach of weakness, and ignorance, the blind approach. Through this same fatalistic approach I have been prepared to meet whatever life holds, either good or bad, with complete acceptance. An equal balance between driving ahead and following behind seems to be the right compromise.

Maybe it was Amah's idea to prepare me for accepting life. Nevertheless, I realize that as long as I live I will never be able to rid myself completely of the atmosphere of my childhood.

"What is to be will be."



Inspiration is as fleeting as a bird,
As brief as a day,
So catch it while you can,
If you can.

Anne Pingon

Beyond The Sea

By Betty Hightower

There is a place on the coast of Florida, not far from a famous resort beach, where the waters of the Atlantic and the quiet flow of a river meet. The sand fades from a deep yellow into an almost pure white on the little jetty that goes out into the water. There are few cottages here; and these few are small, and far apart, out on that little piece of land that reaches toward the sea. There is no shade there, only the glaring sun; the telephone poles are thin black lines against the white of the sand and the blue green of the water. The cottages, except for the different-colored roofs, are almost alike. Looking toward the northwest, one can see the scrub palms growing close to the yellow sand. About half a mile away an abandoned lighthouse breaks the flatness; its brick color adds a new note to the landscape. Farther on there is nothing to be seen but the beach, and eastward there are only the blue, green, and white . . . ever moving, ever stretching outward. To the west the water tank of the small village may be seen above the red and blue roofs and the dark green of the scrub.

Despite the sweltering heat and the lack of shade in Florida in the summer, the little peninsula is amazingly cool, due to the continuous breeze from the sea.

In the narrow streets of the village the breeze is hardly felt. The low buildings block its path, and little waves of heat shimmy a foot above the hot cement sidewalks and the sweltering asphalt streets. The stores are small and junky for the most part, with the usual assortment of sun tan oil and sun glasses. Children, their skin a deep brown from the summer in the sun and their feet toughened to the scorching heat of the sidewalks, chase each

other through the stores dripping colored popsicles.

Outside the post office, which is little better than any of the other buildings, a boy about nineteen years old sat impatiently blowing the horn of a new station wagon. His hair, naturally blond, had been bleached even lighter in the weeks he had been at the coast; his blue eyes made his bronze skin seem darker than it was.

At the last toot of the horn, a young woman amazingly like him came to the door and told him she wouldn't be long. Soon the attractive blond girl, smiling at her brother, came down the wooden steps of the post office; with her was a young woman a few years older than she.

When he had first met this girl, Pete had thought, "I wonder whether she is an eccentric writer or painter; maybe not, maybe Bess has found someone new this time."

His sister, Bess, was well known for gathering strange people to her heart. When she had first met Shawn Ferrell, she thought, "She looks so unhappy; I think we should get to know her."

The young woman looked at the two from wide green eyes that contrasted strangely with her jet black hair and tan skin. If she was unhappy, her smooth, placid voice revealed nothing as she greeted Pete. Although their cottages were closer together than any of the others on the peninsula, they rarely saw each other unless they happened to be going to the village at the same time.

As he turned the station wagon around, Bess's familiar voice broke out with tales of what she had seen and bought. As usual, Shawn listened in a preoccupied manner with that curious half-smile that

gave the impression that she had seen something no one else had and had no intention of letting anyone in on the secret.

The highway stretched before them in a hot, gray line; Pete stepped down impatiently on the accelerator. Bess was talking now about the party she was planning to have next week-end when her fiance would arrive, and how she would love for Shawn to come. The green eyes turned to the gay young woman and thanked her for the invitation. Pete thought, "As green and cool as that streak out there in the ocean. That streak you can see but that's too far to swim to."

As the car turned from the highway, a cloud of fine sand stirred up under the wheels, and they continued along the shore to the last cottage on the peninsula, some two blocks' distant from the one where Pete and Bess Willard were staying with their mother. They slowed down, and Shawn got out with her packages. She thanked Pete for the lift and Bess for the invitation. As the station wagon moved inland to the Willard cottage, the young woman placed her packages on the step and turned toward the sea. She stood there fully five minutes, her legs and arms a golden brown in the sun, her dark hair pulled to the back of her head by a brightly colored scarf of oriental silk. She turned, and reaching in her pocket, pulled out a letter addressed to Mrs. John Farrell. For a long time she looked at the letter as if she weren't quite certain she was the right person. Her eyes went to the return address, "United Insurance Company;" then she walked back to the cottage, the letter in her hand.

If you have ever stood and watched the water of a river as it flowed into the sea, you know that it is a fascinating thing. The river, calm and peaceful, moving gently along through thick, vine-covered banks and prickly shrubs, loses its identity

quickly. It flows out a little way and is met and swallowed up by the ocean . . . powerful, strong, surging. The sea is living and throbbing with its bigness and beauty. There is a strength in the sea, a strength the river lacks and readily yields to. The sea is all that matters then, the sea and its living restlessness.

Later in the afternoon when the sun had finally fallen behind the palms in the distance and the water had exchanged some of its blue for streaks of red, orange, and purple, a young woman with eyes as green as the sea and as placid as the river walked toward the water; her black hair was pulled back by a bright piece of silk. In the monotonous sigh of the sea on the shore, she seemed to hear something. She smiled as she listened. Then she laughed, not loudly, but as though she laughed with someone over a private joke. She bent over then and with one slender leg beneath her she rested her cheek on the other knee. With one long finger she traced a word in the damp sand. She rose, stood for a moment looking out to the sea once more, then walked back to her cottage. The low-flying pelican saw the gentle waves wash away the fragile letters spelling "Johnny" in the sand.

The next morning about ten the blaring horn of the station wagon carried across the sand. Bess and Pete Willard drove up to the last cottage. Pete's strong voice called out, "Shawn, let's go." Before she could come out, Bess bounded into the living room of the cottage with news that they were going to the "Big Beach," as the resort some twenty miles away was called by those on the peninsula. The two young women came out of the house together, and Pete thought, "How strange that they should be so different . . . Bess and her laughing, somewhat wild ways, and Shawn, so calm, so distant, so lost in something we will never know." With a start he realized that he was staring blankly

at the oriental scarf that held back the blackest hair he had ever seen.

Pete laughed with his sister as they sped down the highway, and the three of them joked together as they pushed along the crowded streets of the resort town. At lunch, however, and while he waited for the girls to finish their shopping, the strange mood that had hit him back at the peninsula returned and, try as he might, he couldn't shake from himself the sight of those green eyes with no limit to their depth.

That night Pete told Bess and his mother that he was going to walk down the beach. The night was cool and luminescent in the light of the three quarter moon. The little cottages looked out of place on the flat sand, like strange mushrooms placed there, the joke of some monstrous elf. As he approached Shawn's cottage, he heard the faint music from her radio. Softly he called, "Shawn . . ."

From the direction of the water he heard, "Over here, Pete."

For no reason at all, he wondered why she wore that silly, bright scarf to hold her hair. Now that he was there, he could think of no reason for his coming except the strange mood that held him even stranger now. He sat beside her on the sand, not speaking at first; then he said, "You love the sea, don't you?" After he said it, he realized it was a foolish statement and added, "I guess you do, or you wouldn't spend the summer here."

She turned to him and then looked out toward the sea, "I used to hate it, Pete." There was something in her voice, a hardness he had never heard before. "I hated it with all my heart and soul," she continued. "Then I began to understand it and how like him it is." The green eyes looked farther and farther; they saw nothing other than the white waves billowing in the moonlight.

"How strong, how gentle, how fierce

and proud, and in its own way, carefree and restless. I am like the river," she nodded her head slightly in the direction of the river which was out of sight, "unable to resist the magnetism, becoming a part of him, flowing and moving at his will."

She was silent after that, and Pete wondered whether she was actually looking at the waves or at something beyond the sea. He got to his feet; she didn't look up. It was as if she didn't even know he was there.

"Where is he now?" he asked.

She seemed to come from out of a dream at that. Immediately he wished he hadn't asked, but she rose and looked straight at him, her voice as placid as ever. "Johnny?" she said, that same half-smile on her face. "Johnny is at sea."

There was something about this last statement that made Pete decide to change the subject. They talked pleasantly along for awhile; then Pete realized he must go home. As he walked down the beach, he suddenly turned and looked back. He could see that same dreamy smile that puzzled him so. He realized that his mood had become deeper.

Shawn, Bess, and Pete, weren't together the next few days. Pete was working on the cottage, and Bess was on a dress-making spree. Once Pete looked down the beach from the roof of the cottage, where he was making some repairs, and saw in the distance a deeply tanned figure with a bright piece of oriental silk at the back of her neck. Shawn Farrell was walking slowly down the beach, her white bathing suit setting off her amazing coloring in an extraordinary manner. She splashed her feet in the surf, stopping now and then to look out at the far line of blue and green and then up at the sky that had a dark gray color towards the horizon. That distant smile moved over her face, and she let an almost audible laugh escape

her lips. Turning suddenly, she ran back toward her cottage, her dark head lifted high.

It was late afternoon before the rain came, spattering down first in large drops the size of a quarter, then as the wind rose changing to little stinging pellets. It lasted the afternoon, a typical midsummer rain storm that turns the blue of the sea a treacherous gray, and makes all the shore smell of dead seaweed and not of salt as it usually does. The sand is lashed inward toward the dunes, and the scrub palms are beaten flat. The wind is relentless . . . driving, driving the sea inward; the waves reach forth only to be drawn back to recoil and strike again. The rain continued all the night, and the strength of the surf was heard against the beach.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and the clean beach was strewn with bits of seaweed and soggy driftwood . . . the only evidence of the summer fury of the night before. Pete drove up before the last cottage and blew the horn . . . no answer. He got out and walked down to

the surf, but he saw no one. As he turned to go, something bright caught his eye, and he picked up a piece of oriental silk. He slowly walked back to the cottage and saw a white envelope stuck in the door and spattered by rain drops. He tore it open; it was simple enough, and Pete was inwardly glad as he read the short message: "Pete, I'm going to sea with Johnny. Shawn." Now, he thought, maybe that sad, distant smile will be different.

He drove from the peninsula and went in for the mail. As he was looking through the letters, he said to the ancient postmaster, "That Johnny Farrell must be quite a guy."

"Yep," the old man replied, "he was one of the best."

Pete looked up, "Was?"

"Yep, young fellow's boat capsized in that last big blow we had a couple of years back; ain't heard from him since."

Pete paled; he looked down and in his clenched fist he saw a brightly colored piece of oriental silk, still damp with sea water.

The Passing Eternity

By Mary Evelyn Smith

Years are nothing. Nor
Days nor weeks nor mounting
 hours,
Quick-sprung from hourglass'
 sands,
Filling the myriad measures.
Nothing, nothing, for
Life is only moments:
An eternity of seconds and
 half-breaths
In whose fleeting hesitation
A friend is lost,
A dream regained—
A heart broken.

Moon Madness

By Mary Lee George

My mare figited protestingly as I stood, moon-mad on the hilltop, looking out across the fields. A little to the north and far below me the lights of Fayette cast a weak glow into the sky. The harvest moon was still leaning on the Bonne Femme levee, but already it made the walnut trees throw long, sharply-defined shadows on the ground. The pasture land beckoned to me invitingly to take a moonlight canter along its ridge and down into the level bottom. Beyond it, though, was the timber, and it had a black, forbidding aspect.

Nevertheless, I mounted and turned my mare in that direction. The high, white haven of the barn almost caused me to abandon my foolish fancy. I pushed on, though, spurred by curiosity and the romance of the situation. The mare caught a little of my adventuresome spirit and stepped briskly along the hard packed road.

I hesitated at the railroad track. This seemed the logical place to turn back. But now the moon was hanging idependently in space, and the woods looked friendlier. On we went.

At the banks of Bonne Femme Creek I dismounted. Leaping precariously from stone to slippery stone, I let the mare pick her own footing over the treacherous crossing. Together we scrambled up the steep side of the levee, sending clods and pebbles hurtling down behind us. I remounted, and we continued toward the woods. We paused involuntarily at the old creek bed. Only a moment elapsed before we plunged into the underbrush. The mare instinctively chose the right path.

A few minutes later she threw her head up with a surprised snort and stood dead still on the edge of the clearing. The moonlight, filtering down through the leaves, had a luminous, translucent quality

as it hung in the damp air. It seemed to separate into tangible particles, each suspended in space. The tall monument shimmered eerily with a whiteness that was not its own. The deer-like animal at its top seemed almost alive, and the words on the side were plainly illuminated. "Hampton Watts—Killed by a Pet Elk—1876." Perhaps Hamp Watts had come here in the thick, sweet moonlight. Here to his iron-fenced park to catch a glimpse of the buffalo, or the antelope, or, perhaps, the elk that roamed its confines. It might have been a night like this that he lay here, battered and dying, a lump of sugar still clutched in his outstretched hand. It was certainly a night like this that a hunter saw a lithe, graceful elk step slowly from the woods, hang his head before this monstrosity of stone, and then race to the steep banks of Bonne Femme. A cry of pain tore out from his heart before he plunged into the swirling black waters below.

And now, on nights like this, the story goes, a watcher may see a spectral form, dripping creek water, approach the cold granite monument. This phantom elk moans audibly in an uncanny, mournful tone before he turns frantically and rushes to the water's side, where he relieves his terrifying leap.

There was a ghostly silence in the moonlight. I waited tensely, frightened yet anxious. The mare seemed subdued, even awed, by the weird surroundings. All at once she tightened beneath me. Tossing her head wildly, she drew a deep, shuddering breath and fell to trembling. A long whispering moan echoed through the darkness of the timber, sounding like the frail east wind in November. We stood there on the edge of the moon-swathed clearing, watching, waiting.

The Wisdom of Bobby

By Mary Evelyn Smith

"Granny, what are thoughts before people think them?" . . . "Granny, where do the days go when the sun goes down?" . . . "Granny—"

"Oh, hush, Bobby, can't you see that I'm busy?" she addressed the fair-haired boy beside her. Inwardly she rebuked herself for her impatience with Bobby and his endless questions. But she was nervous, jumpy, irritable. As if she didn't have right enough to be!

She looked out of the window above her kitchen sink at the early spring rain beating against the pane. The trees in the little grove beyond the house appeared to share some secret within their dripping, newly green bowers, as they stood almost conspiratorially together in the gathering twilight.

She sighed and turned from the window to the child, now quiet, sprawled on the kitchen floor. Two childish hands clutched a well-worn little book as he read, eyes intent and face thoughtful. With that slow sinking of heart that had become so familiar to her now, she watched him, thinking how he resembled his father. How often, in evenings many years past, she had watched her son lying so identically on her kitchen floor, with that same pensive expression, those same thoughtful eyes concentrated on a book.

"What are you reading, Bobby?" she asked, drawing closer to see more carefully.

"It's—it's something of Daddy's, I think, Granny," he answered, handing it to her with a look she could not read on his thin, sensitive face. "I found it in a corner of the bookshelf."

Mist gathered in her eyes as she turned the small brown book over in her hand. She could barely make out the fading

title: *Reflections*. She had given her son Robert this book long ago on his twelfth birthday. All during his childhood he had lived by it, thought by it, worked by it. She remembered now, turning the dog-eared pages slowly, the look of pleasure that had crept over his features when she gave it to him that spring night many years ago. It had been so perfect a gift for him. A baseball or catcher's mitt might have seemed more proper for a boy of twelve, but not for her son. He had always been a deep, religious child, reading and



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thinking and asking innumerable questions. At night, after the evening meal, he would take the little book and spend hours pouring over it, talking to his mother about it. In young manhood, when he was troubled, he would go to the little book and find solace there. Even during the war, while he was overseas, the little book was able to abate his fears and anxieties; for he had the deep conviction that in it he might always find the reason, the answer, the justification for whatever was concerning him. When, at last, he felt that there was no reason for life any longer, that God and the little book had failed him, without comfort, without solace, without reason, he had given up, taking his own young life and leaving Bobby, whose mother died in childbirth, to the care of his grandmother. How the still-fresh wound pained her empty heart! She tried to justify these things to Bobby; but could a child ever understand?

She thought of all this as the rain beat steadily, softly upon the window panes and her weary fingers turned the pages. Phrases caught her eye here and there . . . "When a dark day dawns, be glad that there is a chance that you may see plainly, for pain and grief clear the mind and help man to know himself . . ." . . . "It is God who gives and God who takes away, and He gives and takes away for our soul's sake . . ." . . . "Out of suffering comes all good." But these words had meant nothing to Robert; they had been powerless over him. And would they to Bobby, the child of his father, some day come to mean nothing? The thought left her shaken.

Abruptly she closed the book and laid

it on the table. "Come, Bobby, it's time you skipped upstairs to bed. Young gentlemen of nine must get their sleep."

He rose obediently and, throwing a good-night kiss, started out of the room. But at the foot of the stairs he paused and turned to his grandmother.

"Granny, why do people get mad at God?"

Her heart leapt to her breast. "Bobby," she said gently, "why do you ask this?" But if he heard, he did not answer; and as he turned, he seemed far more mature than his scant years. Somehow she knew what he had meant.

She sat down in the old rocker and moved slowly to and fro, cradling the little book in her hands. Opening it, she ran a finger down one page, trying to read. But the words blurred before her eyes, and after a little while she turned out the lamps and started upward.

As she reached the half-landing, she thought she heard the murmur of a voice and hesitated there for a moment. Then the voice came more distinctly.

"And God bless Grandmother, and be kind to my mother and try to understand about my Daddy for I know he didn't mean to be angry with you. And—make me a good boy, always and always, Amen."

The tears ran down her face in joyous release. She opened the little window beside her and looked out into the night. It was still raining, but there was a cool breeze that came in upon her face, blowing back the white curtains, promising sunshine and happiness and spring flowers. She turned, and with a step in keeping with a heart lighter than it had been in many weeks, she started up the stairs.

Everybody's mean
Everybody's kind,
And everybody takes a turn at having either mind.

Anne Pingon

The Living Dead

(A Dialogue)

By Helen Walton

Setting: A busy street scene, people rushing to and fro. John tries to stop people going and coming who pass on as if they do not see him. A little man is sitting on a little wall apparently very much amused with the whole situation. John wanders after people helplessly, finally making his way to the wall where the old man is sitting. Giving up hope, he flops down on the wall without speaking to the old man whom he apparently cannot see.

MR. ZANE (chuckling): Well, well, young fellow, seems you are having trouble.

John, surprised, looks around, and seeing no one, assumes his former position.

MR. ZANE: Yes, you lad, it's John Smith, isn't it?

JOHN (thoroughly astounded): Hello! Did I hear someone talking to me?

MR. ZANE: Yes, but don't be confused. I'm right here beside you even though you can't see me. My name is Mr. Zane and I find it only fair to break some news to you gently. You don't quite seem to understand what's going on around here. It isn't that those people are too busy to talk to you; you see, they can't see you.

JOHN: Can't see me? Oh, but you must be mistaken; why, I saw several look right straight at me.

MR. ZANE: No, John, not at you, through you. You see . . . well, I don't know how to go about this but . . . oh well, maybe we'd better skip this for now.

JOHN: No, no, tell me. I feel that there's something I ought to know. I feel so foolish talking to someone I can't see. Can it be intuition that is trying to tell me something is wrong, or am I going crazy?

MR. ZANE: No, I'm not intuition, and you're not crazy. The fact of it all is, even

though you probably won't believe it, you are no longer an inhabitant of earth; you see, you were killed this morning in a car accident at the corner of 12th and Broad.

JOHN (feeling himself): But you must be mistaken; here I am. See, I'm flesh.

MR. ZANE: No, not really, just grab this man as he comes by and ask him. (Points to a man entering left stage. John rushes up to him and takes him by the arm but he walks right on, ignoring John.)

JOHN (going back to Mr. Zane, still amazed): But can it be? How can I be still on earth and yet dead? Why do I feel so alive?

MR. ZANE: That's highly possible; you've just been dead a few hours. You're only in the first phase of a cycle. You'll leave this earth a little farther behind each day until time for you to start back down again. You see, I've already been up and am merely awaiting my turn to go back to the world again. You'll be forgetting a little more day by day. I consider myself lucky to have the remotest idea of what my name was, and even then I can't be sure. Perhaps tomorrow you'll be able to see me.

JOHN: I just can't believe it.

MR. ZANE: Then go down and look in the 12th Street morgue. I wouldn't advise it though. You were pretty badly mangled.

JOHN: But how can you be preparing to enter the world again when your voice sounds so old? I don't understand.

MR. ZANE: Don't worry; I'll be born just like anyone else. Only I do hope I get to come back here at an earlier age than last time.

JOHN: Last time? Have you done this many times before?

MR. ZANE: Why certainly, and you have too. You'll be able to remember when you've been around a few days and things begin to look familiar to you.

JOHN: But how long will it be till I can go back? I have so many important things to do.

MR. ZANE (laughing): I'm afraid the things you have to do will have been settled many times before you get back. Sometimes we're here over a thousand years. That's why I say I hope I die younger this time. Waiting is trying for a man of my age, but it's altogether different when you're young.

JOHN: But why should I have to die? I was so young and just getting settled.

MR. ZANE: I suspect you were recalled for a special reason. They usually don't take the happy ones until they're needed. You're probably here to get in shape for a special job that is seen in the future. Who knows? You might be a great scientist or something someday.

JOHN: Really? (interested)

MR. ZANE: Now you see, you're already beginning to look forward instead of back. When you get along up your cycle a few steps you will forget all about the past. In a few days you will be able to see other too, and life will be more interesting.

JOHN: And will I forget the past entirely? I mean, won't I even know I lived?

MR. ZANE: Oh, I wouldn't say entirely for quite a long time. Every once in a while, even after you're back on earth you'll see something or hear something that will make you stop and wonder if you've seen or heard that thing before. It's just an extra special memory that was too important to be erased. I dare say that you've had that feeling on earth this last time—you know, that feeling of I've been here before, or I've seen that before.

It's only natural, I mean it happens to most everyone.

JOHN: But tell me, am I always so close to the people on earth? Will I always be able to see them?

MR. ZANE: Oh, my, no! I should say not. In a few more steps you won't even know they exist.

JOHN: But how did you know so much about me?

MR. ZANE: Well, you see, I'm so close to earth again, waiting around to be born and observing the family I'll be going into that I can see what's going on. I just happened to be down near the corner this morning when you were killed. I was going to the meat market with my future mother. You see, I have to stick around pretty close these days; I might have to go any minute.

JOHN: Would you walk down to the factory with me? I want to see how things are coming along.

MR. ZANE: I will, but I wouldn't advise it. It hurts a man's pride to see that things may still go along smoothly without him.

JOHN: But things are in such bad shape.

MR. ZANE: There's nothing you could do. Why don't you sit quietly here with me and wait. If I should have to go it should be very amusing for you to see the expressions on my parents' faces. They are sure I'll be a girl. Look, there's a newsboy. Let's go take a peek at the headlines.

They read the headlines over the newsboy's shoulder and both emitted a low whistle and read aloud softly:

Car wreck on 12th and Broad, though killing one, miraculously saves thousands as traffic is stopped before mysterious explosion destroys 12th Street bridge.

They look at each other and a look of understanding crosses John's face as the old man chuckles knowingly.

Morning

By Marilyn Gardner

Have you ever heard the song
Of the hills in the gray morning?
Solemn, isn't it? Quiet with pensive
Melody of the coming day.
Happy tunes from the bird
Concert cannot defy
The brooding
Music

Of the
Shadows.

Soft eyes and dove calls,
Crickets and whispering leaves
Are busy with today.
But the hills
Murmur,

"Wait."

Shivering waters and faint breezes
Call for the sun.
But the Blue Mistress
Lingers

Yet

Awhile

Listening.

The Battle of Franklin

"The Lost Cause"

By Betty Lou White

The crisp, November night was undisturbed. The only sounds were the crickets and tree-toads. The horses, moving about quietly, made small noises. The Army of Tennessee, under the command of General Hood, slept in exhaustion around the campfires. But the apparently quiet night would have looked very different to any wakeful watcher. For, along the Columbia turnpike, within sight of the campfires of the slumbering rebels, General Schofield's Federal forces were silently marching. He had safely slipped through Spring Hill, and after a personal reconnoiter of the road on to Franklin, he found it unobstructed. Now his weary men pushed on, hoping to reach Franklin, fifteen miles away, where they could face the enemy behind fortifications. The changing light of the moon revealed the silent ranks of men marching along with their hearts in their mouths. Meanwhile, Hood's camp slept on, secure in the knowledge that Forrest was holding the turnpike, and that in the morning there would be a complete surrender with no fight.

Imagine Hood's rage when he discovered the next morning that the enemy had slipped through his fingers! By now, Schofield's men were waiting behind earthworks on the Southern outskirts of Franklin.

As the Tennesseans plodded along that dusty fifteen mile march toward Franklin, some of the rage which filled their commander spread to the men; and they began to march with more spirit, determined to overtake and whip the enemy who had tricked them. The Army of Tennessee was to prove that day that it needed no fortifications to give it courage and that they were not afraid to charge the enemy.

When the rebel forces arrived on top

of Winsted Hill, the whole view lay down before them. Franklin lies on an elevated piece of land within a curve of the Harpeth River to the north. The Federal forces had set up the breastworks when they came through before, and now they were hastily strengthened into a crescent with the strongest part across Columbia Pike. There was a barricaded opening left for the wagon trains and artillery. The main fortification came from the Carter House which stood just inside the Federal lines. This large, grey brick house with its red-brick smokehouse still stands today as one of the historic landmarks. The house was left intact even though there are pieces of shell still in its walls.

As General Hood stood with his staff on the hill above the town, he could see a gentle slope of unfenced pasture land rolling down to the Federal lines. There was not even a small bush to break the advance of the rebel troops. Hood considered a few moments, then snapped crisply, "We will make the fight." All of his staff were against the attack. The Federals were too strongly entrenched, and the rebels themselves were too outnumbered; they had no protection and not enough artillery. But by now Hood was determined to make Schofield suffer for his trick. He also knew that it was getting late. Already, behind the blue lines, the wagon trains were slipping across rude bridges made of planking laid on the cross-ties of the railroad bridge; and the troops were ordered to follow on to Nashville if no attack had been made by six o'clock. Hood knew it would be better to have the fight now while the enemy had had little time for preparation rather than wait until they got to Nashville where they had been preparing for three years.

Hood wouldn't wait for complete preparations to be made, or even for Lee's artillery, which would have greatly helped the weak confederate lines. He gave the order to advance. And so it was that at four o'clock of a late fall day, a line of gray-coated men advanced across an open field into the very face of death. But their tattered flags were flying in the November breeze and not a man would have turned back.

As the gray lines moved relentlessly along, a covey of quail whirred up before them, settled, and rose again. Rabbits bounded in all directions. As soon as the lines came within range the Federals opened fire. But as the shells burst and the wounded fell, the ranks closed and moved on. The Confederate right wing met the first opposition as it met Wagoner's forces holding the bridge. The Yankees here were soon defeated and turned to run in confusion for the main fortifications. This halted the fire of the entrenched blue-coats for they had to wait for Wagoner's men to get out of the way and into the barricade. By this few moments' advantage, the confederates were able to advance over and into the breastworks. This victory was short-lived, however, for Federal reserve troops forced the rebels back to the edge of the barricade. Here the gray line held fast and wouldn't be moved; and so the Yankees were forced to throw up their barricade across the Carter garden. Now neither side could advance in the face of fire.

It was during this time that the youngest Carter son, who had not been home in three years, slipped through the lines and into the back garden of his home. Before he had even gotten a glimpse of his mother and sisters who were trapped in the house, he was shot down, and fell halfway between the smokehouse and the big house. This was one of the many ironies of the war—that he should have survived three

years of front rank and fighting and then die on his own doorstep. This story has always been a favorite one around Franklin whenever the subject of the Battle of Franklin comes up.

Now, the weary Confederates were pushed back by the arrival of a division armed with repeating rifles. In those few minutes more men were killed and wounded than ever before recorded by a division of its size. This one repulse was not enough, however, to defeat the Army of Tennessee. As fast as it fell back it reformed and charged again with a desperate energy and an absolute disregard for death. The fight went on into darkness, each attack stumbling over the dead and wounded. At last when Hood's artillery came up, he gave the order to fire a hundred rounds into the Federal works. But there was no answer. Scholfield had given the order to evacuate at 11:00 P.M. and the Yankees had filed quietly over the bridge and were on the way to Nashville.

Scholfield counted the battle as a victory, but in reality it was a drawn battle, an unnecessary, murderous battle—one of the bloodiest of the war. It has been called "the greatest drama in American history." More generals were killed in the Battle of Franklin than in any other battle. On the morning before five generals sat down to breakfast together. The next morning all five bodies were stretched on the back porch of "Cairnton," the beautiful McGavock home just outside Franklin. Today the house still stands overlooking the Confederate cemetery where all the unknown dead are buried. The house still has blood stains on its porches and in its rooms showing its use as a hospital.

A perfect description of the battle is given in the words General Strahl spoke just before the first charge, when he said, "Boys, this will be short but desperate." That is just what it was.

The Piercing Arrow

By Ann Buchanan

Ah, Pysche take thy arrow from
my heart,
And plunge it deep within the
untouched breast
Which knows not love—pure and
free;
So it may soar toward realm
where Aphrodite
Imparts full knowledge, peace, and
boundless joy
To those who venture forth her
arts to seek.

Ah, naughty nymph, thy
arrow's merged too deep
For this wayward mortal's
comprehension.
Take back thy glowing spear!
And from the pierced spot let
shower
Firm resolves and good intent
toward man.
If all could but thy wondrous arrow
know
Then vengeful Mars could not his
malice wreck
And Venus' reign o'er all
the world could flow
To open men's eyes to never-ending
day.

P R E P S

Allegory

By Marjorie Schock, Senior

The leaf dons her costume
For the dance of death,
Looking forward joyously
To her days of peace;
The wind catches her playfully
By the hand;
She lets go her earthly home
And leaps for the sky.

Mentioned In Passing

By Ruth Eleanor Corn, Freshman

The car dragged its weary way to a stop on the side of that endless ribbon of mud laughingly referred to as the road. Pausing uncertainly, the car was a lonely, desolate speck floundering hopelessly in a labyrinth of dripping foliage and soggy earth, while that monster, the road, seemed to laugh mirthlessly at its plight. The very beauty of the countryside was a hideous mockery, for the rain, which had but an hour ago refreshed nature, had changed the road into a mire, making travel difficult if not impossible.

One of the passengers, a well-dressed man of fifty more or less, descended from the car, grumbling under his breath, and gazed desperately over the deserted land. Even under more favorable circumstances

the scene that met his eyes would have been a cheerless one to a man of his obviously esteemed position. For a short distance there was only an expanse of gently undulating land dotted with trees and bordered by abruptly rising mountains em-purpled with mist. Beautiful? No, not to a man who finds beauty only in the business melee of the city or in the luscious green of our reliable folding money, who hears music only in the confusion on traffic and the hum or groan that marks the rise or fall of the stock market as seen by investors. Maybe his policy was mercenary—so what? It meant possessing all the necessities of life and some of the luxuries. Therefore, it was self-explanatory and needed no defense.

"Well?" An inquiring, cultured voice broke the monotonous silence as a middle-aged woman joined her husband. Obviously in no better humor than her spouse, she made no attempt to be either encouraging or helpful. "What does it look like?"

"Like the end of the world," the man barked fiercely.

"It is certainly disgustingly uninhabited," the woman agreed with sarcasm. Then, turning angrily on her husband, she added, "You and your short cuts! Oh yes, you knew this country like the palm of your hand! We'd be in New York before dark! Well, what do you suggest now?"

"I suggest that you be still long enough for me to think!" the man was obviously irritated to the point of exasperation.

The woman immediately fell silent while her husband paced back and forth, deep in meditation.

"How's prospects of leaving this forsaken hole?" A third person, a girl of about sixteen, advanced toward her parents, stumbling into a stray mud puddle on the way and splattering her trim tweed suit, a fact which did little to increase the affability of her disposition.

"Not very promising, I'm afraid," her mother replied, "unless your father has a brain storm."

"Which isn't very probable. Well, what are we supposed to do—pitch camp and play Robinson Crusoe?"

"Please refrain from the sarcasm, young lady." The man had ceased his hopeless pacing and was now planted firmly in the center of the road.

Ignoring this remark as much as was possible, the girl turned again to her mother. "Look at these clothes, will you!" she complained. "Ruined! And if we don't get to New York soon, my theater tickets will be useless. Some vacation this is!" With those cheerless remarks, she turned back toward the car, still mumbling with

the bitterness which is, unfortunately, prevalent among the young.

Each of the unhappy party was too absorbed in his or her own problems to notice the appearance of a newcomer to the scene. An old man, clad in patched overalls and a straw something which bore no resemblance to a hat except that it was placed upon his head, had pushed his personage through a nearby grove of scraggly trees and was standing by the car as the young lady approached. Upon seeing this fantastic figure of the hills, the young girl drew back a short distance, surveyed the stranger, and called noisily to her father to come and see this curiosity of the backwoods. However, before that astounded gentleman could make any suitable comment, the uninvited guest said, "You folks in trouble?"

"Obviously," the man retorted shortly, and assuming a dignified self-confidence that he did not wholly feel, he added, "Can you give any assistance?"

"If you mean can I lend a hand, I reckon I can." The stranger stared at the car for a while in silence. "What's your trouble? This thing ain't stuck."

"I'm quite aware of that," responded the gentleman, attempting to give the impression of a long-suffering soul who is patiently enduring the stupidity of an inferior. "My family and I were on our way to New York, but we seem to have blundered onto the wrong road. Could you direct us?"

"New York, eh? Well, I reckon I can help, then. Lots o' tourists git lost up here takin' short cuts. Livin' jis' beyond them woods," he nodded to the trees through which he had made his entrance, "I always git asked fer directions." He paused to spend a moment in concentration. "Jes' keep travelin' this way 'til you come to a fork in th' road. Turn right an' if you go straight from there, I reckon you'll git to where you're goin'." With these sage re-

marks, the mountaineer walked back into the trees and disappeared, leaving the travelers to resume their journey.

Shortly afterward, the car slowly ascended a mountain which seemed to have appeared out of nowhere to form a new obstacle to be overcome. It seemed hours before they reached the peak and came, as the stranger had predicted, to a fork in the road. Following directions, they turned to the right, expecting to advance merrily to New York. Imagine their dismay when, instead, they arrived at a deadend with only an undersized rail fence between them and a two-hundred foot drop into space.

"So this is New York!" the young girl exclaimed. "My, my, what a surprise!"

"I should have known better than to listen to a hick from these mountains," muttered the man in disgust. "All that long drive for nothing!"

"For less than nothing!" the woman disputed, determined, apparently, not to agree with her husband on any point.

The car having been abruptly brought to a standstill, the man stepped out onto the earth and gaped unbelievably at the end of the trail, trying vainly to unearth a road that was not there. He was joined by his family, who likewise stared ahead into the yawning abyss.

The vision that lay before them was that of the strange, unearthly beauty found only after a shower in the mountains. Enough mist was rising from the surrounding peaks to give the rough outlines of the distant mountains a flattering softness, yet the fog was not sufficiently dense to obliterate the picturesque details of the countryside. Ahead lay a towering wall of mountains high-lighted by rocks and covered with dark green fir trees. Below lay a region of tablelands and high

pastures. On every side was solemn majesty brightened by the colorful rhododendren and blue lplines accented by wild roses and some unidentified flame-colored plant.

Not even the most skeptical of persons would fail to mark the grandeur of these steeply sloping fields, and forest-coated mountains with jagged rocks for teeth, embroidered with those tints of nature which continue to baffle our greatest artists. The man started to make some comment to his wife, but she was paying no attention. She was gazing at the blue-shadowed gap below, the soft purple and gold of the peaks above and the smoke-white haze all around them . . . True, it was a road to nowhere; but it was a road to peace, splendor, and a glimpse into the finer things of life both now and hereafter. It seemed almost sacrilege when the woman said softly, "We'd best be starting on again; driving at night is a dangerous business."

Silently, the group re-entered the car and began the treacherous task of descent. No one dared to break the wondrous quiet that hung over the mist-shrouded world.

It was almost dark when the group found themselves again on the muddy road where they had first paused and again confronted with the strange old man of the mountains. The car rolled smoothly to a stop, and the mountaineer smiled in recognition. "Did you folks find New York?" he queried with a secretive smile.

"Afraid not," replied the woman, "but we saw some real scenery."

"Yep," the old-timer agreed, "this is right purty country."

"Yes sir!" The gentleman's voice rose from the car like an echo. "Mighty pretty country! You know, if I were a dreamer, I'd say it was almost good for the soul."

A Mississippi Cotton Field

By Lavinia Neill, Senior

Stretching forth to the pale horizon, the level fields of cotton are simmering in the heat of the July sun. Row upon row of green, glistening, young cotton stalks stand quivering occasionally as a lazy summer breeze drifts by. Healthy, growing young cotton plants—work for many, wealth for a few.

Scattered aimlessly over the landscape are a dozen or so grey, unpainted tenant cabins, their bright tin roofs gleaming in the noonday sun. Each cabin is surrounded by a rickety fence; each has a pigpen, a tiny vegetable garden, and a few scattered bushes and flowers.

On one front porch an old Negro man, his white hair in startling contrast with his ebony skin, is sleeping contentedly in the swing, while from the dull red chimney a wisp of grey smoke is rising, lingering a moment, and disappearing into the clear summer sky.

Sprinkled over the scene more profusely than the cabins are smaller shacks of the same grey, unpainted hue, where cotton is stored until it can be carried to the gins. Winding about the fields, connecting the shacks and the cabins, are the wagon trails, two parallel threads of tawny earth, separated and bordered by a foot-high growth of dusty Bermuda grass. Not far away, the gravel road forms a yellow streak across the fields, leading to the silver ribbon of highway shining in the distance.

An occasional oak stands sentinel over the land, its grandeur enchaned by its solitude. These few oaks, spared because of their singular majesty many years ago

when the land was being cleared, are the only trees visible in the whole of the scene. Above them, the sky is that shade of deepest blue seen only on such a summer day; and on the horizon hovers a little patch of fluffy cloud, resting in the heat of the day.

Land—loved by some above life itself—the life blood of economy in the Mississippi Delta land. And yet, the wealthy planter contentedly sitting on his cool porch plays such a minor part in these scenes. The Negro—man, woman, and barefoot child, tired, hot, and sweating, create this scene.

Out across the level fields of green, simmering in the mid-summer sun, can be seen little groups of Negroes hoeing the white man's cotton. Small groups, only a half a dozen or so, scattered throughout these vast acres, appear to be motionless, but are nevertheless moving steadily up and down the dusty rows. Their faces are hidden by yellow straw hats, and their black arms glisten with sweat. Each has a hoe, relentlessly chopping the weeds from the young stalks. Little pickannies, hardly big enough to walk, are learning at an early age to toil and sweat in the merciless summer sun. If one is close enough, he can hear the slow, melancholy wail of their singing.

The endless rows of green, growing cotton, the burning yellow sunlight, the grey unpainted shacks, the gleaming rooftops, the winding wagon trails, the solitary trees, and the sweating Negroes—beauty for some—work for others—wealth for a few.

The Skimmer

By Mary Eliza Southall, Senior

At dusk,
A black and white skimmer
With scarlet eye,
Went slipping low over the water.
The small frightened fish
Raced before him.
He dipped,
And became a silhouette
Of angles.



Day Dreamer

By Betty Lou Williams, Senior

Diamonds set in shells,
Line a throne of gold;
Deep and mystic wells
Where crimson lava flows;
Meek and timid bells—
Melodies in the air,
All visible to a dreamer of the day.

A free and willing lad
Perched upon a ring,
Rose resembling maidens
In misty thread of mint,
A new and coming fad
Of fuchsia tinted gowns,
All visible to a dreamer of the day.

Book Reviews



The Brave Bulls

Reviewed by Mary Jane Lotspeich

A review of *The Brave Bulls*. Tom Lea. Little, Little Brown and Company. New York. 1949.

The hot Mexican sun smiling down on a glorious, but savage, pageant below, the wit of man pitted against the strength of beast . . . the bellowing of an enraged bull, the arrogant nonchalance of the *torero*, and a crowd screaming in wild excitement; all of this and more is described in Tom Lea's best seller, *The Brave Bulls*.

Mr. Lea has dipped below the surface to bring up the glory, the fear and the punishments of a bull fighter's life. Luis Bello, eminent *torero*, leaves both admiration and sympathy in the minds of the readers. Luis, oldest boy of a large family, has climbed to the summit of the bull ring. And the change, skillfully described, of the Luis Bello, *torero*, to the Luis Bello in his home environment, is remarkable. The family is large and quarrelsome, ungrateful to their provider, Luis. Despite all appearances, however, Luis is both a plentiful and wise provider; yet his mind is occupied with bullfighting, and with the problem of his younger brother, Pepe, who is also embarking on the same road . . .

the road to fame or failure. Luis is slipping from his position. Bullfighters, to be excellent, must be young, fiery, worshipping the bulls they kill; Luis is hardened, worried about his livelihood and fearful for the family he must support. Bullfighting to him, as to many others, is a business rather than a game. To Raoul, Luis's manager and closest friend, there is no entertainment in the fierce spectacle, but he unconsciously thinks, eats and sleeps *toros* and *toreros*.

Other characters important to the plot are Luis's beautiful and unfaithful mistress, Maria, and Martin Ruiz, who is more to the story than an addition to the list of characters. Ruiz is the owner of a small bull ring in a small town. His patrons want fiery *toreros* with distinguished bulls to fight, but Ruiz can afford neither. The business side of bullfighting is followed through Martin's search for both bulls and fighters. Pepe Bello, young *torero*, is last to enter, and through him we

see the contrast between the young and the worn *torero*.

The story is centered around the influence wrought by an ugly, short-tailed, bewhiskered bull on the characters, and how he served to bring them to an ultimate victory over weariness and fear. Martin Ruiz is seeking a remedy for the apathy of his patrons; he engages the Bello brothers for the grand anniversary of his bull ring. But this alone is not enough . . . he must have aristocratic bulls for them to fight. Through his visit to the Estrello Farms, the reader may trace the bullfight from the breeding of the bulls, the training of the *toreros*, to the final result . . . the bullfight. Ruiz is forced to take the ugly bull in addition to the two beautiful bulls that he has chosen. Heartsick over the proposition, he must accept the bull that molds the destinies of Luis, Pepe, Maria, Raul, and many not so immediate characters. The climax reaches a dramatic peak in the war of *toro* against *torero*. The ugly, courageous bull will restore in

Luis love for the bulls and for the battle, assure Pepe's fame and Ruiz's prosperity, and indirectly causes the deaths of Raul and Maria.

The fateful match is painted in all its vivid, forceful splendor. Never has a bullfight been more realistically dramatized than in *The Brave Bulls*. The sport, as the author endeavors to convey, is not merely killing a bull; it involves complex emotions which Tom Lea skillfully transmits in the excitement, tenseness and drama of the spectacle—the struggle between the savage brutality of the enraged bull and the graceful mastery of the *torero*.

Not only does Mr. Lea portray the Mexican bullfight, but he gives us much interesting information about the breeding of bulls and their training, which is a science in itself; the schooling of a *torero*; and above all the life of a *torero*, that short period of fame and glory that recedes into a faint remembrance, or death at the horns of an angry bull.



Reflections

Reviewed by Peggy Creagh

A review of *Life and the Dream*. Mary Colum.
The Doubleday and Company. New York.
1947.

"The President was very handsome, very distinguished-looking, and very powerful . . . an extreme source of psychic strength . . . Yet he lacked something that the men around us, particularly the foreigners, had: it was not temperament exactly, but he seemed to be all vigor and intelligence and lacking in emotional power as I understood it—a power of feeling for people as individuals. The same impression of strong intelligence, unimpassioned intelligence, that one finds

common in America prevailed the White House."

In this description of her first meeting with the President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mary Colum has unconsciously revealed her capacities as a writer. She has a keen knowledge of people, for she divined immediately the source of the President's power and magnitude as a well calculated, self-made enthusiasm. Her esthetic senses recognized, on the other hand, the exquisite fineness of the disciplined and ac-

complished mind. Through intellectual comprehension she has seen beyond the President as an individual and has allied him with all Americans. With this same clarity of thought and intenseness of observation, she reflects the great Irish literary movement. She has magnified and cast its reflection with a skill that speaks for itself.

A great mind must walk hand-in-hand with education, and Mary Colum's mind is no exception. Without the benefit of highly idealized boarding schools and realistic university days, she would never have been equipped to visualize with foresight the greatness of the poets and writers around her. Boarding school demanded a ceaseless search for perfection and self-analysis. Long periods of silent meditations were physical and mental discipline, while endless translations from Latin and Greek cultivated an intense mental capacity. The emphasis on fine arts, especially poetry and literature kindled the first spark of interest which blazed higher and higher. University days developed practical application and a thinking mind. The Irish literary movement was having growing pangs, and Mary Colum grew with it. Because she was not born with the gift of leadership, she never became an outstanding name as a poet or writer, but her idealism and critic's understanding gave her the key to the innermost movements in a great contemporary literary movement.

More than a great mind, Mary Colum is an electric personality. She personifies standards of unselfishness, magnanimity, devotion to beliefs, and high-mindedness rarely found in our world today. The power of the master-hand, at the conception of the artistic and esthetic, is hers through intellectual training nurtured under such high ideals. When introduced to the vigorous intellectual life of Dublin, the Abbey Theater and its satellites, and the Irish literary movement revolving

around Yeats, Mary Colum responded with characteristic enthusiasm and an intellectual keenness which placed her on a level with Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory.

Padraic Colum, a poet and writer, was the last link in the almost perfect chain of Mary's life. Together they became an intimate part of literature the world over. Padraic was commissioned by the Hawaiian government to survey and organize the traditional folk stories in a form for children to read and enjoy. Mary Colum absorbed the beauty and graciousness of the Islands, and this interlude in the book is a delightfully entertaining contrast between the soft caressing literature of the Islands and the deeper philosophical writings of the continent. Her knowledge of the world's literature, after that period, is almost complete. The Colums moved in literary circles in Paris, Dublin, London, Munich, Italy, the Riviera, and America. With an inside view on American literature and education through her friendships with Albert Einstein, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell and countless others, she saw the American emphasis on education and literature, so different from the old world. With her usual precision in striking the right note, she observed the American education was a preparation for living, whereas European education was idealistic. The old world education has been "to know," while our American education has been "to do."

Through her own eagerness and spontaneity her autobiography, which is a reflection of an otherwise heavy literary movement, has vitality, clarity, and individualism. A long and distinguished list of literary personalities, each with conflicting emotions and contrasting ideas, links and unties her autobiography to the Irish movement. These people are clearly and concisely woven into a pattern which unfolds with a precise overlapping, making

each figure a definite part of the fascinating literary pageant. Whether she was writing of humor, pathos, tragedy or description, Mary Colum's vivid expression and rich enthusiasm is in harmony with her subject.

This is a magnificent book because it deals with a magnificent period and pre-eminent people of literature. The author developed the personalities of those about her vividly, but there she stopped. Her

own reactions were described entertainingly but impersonally. She probed to the innermost thoughts of others but went no farther than the outward surface of her personality. Friends and literature were the means by which she showed herself. Her personality is seen, not as an intense living spirit, but as a flat reflection, mirroring exactly the image in line and contour, but void of the vital spark which is the heart of a soul.



Of Beauty

By Helen Walton

Soft are the winds that toss the leaves
Soft are the waves that lap the shore
Soft is the song of the nightingale
Who sings to the world
Of beauty.

Gentle is the touch of the paw of a kitten
Gentle the voice that speaks of love
Gentle the dance of the summer breezes
That whisper to the world
Of beauty.

Sweet is the breath of the early May morn
Sweet the tendril of honeysuckle bloom
Sweet the softness of summer moonlight
That lights the world
With beauty.

Sad is the heart of an unwanted lover
Sad is the patter of dismal rain
Sad is the toll of a distant bell
That tells the world
Of beauty.







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EDITOR'S NOTE

"To see a world in a grain of sand
Or heaven in a wild flower
Or hold infinity in the palm of your hand
Or eternity in an hour."

—Blake

This is an odd sort of a way to begin an editor's note, especially a *last* editor's note; but I cannot simply say it's all over and goodbye. In fact, I cannot feel that it is over at all, because there can be no finality in something that will go on. And CHIMES will go on, for it stands for something that cannot be stopped. As long as people have ideas, they will continue to write them down; so creative writing will exist. Next year and the next and the next other staffs will be reading and attempting to put together something that is representative of the creative writing on this campus. And ideas will progress and contribute to the overall progression of thought, and people will continue to try to "see a world in a grain of sand" and capture what they see on paper. And others will see through what they have written new worlds and will seek their own. I was thinking as I picked up the manuscript for its last trip to the printers how simple it is to hold a year's work, two simple books, in your hand and how much there is behind that cannot be grasped. And yet how much more important than the actual script or the work behind it is the chance that some potential spark may perhaps exist in this little magazine that will someday kindle. Is that not to "hold infinity in the palm of your hand"? Yes, possibility is infinite; so there is nothing final here. With these last thoughts, we want to present to you this last issue of CHIMES in the hope that you will enjoy it as we have enjoyed working on it. Read it and take with you that which is worth remembering. If there is but one thing that will stick, the job was worth doing.

HELEN

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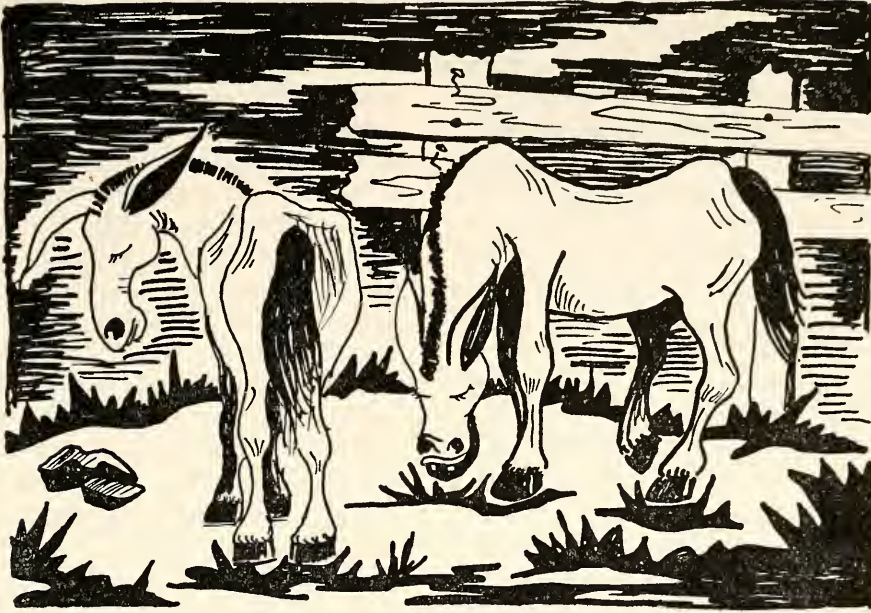
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Busman's Holiday

By Mary Lee George



Those things they call busman's holidays. Don't never take one. They don't cause nothing but trouble, take it from me! My case for instance. There wouldn't have been no trouble if I'd a left business behind me that day. My job was with the most reliable betting establishment in Kansas City. (We don't call 'em bookie joints no more!) No sir! We had more suck—er, patrons than any establishment in the city. Raking it in, that's what we were doing. We didn't only make books on the bangtails, you see. Anything on the sports page of the *Star* was fair game for us.

It was the middle of August when I decided to pull up stakes and make my little trip down state. I figured it'd be a thrill to buzz into the old home town in my new Cadillac convertible. You know the old line—small town boy makes good. How'd I know that the county fair would be in town? And how'd I know that those con-

founded old white mules would pack such a wallop? No sir! I was outclassed before I ever started that bout.

I rolled in about the middle of the morning. The main drag should have been full of beat-up trucks and jalopies, and the benches on the courthouse yard should have been full of loafers and hayseeds, but there wasn't anybody in sight except an old geezer in a wheel chair in front of the hardware store. I slammed on the brakes and screeched up to the curb alongside of the old boy. "Where's the sidewalk brigade?" I asked him.

"Haah?" he wheezed.

"The local yokels. You know, the boys that hold the courthouse steps down. Where are they?"

"Well, sir, I reckon they're all out to the fairgrounds. Yes siree, I reckon everybody as can hobble along is out there."

I pulled out without hearing any more and headed for the old fairgrounds. Sure

enough, everybody and his Aunt Lil was there. Tinny music was blaring, and the small time racketeers were skinning the hicks right and left. I kinda felt fairish, too, until I saw that the dust was ruining the shine on my two-tones. Then I saw that the crowd was drifting toward one of the barns. "Aha," I thought, "bangtails! Right down my alley! Here's where I'll pick up a catfish or two off of these jakes." And I took off for that barn.

When I got there and saw what was inside, I should of had marbles enough to lay off. But those teams of great big work nags looked so country that I got to remembering about when I was a little punk on my granddad's farm. If I'd a known then what was going to happen to me, I wouldn't of got so soft headed. But all I could think was, "Yeah, man! Here's where I'll clean up." I nosed around, and pretty soon I had the dope. The pulling contest was coming off the next day. The distance was fifteen feet. In the first heat each team had to heft sand bags as heavy as its own weight, and from then on, five hundred pounds would be slapped on for every heat until all the teams but one played out. But that's not all I found out. The local boys were out strong to beat a team of big grays from across the state. The grays had a lot on the ball, all right. A week before, their trainer tipped me, they had pulled ten thousand pounds in an exhibition meet. They were old campaigners, too; it was their sixth summer on the road with logging experience in the slack season. It was as safe a bet as I ever saw, even for a guy like me who didn't know nothing about pulling plugs. The competition was nothing but a bunch of old farm nags that didn't have a chance against special trained pullers. The home town boys couldn't see that, though. They were all rooting for the local products, and it wasn't no trouble at all to stir up betting odds. I let all of them take the field

against my grays, and the odds were even steven. That's the only kind of bet those yokels would understand. A five here and a ten there count up fast, and I had almost three hundred placed out before I knew it. Then I settled down to take in the sights and let old lady Luck drop that pretty green stuff in my lap.

I headed for the carnival on the other side of the race track. "I'll stay away from the bangtails," I thought, "so's not to queer the pulling deal. If I made anything off of the eat burners, the jerks might get wise." I guess thinking about the pullers was what made me look back over my shoulder. That's when I saw the truck. I couldn't see what was inside. I knew that none of the teams entered at a hick fair like this could give my grays trouble, but just the same something made me walk over there to find out the score.

The truck wasn't very big, but it was clean and shiny. On the door was painted "Glen Echo Farms—Registered Aberdeen Angus Cattle." There weren't no fancy cows in that truck, though. Instead it held two of the mangiest, most fleabitten, flopped, hammerhead, old white mules that I ever saw. About that time a man got out of the driver's side. He had on gray whipcord shirt and pants, and on his back were the same words that were on the truck. He went around and opened the other door, real polite like. Out hopped a little doll that was a slick number. She must of been about nineteen or twenty, but the way her hair curled around her face made her look like a little kid. She had on a linen shirt as good as one of my twelve buck jobs and some breeches and boots that yelled dollar signs at you. The man let down the back of the truck to make a kind of ramp, and the little doll climbed in with the old mules. He backed off with a funny look on his face.

A crowd had gathered by then, and a kind of gasp went up when the girl walked

right up behind those mules. A big dudey-looking fellow in levis stepped up. "Let me help you, ma'am," he said, just like Charles Atlas talking to the ninety-seven pound weakling. While he was talking, he started to walk up the ramp. The next thing, he was sitting in the middle of the crowd with a dazed look on his face and a mule shoe six inches across neatly outlined on his front.

"Oh, dear!" said the doll. "Please don't pay any attention to Whitey. He's just playful, and I'm sure he didn't mean it!" And she patted the big brute. Whitey curled his lip and gave a toothy grin and said, "Heee-howh!" He looked pretty pleased with himself.

Now she really got busy. She picked up the lead ropes and said just as soft, like she was talking to a baby, "Back, Whitey. Back, Jim." The old devils backed out of the truck as easy as if they was walking on bird eggs. The crowd backed up too, fastlike. When they got on the ground, they stopped and rubbed their bony noses against her sleeve.

"Here, Henry, you lead sweet old Jim," she said to the fellow in the gray outfit. Henry reached out kind of gingerly for the rope and jerked his hand back just in time to keep sweet old Jim from taking a hunk out of it. "Jim! Aren't you ashamed?" scolded the doll. "After all Henry does for you!" Jim hung his head down and looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "Oh, all right, you old reprobate! Come on!" He looked up at her and laughed—I'll swear that he did. Then he followed her off to the barn.

Those old mules weren't nothing but a joke at the barn. They were a funny sight, all right, when you were far enough away. When you got up close, they looked as mean as rattlesnakes and twice as crooked. Even Henry wouldn't touch them with a ten foot pole. He carried water and feed as far as the stall door, but Chan, the little

doll, took it from there. The old sinners sure played up to her. They were careful where they put their big clodhoppers, and they never bumped her the least bit.

The big gray horses I was betting on were taking life easy. They knew what was coming, and they were getting ready. The local boys had centered on a team of heavy sorrels. All afternoon they hung around, giving the sorrels' handler the dope on how to hitch and drive and everything else.

I turned in at the town's crummy little hotel after a game of five-card draw with the room clerk. Card-sharking isn't my specialty, but I did work him over pretty good, if I do say it myself. I rolled out a little after noon. The post time for the pullers was one, and I didn't want to miss nothing.

I slid into my fifty-yard-line box seat in time to see all of the teams parade by the grandstand. I counted thirteen of them. "Brother," I thought, "that's a bad luck sign for the local hicks." It was funny to me then, but later on I wasn't laughing so hard. The grays had drawn twelfth position. The first pair of nags were hooked on to the sled with the sand bags. Their driver, an old boy in overalls, walked alongside of the sled and picked up the lines. "Get up there," he bellered. The skinny old plugs heaved against their collars two or three times and finally started the thing moving. Even this guy could tell that they weren't going to hang on for many heats. That's the way it went, mostly. Some pairs pulled together better, but it was easy to see that they were all second-rate pikers. Then the grays were hitched on. When the driver slapped the lines on their round rumps, they eased up against their collars and pulled the sled without no trouble at all. The crowd clapped a little; they weren't going to yell much for a foreign outfit.

The loudspeaker bawled out for the last

team. And out ambled those tough-looking old mules. The crowd and the announcer and the judge snickered. "Whitey and Jim, owned by Glen Echo Farms and driven by Miss Chancellor Glen," the loud speaker said between howls. The doll didn't pay anybody any attention. She hooked that ugly pair on to the load and laid the lines on the sled. Then she walked out in front of them, held out her hand, and started backing up. They waggled their lop-ears and walked toward her like there wasn't nothing behind them. The crowd snorted, the announcer dropped his jaw, and the judge put his handkerchief over his face and had an awful coughing spell.

By the time three heats were done, all the home town teams had given out, just like I knew would happen. But what I didn't figure on was that little doll out there, not even driving, just walking in front, saying, "Come on, Whitey. Come on, Jim." And the big white rascals just walking off. Still, I didn't worry. I knew they couldn't win.

Now the judge started shoving on a thousand pounds every heat instead of five hundred. It still didn't get to be a hot race until the eighth time around when both teams were hefting about seventy-five hundred pounds. The mules were kind of jumpy when they hitched on, and the grays had lather all over their shoulders.

My grays were backing up to the sled for the tenth heat when a wicked-looking cloud covered up the sun, and the sky opened. Rain scattered that bunch of people like a police whistle at a boot-leg joint. I hit for the barn, myself. I hadn't no more than walked in when a big country boy slapped me on the back. "Well, mister, I reckon you've lost your money."

"All the cards aren't down yet, Hezzie," I told him. It made me wonder, though. I wondered more when I saw the grays in their stall. Their heads were hanging way

down, and they were panting heavy. I heard a yell and walked back to where the mules were. Jim had Henry's hat, and something like a gray shirt sleeve was hanging out of Whitey's mouth. They didn't look anywhere near as tired as they should of.

The pull-off was coming off at ten the next morning, if the track was dried off enough, that is. All the way back to town I stewed about it. "These grays have got to win!" I thought, "I can't afford to let a bunch of small town hicks take me." It wasn't the cash, you understand. It was the principle of the thing. Me, one of K. C.'s top agents, skinned by a bunch of hayseeds! Just think how it would sound to the boys at the Baltimore Bar and Grill!

Pretty soon an idea hit me like a fist full of brass knucks. I waited until about 2:30 before I risked sneaking down the back stairs. Nobody saw me ease the car away from the hotel. I was too slick for that. I kept to the back streets and didn't turn the lights on. My pants got ripped when I was getting over the fence at the fairgrounds, but I didn't pay that no attention. All the drivers were dead and gone on their cots at the far end of the pulling barn, so I was safe to do what I had to. I wasn't worried. The hype in my pocket was an old pal of mine, and I knew just how to use it. One shot would pull the punch, because you got to have two mules to make a team. One of the monsters was standing up, but he was sawing wood just like the one laying down. The stall door creaked a little; I waited a minute and nothing stirred. Then I slipped in and started to jab the needle into that devil's neck.

The next minute, all Hell broke loose! I thought the roof was going to cave in, I hit the wall so hard. I tried to make it to the door, but one of them grabbed me by the seat of the pants and slung me along

side of the manager. The other one sunk his teeth in my middle. I was yelling like Tom Pendergrast was after me, but those mules were lifting the rafters, they were heehawing so loud. A big bunch of people came running, but not any of them had nerve enough to wade in and help me out. Just when I was kissing Tenth Street good-by forever, the doll came tearing in. "Whitey! Jim! Stop that!" Right away things were quiet as a church. I was just pulling myself together enough to limp

out of that place when Whitey walked over to me. He had a Boris Karloff grin on his awful face. In between his teeth, for everybody to see, was my hypo!

Easy there, Sawbones! Careful how you slap that leg around. Yeah! You think I don't know there's fifty-two teeth marks in it? Just wait till my lawyer gets here, and you jerks will be a little more careful. No sir! No two-bit county jail's going to hang on to me. I was meant for the big time!

The Wearing of the Glove

By Jean Holiman

In the world of today with its busy career women and its demands for equal rights of the feminine sex with those of the masculine, one may see the well-dressed woman without hat or stockings but never without gloves. With them she is the poised, domineering temptress; without them she is thrown completely off balance and becomes a timid, self-conscious introvert. Every shopping spree ends with the purchase of at least one pair; for what normal female could resist the delicate tints and fashions of the common glove which was once used, surprisingly, for warmth.

Why, with all of the radical changes in female life since grandmother's day, should this one habit have survived in all of its glory? Only the woman knows, and she is very slow to reveal her secret.

The wearing of gloves most frequently means now the "carrying" of gloves, for it is a common belief that a glove dangling nonchalantly from a well-manicured hand is the utmost sign of sophistication and superiority. With this the woman is unconquerable. She assures herself that she is the possessor of the graces of Cleopatra and the cunning of Madame de Pompadour. If she is wearing her gloves, she may make her grand entrance into any

gathering by slowly removing her gloves in the doorway while casting a disinterested eye over the assemblage.

Another type of glove-carrier is the woman who needs something to clutch to prepare herself for the onslaught of critical feminine eyes. To this woman the glove is only a means by which she may retain the small shred of self-assurance she was blessed with. The glove used in this way is usually good for one wearing only, for it returns home a wrinkled, lifeless mass of threads which is seldom able to regather its dignity even after several cleanings.

Still others use gloves because it is considered the proper thing to do. Older women wear them because in their girlhood leaving the house without them was "just not done," while younger ones wear them because everyone else does, and all fashion magazines feature them as a necessary part of any ensemble. In truth, there are about as many reasons for wearing or carrying gloves as there are women who wear or carry them; but I am sure that no matter how unstable other articles of clothing may be, the glove will remain with us until time unknown and will forever retain its place as the basis of a woman's dress.

That Myopic Malady

By Mary Evelyn Smith

"Men don't make passes
At girls who wear glasses"
Or so goes the general rule.

But I'll say my blinking
And thusly my thinking
Evolves from a different school.

For I don't think it's tiresome
Or even just iresome
To see less than other folks do—

I don't *want* to see clearer
When I look in the mirror—
This way's prettier me, prettier you!

Remember the girl you saw not so long ago—the one with the big, misty eyes and the lost, gently bewildered look on her face? She was doubtless one of the million-odd band of myopics, of which I am a charter member. In case the term leaves you unenlightened, it simply means those who suffer from nearsightedness, a condition of the eyes in which objects at a distance—and in later stages, *all* objects—appear fuzzy and indistinct, and which causes its victims to mistake their morning scrambled eggs for the butter plate, blithely appear for company with mustard adornment on their clothes (completely overlooked) and cut their best friends dead at five paces. The latter complications develop for the most utterly hopeless of the clan—the non spectacle wearers. These are the poor, deluded, vain, foolish creatures who refuse to wear their glasses; and I, it must also be confessed, fall into this category.

But don't pity us! We feel quite sorry for you other 20-20 human beings, forever doomed to a world of clear-cut sharpness and dazzling concreteness—you will never know what wondrous visions you

miss by being normal. It's a rosy, soft world we live in, full of strange sights, yes, but always interesting. There's an iron horse on the college campus I thought was a bush, and upon whose unique oddity I had remarked, until I discovered its true identity quite by accident . . . my trusting friends point out passing airplanes at night, which I convincingly claim to observe also, but which often turn out as lights on nearby radio towers—much more colorful, I may add in defense, than any modern airships. Another advantage to my land of myopia which I might include are my experiences with the mirror, which is no point of frustration with me. From more than three feet away, it reflects such an unblemished, satisfying image that had I the measles I'm certain I'd smile contentedly after one glance at my countenance, which while appearing perhaps a bit noseless and mouthless, would be quite measlesless, too.

I am, however, not unaware of the often hilarious, vexing, and sometimes dangerous disadvantages to my condition. Much to my chagrin and the amusement of on-lookers, I recently walked up to a sup-

posed date of mine, and then flashed my most scintillating smile on what was a total stranger. This is becoming such a common occurrence that I merely assume an air of imperturbability, murmur brightly, "Oh, I thought you were someone else!" and march off purposefully in the opposite direction.

As to recognizing my acquaintances, the best and safest policy, I've discovered, is simply to speak to everyone I pass, regardless of whether their dim shapes appear familiar or not—after all, they may be my best friends. With spontaneous charm I greet everyone within view and then whisper furtively: "Who was that?" At least I may gain a reputation for friendliness through my efforts and no one will be the wiser.

There must be, I realize, little things I'm missing in life—a meaningful glance, a half-hidden flick of an eye across the table—these would escape me completely. They say a girl knows by the look in a boy's eye that he loves her... from all appearances I am afraid I shall be compelled to settle for less visual proof. To make life further vexing, there was the occasion I enveloped myself in a coating of violet ink, after trustfully upturning

a mistaken bottle of Vicks Nose Drops... or for even more dangerous game, there remains in memory the evening I failed miserably to notice an oncoming automobile, and was saved from accident only by a quick-thinking but utterly horrified companion.

One might suppose with such formidable drawbacks I might be induced to don the spectacles, and join the more usual folk who really see where they're going. But then, what would happen to my lovely rosy world, my wondrous visions, and worst of all, my misty look at dances (which results from a difficulty in locating my partner across the floor.)?... Why should I, I ask myself, want to be thrust into a world that is completely concrete and most unchangeable? No, thank you, I like my land of myopia... And remember, the next time you see that bewildered-looking female and wonder for the dozenth time, "Why won't that foolish creature wear her glasses?" that there's something in it for you, too... as one myopic writer (whose name I have forgotten) expressed it in a leading magazine a few years ago: "Don't forget that although I may see me pretty, I see *you* pretty, too."

Passing Beauty

By Helen Walton

From out of the clammy darkness
A white rose swells and bursts
While the clock ticks
Tocks

Ticks

Tocks

And the eye of a snake
Watches its prey
As the rose blows and shrivels
And fades into the blackness
Of the inevitable eternity.

The Return

By Nancy Harkless

Hannah Clarkston stood motionless under the oak tree whose wide spreading branches made the area they were shading a cool and restful one. It was a late summer day, the time of year that caused the honey bees to leave off from their food-gathering to buzz drowsily through the air aimlessly. A slight breeze began to stir the leaves above Hannah's head as another small group of people started up the narrow path a slight distance away. She had been standing there for quite a while now—just watching and waiting with only the breeze ruffling her hair. Now, however, the moment had arrived; she also must go up that narrow path and enter that same door that those others were entering. Hannah moved lightly from under the sheltering branches of the old oak, who had been witness to so many of these same occasions, and, unnoticed by all, fell in with another group who was starting up the path to the small, white building at the end of the walk. As Hannah entered through the door the sweetish odor of too many flowers rose to meet her nostrils, and a look of disdain passed swiftly across her face only to vanish as she entered the chapel where the funeral was to be held. There at the front of the room could be seen a cheap and highly adorned coffin banked deep in a too bright field of flowers. Hannah sighed deeply, and once more that same look of disdain was apparent upon her wind-beaten face. A few simple garden roses would have been much better instead of those artificial gifts of sentiment, she thought as she walked slowly over to the side of the room where a group of people were murmuring among themselves. She stopped and listened for a moment.

"That dear woman!" one lady was say-

ing. "She and I were close friends, you know, since we were neighbors."

Hannah smiled thinly. "Yes," she thought, "you would say that—now that your 'neighbor' is dead. It was only last week that you made some false excuse when 'your neighbor' asked to borrow a cup of sugar. Dear friends, umph!" And Hannah moved away distastefully.

This time she stopped by the side of two small children, one a girl around nine, the other a boy of seven who was as fair as his companion was dark. The tiny boy, with tears in his saucer-brown eyes, was speaking sadly about the "leaving" of the woman who had died.

"Now we'll never have any more fun with Aunty, for she has gone away and will never come back again. I heard Daddy say that he was glad she had left, for now she might have some peace! What did he mean, Sue, when he said that?" the small tot asked his sister.

"I guess he meant that she never would have to clean and cook any more for Uncle Bob," Sue answered. "Besides she has her pink dress now, so she must be having peace wherever she has gone."

Sue and the small lad then moved away from Hannah, who had listened to all of this with a full heart.

"Yes, 'Aunty' had her pink dress at last," Hannah thought, "but what could it mean to her now? How many times she had asked her husband for it, and how many times had he said no—'only due to lack of money, of course,' he said. And then when she could not make her good dress last any longer 'Uncle Bob' would come home with a 'surprise' tucked under his arm for her. The 'surprise' was always a dress, but never a pink one that he knew she wanted so much. Once it had

been a bright yellow, another time a drab brown, and the last one," Hannah remembered, "had been a dull grey."

Now Hannah was standing at the side of the gaudy casket which was to be this sleeping woman's last resting place. Her thoughts ran on. "Yes," she said to herself, "pink had been a wise wish of this woman's, for the color gave a warmth and a flush to the face browned by the prairie sun and wind. It lent to the softly curled brown hair a richer, more woody look that could so easily be lacking in luster and life if the wrong color were present—such as yellow, brown, or grey. The dress oddly enough was simple and plain, causing it to look out of place in such tawdry surroundings. But on the face of the woman was a serene smile full of tenderness, and Hannah smiled also, for the little Sue had been right, peace was there too. The woman seemed to know that she

could now rest forever since her duties had been finished and laid aside.

With a start Hannah became aware of her surroundings once more. She glanced around at the faces of the persons standing near her, and then with a sigh of contentment moved toward the doorway again. Out into the sunlight she walked and back up the path. Suddenly she stopped, turned, and gave one final look through the open doorway of the church. As she stood there she was illuminated by the blazing sun which caused her to stand out in bold relief against the prairie sand. Her simple pink dress shone with a shining mist and her brown hair, curling softly around her weather-beaten face, had a rich woody color that only came when she wore pink. Finally, after one last smile, Hannah Clarkston moved into the sunlight and was gone from view.



Wednesday Night Adventure

By Janie Lotspeich

From seven-thirty until ten-thirty on Wednesday night, I must insist on silence. There are approximately thirty minutes in which you may be allowed to speak; the remainder of the time, Peter Salem, Sam Spade, Sherlock Holmes, The Falcon, The Saint, and The Fat Man are in grave danger. They are searching a killer's room, they are walking down dark alleys, followed by strange hoodlums, they are being unmercifully beaten at the hands of tough mobsters. The aforementioned men are tough, they are bold, they are

smarter than any man they may happen to meet; they are the heroes of weekly detective mysteries.

Their adventures are exciting weekly occurrences to which they remain unconcerned. The detective is always the same. He is large, and usually handsome; the one exception to the rule is The Fat Man who is, although large, not handsome. The detective is super-intelligent and wise in the ways of the world, both high society and the world of mobsters. The Saint and Sherlock Holmes are especially literary,

but so are the others in a peculiar way. Peter Salem and Sam Spade insert original if not earthy similes into a constant flow of narrative punctuated by the sound of hard fists striking solid jawbones, and groans, then a thump as the corpse of the badly mauled detective hits the floor. It is after he awakes, and finds that he doesn't feel up to par, that the detectives insert a simile describing a headache. Other apt comparisons follow a meeting with a new woman, or the description of a sinister character. Besides indulging himself in peculiar literary fancies, the detective has an independence all his own. He seems to be free of the bondage of society, and takes delight in proving this to his listening audience. He uses the same superior tone to inferiors and superiors alike. Yet the detective is leary of the police. He is able to continue his activities, however, through the aid of an understanding cabby, or a sympathetic bartender. These people, from ordinary walks of life, are awed by the detective's genius; they are always willing to contribute in any small part to the solving of the case. (It is understood that the police are mere simpletons.) Rarely does the detective ask for aid, but he always gets it when he climbs hurriedly into the taxicab, one eyebrow quizzically raised, and gives the driver the address. The driver says:

"Say, ain't I seen you someplace before? Oh, I get it, sure. Them are cops behind you, you're the Saint! Bein's it's you I'll get ya there!"

They are whisked away into the oblivion of traffic on Times Square.

The usual reason for the desperate haste is that the detective has just found a dead body; he has, noticing the situation, found clues essential to the discovery of the murderer. He must escape with the clues before the inevitably red-faced, bewildered police sergeant arrives on the scene. I have

never understood why it is so important that the police be kept unaware of the circumstances and clues of the killing, unless the detective is glory-bound. (I suspect this is true.) But this is beside the point, as critical analysis must only detract from the enjoyment of detective mysteries. The listener must accept what comes, no questions asked.

To continue with the hero in a speeding taxicab, he is found either contemplating his next move aloud to the listener in terse, abrupt dialogue, or engaged in spirited conversation with his new found friend, the cab-driver. The destination may be any one of three places: (sometimes there are variations) a waterfront dive, an uptown bar, or an apartment. It is usually the apartment. Wherever he is going, he enters the room to find a beautiful woman. She is usually searching the room, but the listener knows she isn't guilty. How? No reason, we just know. She is horrified at the interruption, and reaches into her purse for the gun which the detective dissuades her from using. Sometimes a grapple may ensue, but this is usually not the case, as the detective is, by nature, a gentleman. The mystery has progressed to an important point, a character has been introduced. The detective is no longer alone; this time he follows up clues with a beautiful woman-in-trouble.

Now the woman does not remain totally unimpressed by our hero. He is large, tough and handsome, and he can help her unravel her snarled-up life. Together they hunt the killer. (Once, to our surprise, the detective's and mine, the lady was the killer.) Somehow, in the course of events, the two are separated and the detective encounters a group of thugs, or one thug, who ushers him to a side street or vacant room to "work him over"—more simply, to beat him up.

After this episode, the detective has be-

come actually involved in the case. The guilty party or parties are after his skin. He goes quickly to the character, without which no mystery program would be complete—the detective's friend, the walking Who's Who in the underworld. He knows all, sees all, hears all; he loves the detective with unswerving devotion. Hating to admit his affection, he gives the hero a bit of trouble before he will supply the missing piece of the puzzle. This is Muggsy, Butch, Spike, or whomever you like. The detective can also speak his language well. Filled with Muggsy's vital knowledge, the detective hurries back to the right place and, after a frightening gun battle, catches the killer single-handed and presents him to the police, a bit smugly I might add.

Now we have come to the part of the program which the more romantic listener eagerly awaits. After the commercial, the

detective visits his ever-waiting girlfriend, who is usually, also, his secretary. He explains the case to her between endearing phrases. She coos.

The program may end on either of two notes; an affectionate scene between the detective and his sweetheart, or a hint about next week's adventure.

I love these detectives. They are real men, fearless, independent, geniuses at crime, love and society, witty and tough. I will not let myself think about the obviously unanswered questions at each broadcast. Why is the detective always smarter than the police? How can he take a beating week after week? Why does he sneer so in conversation with other characters? Don't the police know anything, especially the New York police?

If it were not for these "obstinate questionings" I would sincerely enjoy detective mysteries.



Hope

By Mary Evelyn Smith

Despite how dead a soulless world may grow
Or how decaying may become the clime,
Or how a bland indifference may slow
The steps of Progress' steady tread of time,
From out the crumbling heights of honor's sky,
Emerged from stalwart morals, turned to dust,
In deep revolt, a feeling heart will cry:
There are ideals that cannot ever rust!
There are true dreams that dreamers will not give
Unto a clutching earth; nor will they share
The spoils of trampled pride, with rot to live
Immune—as out of winter's deadness dare
One timid blossom, peeping forth to bring
The first glad herald of a coming spring.

Tan Nada

By Anne Pingon

The hammock swayed slightly to and fro in the dark, hot quiet. Far out in the low thickets a jaguar howled. Awake, staring at the blackness that in the dawn would be a thatched roof, Tan Nada heard the cry and moaned. The time had almost come. There would be no stopping it now. Not even Kukulcan with all his might and wisdom could do that. In another hour the dawn would arrive. The heat pressed in on Tan Nada, and he hated it, hated it for still hovering over Chichen Itza, hated it for impressing the Maya with the knowledge that the supreme Chaclord and giver of rain—walked no more in the skies above the great stone pyramids.

Tan Nada shut his eyes. The silence filled his ears. The silence in which no monkey jabbered, no parrot squawked, the silence in which the jaguar had screamed but once. Was this Kukulcan's way of sending sympathy? Tan Nada wondered. Was this deathly quiet the earth god's consolation? No! This could not be, Tan Nada knew, for this gave no comfort, no hope. This gave only a sense of impending pain. No! This forboding stillness could not be the work of the beneficent Kukulcan. It could only be torment from the all powerful Chac!

"Oh! You foolish one! You stupid one!" Tan Nada whispered to himself. "Drive such thoughts from your mind. They can but displease Chac—Chac who needs so much to be pleased—Chac whose pleasure will bring the rain that fills the cenotes and feeds the corn. It is best to arise if such thoughts fill your mind." And Tan Nada rolled from his hammock to the hard, packed dirt floor.

He stretched his short body to its full height, then he bowed his head. "Give me strength, Great Kukulcan! Give this priest

of your Caracol strength!" he prayed.

There was no answer but the silence. And through this Tan Nada glided over to the blackest corner of his hut. Here lay the mahogany chest which held the treasured symbols of his priesthood—the holy girdle, the white mantle, and the feathered serpent. The girdle he wrapped around his waist, and the serpent on its gold chain he hung around his neck, but the mantle he thoughtfully fingered. Gently he rubbed the mantle's soft heron feathers, then he lay it on his hammock.

"Now," Tan Nada's body stiffened at the thought, "Now it is time to awaken Anya Payan." And he pulled aside the curtain that led to an inner room. Surprised, he blinked as he stepped across its threshold. For the little room was filled with a faint, but warming light caused by a bit of hemp burning in a dish of goose fat.

Tan Nada frowned—he was a frugal man, provident for the future. And, too, this was a time of great drought, of much hunger among the Maya. But an inert voice within him whispered, "Would you deny the girl this last, too?"

At once, as a thrusting sword releases blood, this inner stab erased Tan Nada's anger. Subdued and conscious of dread in his heart, he stooped to touch his daughter's shoulder.

"Asleep, Anya Payan? Asleep?" he questioned. "It is time to arise. One does not keep the powerful Chac waiting, you know."

Immediately Anya Payan opened troubled black eyes that looked as if they had but shut. She stared drearily at her father. "It is time?" Her voice was low and resigned.

"It is time," he answered. "You will find your mantle on my hammock. I go to

the temple now. You must hurry. The others will have finished their prayers before you are ready if you do not." Tan Nada turned and quickly left the hut.

He could feel his daughter's tired eyes follow the small of his back. He heard her soft call, "You have not eaten yet, my father." Then he heard no more, for he was beyond all hearing, out in the hot, quiet dark that pressed down on the plains of Chichen Itza.

Abruptly he stopped. He had forgotten his sandals. "I must go back," he thought, "for who has heard of a priest of Kukulcan not wearing sandals? But no! There must be another pair at the Caracol." And Tan Nada hastened on down the parched path. To his right loomed a ponderous mass, blacker than the black sky. It was the Temple of the Moon, deserted, forsaken at this hour. Beyond it lay the Caracol, its short, round tower indistinct against the dark eastern sky. The staircase leading up over its foundation of terraced pyramids lay on the other, the east-ern side.

Again Tan Nada paused. His head bowed, once more he prayed to the earth god for strength to find the stairs and the courage to climb them. For once he had reached their top and had entered the sacred rotunda there would be no turning back. "But there is no turning back now," Tan Nada recalled grimly. And firmly enshrouding himself in the dignity of Kukulcan's priesthood, he moved toward the squat, barely visible mass that was his temple.

On reaching the last step on the Caracol's other face he crossed the terraced top and entered the holy of holies, the sacred rotunda. There he dropped to his knees in prayer before a massive statue of the feathered serpent, the symbol of Kukulcan. His own jade symbol rubbed against his chest.

Earnestly Tan Nada petitioned the

lordly Kukulcan to intercede with the efficacious Chac, whose rain was so needed. Fervently he prayed that the Maya might have the water that meant life. Dutifully he begged the great Chac to send the rain as a token of his gracious acceptance of the sacrifice the Maya would this day offer him.

Then he arose from the cold limestone floor and stepped behind the feathered serpent. Here in a chest similar to his own were the most sacred emblems the priest of the Caracol wore—the aigrette headdress, three arm lengths wide and three arm lengths tall; the great square mantle of parakeet wings; and the turquoise scepter around which writhed another feathered serpent.

With these and the extra pair of sandals he bedecked himself. Then bowing low to his god, he stalked out of the hall onto the terrace. At its edge he stopped—a grave, barbaric figure gazing into a starless blackness already beginning to fade into gray. Here he waited, while Xiuta, god of day, fought his battle with Monas, god of night. And as Xiuta, once again, gradually won his fight, Tan Nada's eyes, once more, could see his city of limestone pyramids.

Below him, leading straight east from the steps of the Caracol, lay the Oliba—the great white road of oblation. To his left rose the Chichanchob, its coral walls a dull red in the fading sky. On his right lay the Great Cenote. A woman was drawing water from its side. She had to drop her pitcher many arm lengths down for the well was almost dry. Feeling utterly alone, completely separate, Tan Nada watched her; he had to watch her for she was life. But soon there was more life, more and more. For the Maya were gathering this day at dawn, gathering to march down the Oliba, gathering to pilgrimage down the great, white road that would end at the other cenote.

Lifeless as the jade serpent around his neck, Tan Nada watched them assemble, watched them hurry and bustle around the Caracol's base like a flock of chickens. Each one was carrying some bit of precious wealth—a grain of cocoa, a bead of gold, a piece of jade. Each bit, a gift, a muchly prized gift; each bit a gift for the great god, Chac.

When the Maya had all assembled, they ceased their bustle and waited quietly, glancing now and then at their somber, aloof priest—the stoic Tan Nada. And he, unflinching, returned their look.

At last all the bamboo huts were empty; finally all but six of the Maya had arrived. Then Tan Nada nodded to a group of drummers gathered below him on the steps; and they struck one note, one vibrant note that echoed among the limestone temple, one commanding note that summoned the missing six.

Tan Nada turned to the north to look for them. And he saw them coming, coming from the sacred altar of Chac—the sacred altar that lay buried within the narrow walls of the rosy Chichanchob. One behind the other, they were walking in a single file, walking to the tune of a wailing flute. Nuncado was playing this flute—the slender, sinewy Nuncado, the daring, courageous Nuncado, the Nuncado who was to have been Tan Nada's son-in-law, Anya Payan's husband.

Tan Nada watched Nuncado lead this group of six slowly through the silent crowd. At last they stood below him at the foot of the Caracol's steps—six youth: three men, three maids. Six youth—six youth from the noblest of the Maya clans—chosen because of their rank to carry the prayers of the drought-burdened people to the great god, Chac.

From his remote terrace Tan Nada stared at them. Nuncado's flute had stopped. All was hushed, expectant. Tan

Nada's heart was cold, but his face was a blank, for he was a priest of the Maya, priest to the God of the Earth, Kukulcan, and what was ordained for the life of Chichen Itza must be accomplished. He, too, must obey its laws. Yet, once again, he glanced down the straight oliba, down the great white road that led to the powerful god, Chac, Chac who lived beyond the bottom of the other cenote—the cenote of sacrifice. In this last minute before the sacrifice could not the venerable Chac mercifully send the rain? No! He could not, for the sun was already a fiery disc on a cloudless horizon. Tan Nada's gaze flickered over the six standing so straight, so stiff below him. These could not see the corner of his mouth quiver, not even the last of the six. This last was a maid who looked as if she had slept little the night before, a maid clad in a heron feather mantle, a maid who was the only child of this priest of the Maya, the last of his house—Anya Payan.

Slowly, majestically Tan Nada spread his arms far out over the waiting people. He blessed them with the scepter of the feathered serpent. Then in stately tones he chanted the prayer of sacrifice to the all powerful Chac:

We have gathered today, oh Lord of Rain,

We have gathered on thy brother's steps,

Gathered together with all we hold most cherished,

In this hour before the dawn

We are ready, great and honorable Chac,

Our jade, our gold, our youth await thee,

And our prayer goes down to thee through them,

Our prayer that the fields may have rain,

Our prayer that the great cenote may be filled,

Our prayer that life may come renewed, abundant to this land of the Maya.

Again the drums began to beat—note after throbbing note. And the mourning flute of Nuncado sent its shrill melody high to greet the azure sky. Tan Nada, soberly descended the steps. With infinite dignity he marched down the great white road. The Maya turned to follow him—down past the Temple of the Tigers, down past the Temple of the Warriors, on to the beat of drums, on toward the rising sun, on to the end of the Oliba, to the cenote of sacrifice.

Before them it stretched—a broad, circular pit—and far below, eighty arms lengths below, oozed its stagnant water. The Maya surrounded its brink watching their priest. And he, one by one, called upon the families of Chichen Itza to throw their sacrifice to the waiting waters. And, as each family's chief dropped his treasure into the all powerful Chac's collection plate, Tan Nada recited the final prayer of oblation:

God of the waters, Lord of the clouds,
We are here at thy door,
And we knock on thy door with the
gifts that we bring.
We knock on thy door with our
gold, our jade, our youth,
God of the waters, Lord of the
Clouds,
Great, Mighty, Mysterious Chac,
We pray thee with these gifts grant
our prayer,
Send us the blessed, the holy rain
of life.

The drums never ceased, the flute never faltered. And all the families had given their gifts, all except those of the noble

six. Now their turn had come. One by one a father and a child stepped forward. Nuncado was the first. With a hand that barely shook he handed his flute to a younger brother who immediately began to warble a piteous tune. For a brief second he looked at Anya Payan. Then, as impassive and calm as the intoning Tan Nada, Nuncado stepped over the edge.

Thus, with the sounds of the wavering flute and the droning priest in their ears, each man plunged into the abyss. The first girl followed, then the next. Now only Anya Payan remained. Her turn had come. She glanced indifferently at her father, before quietly moving to the side of the cenote. But Tan Nada—Tan Nada drew the feathered serpent from his neck. "My other gift to the great Chac," he said gently as he placed it around her neck.

Anya Payan touched the smooth jade snake, for a second she rubbed it, then she stepped over the edge.

Tan Nada began the final prayer of sacrifice. Unflinching he intoned, "Great, Mighty, Mysterious Chac, We pray thee with these gifts grant our prayer, Send us the blessed, the holy rain of life." Far below he heard a faint splash. But he did not look into the cenote's vast depths; instead he turned from the pool and led his people back up the great white road, back to the limestone temples shimmering now under an early morning sun. He marched steadily on—a Maya priest in a sacred mantle.

Behind him the rays of the rising sun were striking the cenote of sacrifice, changing its slimy waters blood red. Beyond the cenote in the dense thickets another jaguar howled.



"I Got Spurs..."

By Marilyn Gardner

"Marilyn, I want you to meet..."

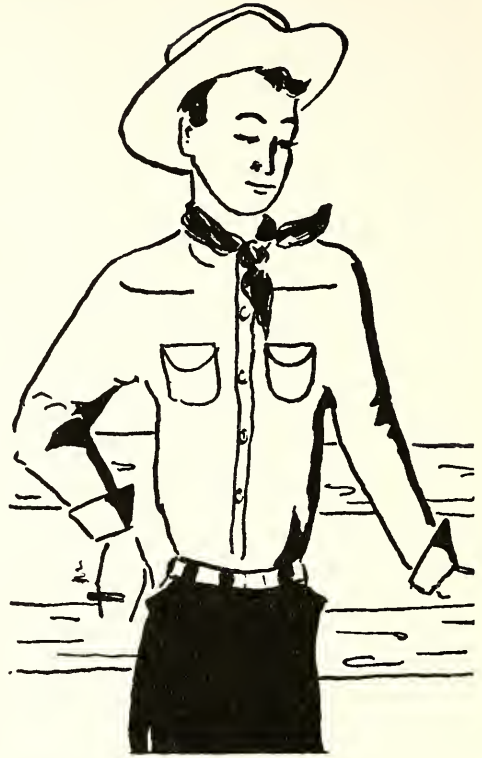
But I didn't listen to the name, for standing before me was my first glimpse of a dyed-in-the-wool cowboy.

My family and I had just recently moved to the ranch; and so far I hadn't met any riding, roping, rocking cowpunchers. The one I refer to was young, tall, skinny, good-natured, and (as I now know) typical.

It sounds rather harsh on a body's individuality to class him as typical right at first, but in a sense I believe that every cowboy may be so classified. Every cowboy, whether good or bad morally, has one specific quality that makes him typical with every other coffee-drinking, calf-roping, tobacco-loving cowboy that ever wore boots. This quality is his love for "hosses."

Watching a cowboy ride his "hoss" is comparable to watching a graceful dancer or a trim sailboat skimming across a gentle bay. There is a perfect harmony of rhythm between the man and the horse as if one mind controlled the movements of both. While riding is of primary importance in a cowboy's work, it is really just a means to an end. This is an added reason for admiring his skill. A dancer and a sailboat skipper concentrate their entire efforts to produce a satisfactory performance; but, while thundering over rocky brush country, a cowboy's main concentration is probably to outwit mavericks. His art is a part of him just as his gnarled hand is a part of him.

When a cowboy rides the range, his vocabulary of howls and curses is totally unfit for young, tender ears. When he trains a horse, however, it is fairly safe to say that no one would be influenced for the worse.



Before training, the cowboy gets acquainted with the horse and learns to detect its whims and moods. When actual training begins, the cowboy consistently purrs to the beast with low whistles and soft words; he teases it and plays with it. Occasionally, the cowboy may beat the horse to keep it disciplined; but, he does this only when he is in the saddle. It is the disgusting mark of a "city dude" for a man standing on the ground to beat a horse.

Throughout the long months of training a cow-pony, the cowboy is infinitely kind but firm. He sees that the animal is kept in good condition. He worries about his "hoss" as if it were a failing crop. Later, however, when the "critter" is ready to work on the open range, the cowboy

digs his spurs deeply into its sides and howls like a trapped mountain lion. The poor "hoss," scared almost to death, runs and twists wildly in every direction; and the cowboy is considered a "real man" as

he finally controls his "hoss" and growls, "Damn you! Why cain't you behave!"

Don't let this act fool you though. A typical cowboy will walk a mile any day to saddle up and then ride half a mile.



Seek Not, Oh Life

By Rosemary Lawrence

Seek not, Oh Life, to solve
Those mysteries wrought by thee.
Leave care and want
To poor unlearned fools like me.
Show me the pleasures and joys
That, through partaking of thy sins, are mine;
And, then, instill in me the barriers of righteousness
To make them ever thine.

Seal within thy armoured door
The answers to the mysteries that ever haunt me.
Then laugh, Oh Life, at this poor fool
Who seeks eternally the magic key.
Be gay, Sweet Life, for gayness is thy only sword
To fight the wickedness wrought by thy mortal lords.

The Modern Perspective

By Peggy Creagh

Art is a reflection of the perpetual growth and development of man. It may reach a peak according to one measuring stick and then seem to deteriorate only to rise again to heights of perfection as measured by different principles, all of which are related to man's development, both intellectual and spiritual. Thus, we find ourselves today in a new and exciting trend toward modern art—that is, an emotional and individualistic expression. It is a search for the fundamental forces, ignoring the confines of strict realism, imitation, and convention.

To the majority of critics, both professional and amateur, modern art is still a radical, confusing, and unethical by-product of "true" art. "True" art, until lately, has been incased in a harness. As Henry Poore says in *The New Tendency In Art*, modern art requires a violent countermovement to protest the ideas that "Imitation is the business of art; that technique is the goal where the efforts of the artist must finally stop; that the result must be beautiful; and that art's pleasure is sensuous rather than intellectual." In these formulas we see a similarity to the restraints by the priesthood on the Egyptian artists, a regimentation which kills the beauty of true art and expression. Art has a scope which reaches beyond the technical limitations. Subconscious emotion and imagination give broad perspective, while the vision of the obvious is narrow.

Today, art should be viewed from the outlook, "What does it create within me?" not, "What do you suppose the artist is trying to reproduce and represent?" Many adverse critics point to abstract art as ridiculous and gawky. They fail to think of the basis for the abstract. If the artist had attempted to reproduce realistically and could produce nothing better, the

critic would then be justified in making such a statement. This attitude shows the critic to be too much within the confines of imitation and realism, and he is failing to approach modern art from an uninhibited point of view. Any form of expression is legitimate for the artist's perception or emotion. Any medium, which carries with it the tone of the creation, is used today, and I use creation to mean the product of an uninhibited mind, recognizing only truth and feeling. Form is no longer the means to an end, but the end in itself—an object of emotion. Modern art does not imitate form, it creates it. The goal is "pure feeling," unhampered by association with preconceived ideas or forms.

The basis for the argument against modern art is the idea that technique and art are an integrated whole, not to be separated. Yet they do not recognize a new, broader technique—the ability to create visual emotions. For so long painting has meant a visual expression reproduced on canvas, that now the critic claims the creation of an emotional or non-visual experience is impossible on canvas. The critic fails to recognize, too, that pure feeling is restricted by the regimentation of imagination through depicting familiar patterns of thought or form. Modern artists can go beyond the point of creating an object which has caused an emotional reaction in them, and they actually create the emotion. Critics point to public monuments and memorials, the statesman, soldier, hero, or moment in history, and point out the absurdity of impressionism in this field. If a monument is dedicated to a cause or historical moment, think how much more personal and dynamic the idea would be if intensified with the power of abstract concentration and expression.

Art is an expressive reflection of the people, and will follow their growth and development. The conflicts which we have today are to be expected, especially when modern art brings merely an image of distorted figures, parts of anatomy, or upsetting splashes of color to the majority of the people. We seem to be emerging from the last effects of the Victorian Era. No longer is the mind to be hemmed in; it seeks recognition and expression. Only when more and more people tire of the emphasis on beautiful, the perfect replica,

and realistic and systematized imitation, will modern art come into its own.

Art will be a flexible thing with no set patterns; it will have only interest in rhythm and design, space, mass, movement, and expression. Realism will be unimportant—and what is more—it will be an art which is felt and shared by everyone. Art will catch the vigor, spirit, and depth of living, for it will be universal—an art of all mankind. Each man will be an artist, for everyone has the potential spark.



Acceptance

By Helen Walton

At last the surging soul is weary,
Worn of drama,
Sick of strife,
Ready to accept the calling,
Stripped of glitter,
Gone with life.
Now the cards are on the table—
That your ace? your jack? your trey?
Fast the false screens are falling,
Melting bubbles burst away.
No time now to don the make-up,
Too late to cover wrinkle's ridge—
Life's play is over, the curtain's falling,
Costumes void,
And drama dead.
Nothing left but matter, bone, and marrow—
That, the actor.

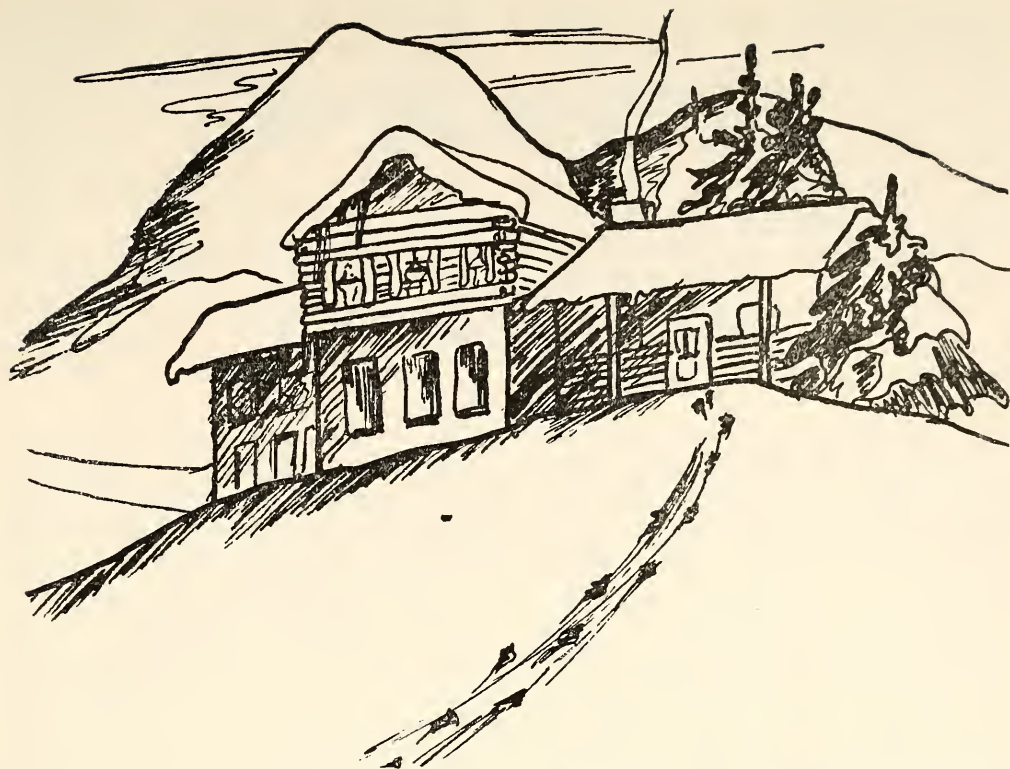
Wanna Linga

By Helen Walton

The snow fell hesitantly from the bleak December sky, covering the already white countryside with a new layer of down. It was cold, almost too cold to snow; but the threatening clouds promised some real weather by morning. It made a pretty picture—the rugged Vermont mountainside, the snow-burdened spruce showing blue from underneath, and the log lodge nestled in the shelter of the cliff, overlooking the frozen lake against the gloomy grey of the heavy sky deepened by the light grey of the smoke rising from the chimney. Inside the lodge, however, the fire was burning brightly, producing a cheery red glow on the elk's head that hung over the mantelpiece. The crackling of the fire and the chattering of the guests made evident the excitement and expectation of vacation. Mrs. Spence, buxom and stern as ever, stood at the door giving orders as to where to put the luggage. She always gave the impression she was doing people a favor to allow them to stay at the lodge; and perhaps she was, for no place had atmosphere and food like Wanna Linga. And, indeed, Mrs. Spence was a good manager, a little too efficient to allow full enjoyment, but a splendid organizer and, one might add, a rigid chaperone. She had tried marriage once and wished to keep all others from making the mistake she had made. Not in her lodge were there cozy private corners where a tired business man might "pitch a little woo" with someone else's wife or go on a three day "binge" to forget the cares of the world. Mrs. Spence knew where everyone was at all times and what he was doing. Take, for instance, Mrs. Muse. For three years she had spent vacations at the lodge in the hope of finding a husband to replace the one she had lost thirty years before, but with Mrs. Spence's rigid

eyes she would have been better off at the beach. Not a soul had Mrs. Spence fooled. She knew Mrs. Muse was husband-hunting, Mr. Arney was soured on the world, Mrs. Nance was expecting, Mr. Allison was having wife trouble, Mr. Bush was secretly working on a novel, and what the letter Miss Carson left on her dresser that morning said. Now it wasn't that Mrs. Spence was nosey, for she hated gossip as much as anyone and stopped it promptly when she heard it going on. It was just that she felt responsible for her guests, and she wanted no shady "goings-ons" on her premises. She ruled the lodge sedately from her straight back chair before the fire, knitting furiously all the time. She hated the idle hands she believed were the creator of all monkey business. She befriended no one, she trusted no one; to her, all were wayward people who must be watched. She made it clear she had no use for romance and lesser vices such as infatuation and flirtation; she did not believe in love and did not tolerate it. Why the guests kept coming back it is hard to say unless it was to enjoy trying to see what they could get by with, because every season she had enough demands for reservations to be able to select her visitors. And it was indeed a privilege to be allowed to come back.

This season would prove to be an interesting one. Any guest that had ever visited Wanna Linga before could tell that. Already Mr. Burk, the handsome young artist, could be seen casting longing looks at pretty Miss Ronson, whose pink cheeks hinted she was not altogether unaware of her admirer. Mr. Arney was back; but then he got to come every year. His miserable disposition and hatred for Mrs. Spence, who took pleasure in antagonizing him to the limits of his endurance, fur-



nished him a standing invitation to the lodge. It was generally known that one of Mrs. Spence's best tricks was failing to send him his acceptance slip until the last minute. She knew it afforded him untold inconvenience. Mrs. Muse, too, was back with her obviously vacant left fourth finger. There were other additions that promised to prove interesting. Tall, striking, sophisticated Miss Muron, editor of a fashion magazine, was the object of admiring glances from two elderly millionaires. It looked as if she was going to be able to take her choice. It is highly probable that she was receiving glances from Mr. Allison, too, the one with wife trouble. But if anything came to pass from any of these potential situations it would be over Mrs. Spence's dead body.

Already it was evident that Mrs. Spence was on the job. At the dinner table she had placed Mr. Burk at the opposite end from Miss Ronson on the same side so

they could not look at each other, Miss Muron's two millionaires together but far away from her, and worst of all Mr. Arney beside herself so she could make him miserable. All the women had rooms on the second floor and all the men were on third (she even separated husbands and wives) while her own room opened on the landing so she could hear anyone passing from one floor to the other. But despite the inconveniences and embarrassments that were sure to come, everyone was cheerful and expectant. It was always interesting to see who would be reproved first.

The next morning all hopes of a hunt were destroyed. The heavens opened up and dumped the biggest snow that Vermont had witnessed in December in thirty years. This meant that the whole party was to be cooped up in the lodge unless an unexpected thaw came to deliver them. For three days the guests found outlets

for their energy in vigorous card games and in the basement game room; but it became evident this could not last forever or even another day, for they were beginning to bicker and quabble over bridge scores and shuffleboard sticks. The tension between Mrs. Spence and Mr. Arney was becoming unbearable. They almost came to blows over who said "rummy" first; they swore fiercely over politics and elaborated on every difference of opinion they could find. Something was bound to happen. It did.

On the evening of the fourth day Mr. Burk and blushing Miss Ronson left the dinner table obviously early. Mr. Burk threw a triumphant glance at Mrs. Spence as he followed Miss Ronson into the empty den and shut the door. Mrs. Spence was speechless; in fact, the whole table was speechless. All eyes were on Mrs. Spence. She sat rigid for a moment and drawing herself to her full majestic height, she marched stiffly to the door and rapped firmly. Silence. She rapped again. From within came three distinct words in reply to her knock.

"Go to hell!"

If Mrs. Spence was stiff before, she was stone now. She gave an audible gasp, and then her shoulders slumped and she began to shake. Mrs. Spence was going to cry. Sobs shook her defeated person while the guests sat at the table too stupefied to

move. Mr. Allison looked at Miss Muron; Miss Muron looked at her two millionaires, who in turn looked at Mrs. Muse; but Mr. Arney did not look at anyone. He pushed back his chair and stalked awkwardly to her side. Everyone held his breath waiting for the blow to come. Mr. Arney jerked her around and shook her violently. Then he gathered the invincible Mrs. Spence into his arms and tenderly stroked her hair. After a moment he led her gently into the music room and shut the door.

When they came back into the room, Miss Muron was sitting between her two millionaires on the sofa; Mrs. Muse and Mr. Allison were at the window watching the snow; while Miss Ronson sang softly to Mr. Burk who was leaning on the piano. The love seat in front of the fire had been too obviously left vacant. Mrs. Spence smiled timidly at the others as she was led gently towards the fire. The shadows lengthened as the light from the glowing embers dimmed as Mr. Arney talked softly to Mrs. Spence, who was nervously unraveling the bedspread she had been knitting for twenty years. Now and then a word or two were heard from the deep conversation on the love seat. Miss Ronson was sure she heard Mr. Arney mention the name of the lodge, but what he really said was,

"Wanna Linga?"



P R E P S

The Traveler

By Joyce Cooper, Senior

Released from the numb, empty feeling that had grasped him, Jeffrey realized that he had regained consciousness; and with this realization came first and foremost a sigh of relief. He had pulled through, he thought. He had been so afraid of the darkness and the falling into endless space. Still not opening his eyes, Jeffrey breathed more slowly now and relaxed a little. It was all over now, all but the recovery. The crisis had ended—the operation a success.

Still groggy, Jeffrey knew the power of that strong anesthetic; but he also knew that Celia would be waiting, probably outside the hospital door, or perhaps—yes, of course, she would be there in the room beside him, as she was always beside him. He would open his eyes, wanting only to see his wife and child. Defying his heavy eyelids, Jeffrey forced them open. It was hazy at first, as he had anticipated. His head ached a little, but he did not expect miracles. It was unbelievable that he should be alive at all. The doctor had promised nothing—a possibility perhaps, but it was more probable that . . .

His thoughts were interrupted when the objects about him slowly took stationary places. He seemed to be regaining his equilibrium. Suddenly becoming aware of what surrounded him, Jeffrey was startled. This was no hospital room, no doctors,

nurses. It seemed to be an airplane. His first emotion was one of complete terror. His heart began throbbing madly as if it would burst. The aching returned to his head. Almost immediately the terror was replaced by utter confusion as he tried to rationalize. There was no doubt about it. It was a plane moving through the night with great rapidity.

No longer oblivious to those around him, Jeffrey tried to catch snatches of a conversation, searching almost blindly for an explanation. How did he, Jeffrey Walton, get here? It was impossible, irritating. All at once he realized. He had the answer. Of course, there was a logical explanation. He was still under the influence of the ether. Recalling what Doctor Blake had said about delirium and the effects of the anesthetic, Jeffrey smiled and relaxed a little. He felt better. Certainly that was it. He was dreaming. That was all right—better this than the falling, the darkness, numbness. Yet he could not help feeling that the roar of the mighty engines in his ears, the cigarette smoke, and the noisy passengers were too realistic for a dream.

Sitting back to rest his head, Jeffrey attributed his not being bandaged to the fact that this was a dream and was not supposed to be logical. Accepting this, he then decided to investigate the passengers around him. Strange he had not noticed

before—they all seemed so far away—not actually, but as if they were preoccupied. Searching for a familiar face merely to occupy his time until he awakened to see Celia and Baby Jeff, his glance suddenly halted at the seat across the aisle from him. A strongly familiar face captured his vision. Perhaps he was one of the doctors or a friend. No, this was not the face of a friend—the visage hardened by a bitter scowl, a scar not long but deep, in the cheek, and that glassy stare. It began to upset Jeffrey. Where could he have come in contact with such a man? The man seemed to ignore his existence completely, as all the other passengers did.

Jeffrey decided to read a newspaper to take his mind off all this. It was becoming weird. "A real nightmare," he thought. "Won't the kid's eyes stand out when I tell him this one?" The stewardess very obligingly brought the newspaper for

which he had asked her. Jeffrey noticed her sombre uniform, her listless appearance. Opening the newspaper and noticing that it was yesterday's, he eyed a large photograph of the man who, a few moments before, had been the object of his attentions. Yes, he had seen the man. "Probably some traveling dignitary," he mused, although not interested enough to read farther, for he was getting anxious about waking up. He flipped the pages nervously, never noticing the headline above the picture of the man with the scar. It read:

"BARRY STEVENSON ELECTRO- CUTED THIS MORNING"

And below the picture was the story of the execution of public enemy number 1.

The gigantic flagship roared on louder—farther away into the night, into oblivion.



Gossip

By Betty Grey, Senior

Tiny cat-like mews,
Claws showing,
Carrying all the latest news
Without knowing
True facts.

Silly sounds of idle chatter
Always going.
That is all that seems to matter.
Ever crowing
Women talk.

Sonata

By Mary Eda Larsen

I always have said Val is a good girl even if she is my older sister, but at times I wondered. You see Val and I (my name's Midge) have been pals except for a few knock-down, drag-out fights which are really just minor things, even if the last one did remove a good fistful of Val's hair, and left me without my longest fingernail. You see, she insisted I'd torn a run in her best stockings; but I really hadn't. All I had done was to put it back in the drawer with her scatter pins, and it was her fault if she ripped the thing getting it out. Well, that which followed had best be left out for the peace of all harmony-minded citizens.

Anyway, Val is one of those people that are blessed with looking like a goddess; but you'd never catch me telling her that—heck no! Life would be too tough! As it was, she used to have a very underrated opinion of her looks. And who could expect anything else, because I imagine even Greek goddesses would look like the dickens if they wore blue jeans or old smelly jodhpurs and a baggy shirt all the time. And her hair! Val's hair can look like a murky brook in the sunshine, sort of smoky-like with jet black ripples in it, but she used to let it string down her neck at home and then it merely looked like a stagnant pond.

Val's tall and graceful in a powerful sort of way, like a saddle-horse is graceful even though he's pretty heavy. You know, you feel like he's surely going to trip or lose his balance or something—well, it's the same way with Val. She's a good size I must admit, but it's well spread out and when she walks she just sort of glides. Maybe that height gave her a complex or something, but Val managed to get

the notion that she didn't want to be a girl. Personally, I think the woman always comes out on the good end of the deal if only because she doesn't have to part with her allowance in order to see a movie. But Val took to being stand-offish and superior. Not only that, but she proceeded to learn about machinery—of all things. Any creep knows girls shouldn't be intelligent on that subject because if they were, boys wouldn't have anything to explain to them. Val could lecture on anything from spark plugs to fluid drive, though, and she took a smug sort of satisfaction in out-talking every male she came into contact with.

Which brings to mind the episode with Buz Martin. Now Bob, Buz's brother, is my very best Saturday-night boy friend and the day Buz got a new convertible they hotfooted it right over to see me. I was so excited that I fell over the doorstep and twisted my ankle. Maybe it's babyish, but I don't know of anyone who wouldn't yell if something like that happened. Of course, it is possible that I hollered a little louder than was necessary, 'cause Buz and Bob leaped out of that car like a stampede of buffalo, while Val came around the house on the double. By that time my ankle didn't hurt any more, but I had to put on an act, because Buz looked suspicious; and I figured Buz would be all too capable of turning me up and paddling me.

Bob and Buz could almost be twins except that Buz is about six inches and fifty pounds bigger than my five foot, ten inch boyfriend. He has black hair too, while Bob's is red, and there's a look in his eyes that often makes me feel like I used to when my Sunday school teacher

used to catch me reading "Superman" in church. But when Buz took that first look at Val, I could almost feel electric shocks run through the air. I felt like patting myself on the back, because I had forced her into wearing that flame colored sport shirt by the simple method of putting all her messy, beige ones in the wash. She even had on a silver-concha belt and clean blue-jeans that fit like a kid glove, although I don't believe a kid glove could do as much for anyone as those pants did for her. In that light, it didn't surprise me when Buz asked her to come along with us. Bob tried to hop in beside Buz and put the two of us in back, but Buz simply informed him that as the car belonged to him, Val was riding up front and that he, Bob, could crawl in back.

Everything would have been beautiful if the car hadn't decided to stall right out in the middle of nowhere. Buz tinkered with it for a while, then Bob rattled around inside the hood, but neither of them could make it budge.

When they decided to walk back to the station, Val butted in saying she could fix the balky thing. And when they laughed at her she got mad as a wet hen, so the first thing I knew she was flat on her back under the body with a monkey-wrench in her hand. When she finally stood up, I wanted to throw a blanket over her. She looked like a picture of a day laborer, the kind that you see posters about. You know, the "Keep this from happening to America!" type.

The worst of it was that Val was feeling very proud of herself and she spent the entire drive back to town giving a lecture on the inner workings of a gas-powered vehicle.

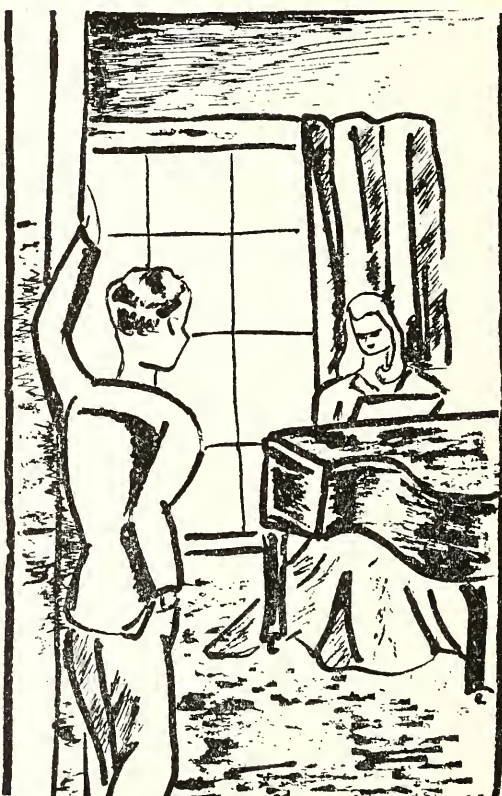
When we finally eased into our driveway I was actually speechless with embarrassment. Buz looked kind of horrified when we asked the boys to come in for a while and made a dash for the car. Of

course Bob had to go too and by that time I was mad as well as ashamed, but I knew it wouldn't do any good to fuss at Val. She just never would catch on to anything at all. In short, she was hopeless!

I walked upstairs, slammed the door, and turned on the radio.

A little later I heard Val crying in the other room. I didn't care. If she wanted to go into one of her deep moods, that was strictly out of my territory. Finally I heard water running in the bathroom, and figured that her depression couldn't have been so bad as to keep her from feeling that gooey automobile grease she had all over herself. But Val wouldn't come down for dinner. She refused to even answer when we called, and the folks thought she was asleep. I knew better than that, but my life wouldn't have been worth shucks if I'd opened my mouth.

Mom and Dad went out after dinner



to a movie and I began to plow through my algebra lesson.

I heard the piano a little later. Val's feelings had reached the point where she felt called upon to play all the utterly hopeless music like *Clair de Lune* and Tchaikowsky's *Pathetique Sonata*. I must admit that sonata sounded pretty good—too good. I began to feel morbid just listening to it, but there were cold chills running up and down my spine too.

All of a sudden the house nearly fell down. Somebody had knocked at the door and our knocker makes enough noise to be the original atomic bomb explosion. I ran downstairs and opened it—but quick! Buz stood there glowering like the taxicabs in New York do when you are trying to cross a street and the light changes. It seems Bob had left Buz's new hunting jacket at my house and Buz had been forced to come after it. I knew very well why Buz came. Bob had given that jacket to me. I thought he was getting mighty generous, but I suppose anyone can be generous with his brother's things. I was as gracious as anyone could expect me to be under the circumstances, but I was none too overjoyed, and Val kept right on playing as though nothing were going on.

I held Buz's jacket out to him, but strangely enough, he didn't seem to notice. Then I realized what had happened. He was staring into the mirror that reflected part of the living-room and the piano, while his expression made me think of the pictures of the men who had seen a miracle.

Val had on a wine satin robe, and her hair was loose on her shoulders. Her eyes were deep and mysterious and even though she didn't have a speck of lipstick on, she was beautiful—more beautiful than I had ever seen her. As for Buz—he just started moving toward her like a sleepwalker. When he got half-way across the room she looked up and smiled—warm and a little shy. The sonata was still filling the room, only when she smiled at Buz it forgot to be sad.

I left the jacket on the nearest chair and went back upstairs. I knew when to disappear all right; I was no numbskull. But I could hear their voices above the music.

The sonata was almost finished when the music stopped. Everything was completely silent in the living room and my curiosity was rapidly breaking down all my defenses. I simply couldn't resist sneaking downstairs to see what was going on.

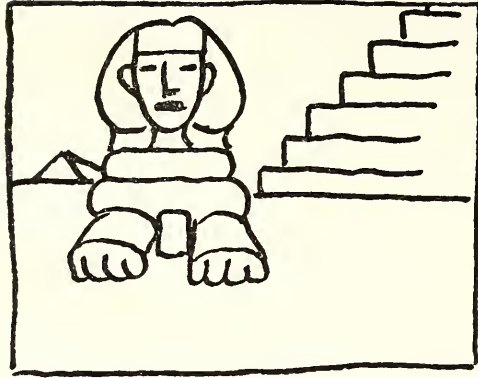
I peeked into the hall. Not a sign of either one of them. Then my eyes wandered toward the mirror Buz had noticed earlier in the evening. Then I nearly dropped my teeth! Buz was kissing Val, and Val seemed to think it was a good idea.

I tiptoed back upstairs in a hurry, being as I most definitely didn't want to be caught spying. Besides, I figure there's a good chance that I'll get to keep that hunting jacket, if only because a brother-in-law wouldn't want to seem stingy with his wife's little sister.



The Sentinel

By Martha Pierce



Oh, Sphinx:
Thine eyes have looked for centuries past
Across this silver desert,
Across this timeless sea of sand,
And seen the centuries pass.
What infinite knowledge thou must have;
What secrets thou must know;
What great mysteries has time unveiled to thee?
I wonder
What mortals have stood before thee
And asked as I do now
The same eternal questions?
And have they guessed thy riddle, Sphinx?
I wonder.
You smile upon us mortals,
For thou art old indeed compared with us;
And yet the stars look down and smile on thee,
For thou art but a child as yet to them.
And yet thou seemst to understand
And comprehend their thoughts.
Could thou indeed guard some great secret,
Which mortals must not know as yet?
Thou sitst in ceaseless vigil alone in the silent desert,
Gazing into the infinite regions above,
Whose starry sentinels guard the secret of eternity.
Couldst thou indeed be their sentinel here on earth,
Who guards their great secret from mortals such as I?
I wonder.
Ah, now I know thy secret, Sphinx.
Thou art the sentinel whose outpost is
The earthly gates of time, eternity.
Thou guardest the sands of time.

Book Reviews



The Fascinating Lady

By Jean Morris, Prep

A review of *Queen New Orleans*. Harnett Kane.
William Morrow and Company. New York.
1949.

Harnett Kane is a contemporary American writer who has attempted in his books to make history appeal to the average reader. A native of Louisiana, he has made that state and its people the main subjects of his writings. In his latest book, *Queen New Orleans*, he concentrated upon his own home, the city of New Orleans. He has a natural patriotism, even worship, for this great city—looking upon it as a beautiful, fascinating woman with human qualities and a human soul. Seeing “her” from this viewpoint, he has painted an authentic, realistic, and truly beautiful portrait of his “Queen,” New Orleans.

In his first chapter Kane gives, through an artistic personification of New Orleans, a complete summarization of his “Queen’s” characteristics. Through the pages which follow, he proves each of her traits by giving colorful, picturesque details in her history. He said in his opening chapter, “She is no anemic Puritan; she has seen a great deal in her day and

doesn’t shock easily.” To accentuate this immoral side of his “Lady,” he has related various tales concerning her lawless gambling casinos and her corrupt politics, accentuating mostly the wickedness which appears in the world-famous French Quarters.

He also said, “She can look fate in the face and make the best of what befalls.” To illustrate this courageous spirit he has given numerous historical facts concerning her survival through plagues, wars, and countless changes in government. Through all of these trials she remained the same unconquerable “Queen.”

Kane used the modern journalistic style. His descriptions are not long and flowery but brief, concise, and bluntly realistic. Especially in his descriptions of the vulgar, sinful phases in the city’s background, he seems to look upon incidents with a somewhat crude coarseness. This style, however, is very effective in creating an unforgettable picture.

In order to make his "Lady" more alive to the reader, Kane went back to the city's "birth," and brought her through the stages of her history. He accomplished this task, which would otherwise seem boring to the reader, by presenting a colorful character, symbolizing each phase in New Orleans' growth.

The first portion in the "Queen's" life was represented by Philippe de Marigny de Mandeville. He was the last of the ancient Creoles who developed young New Orleans.

The next period in the history of New Orleans began when Louis XV turned Louisiana over to Spain. Kane uniquely illustrated the conflict between the French and Spanish by contrasting two characters—a Frenchman and a Spaniard. The first of these was Pere Dagahery, the French leader in New Orleans at that time. He was fat, good-natured, calm, lenient. He had "grown up with the town" and had become a part of it. He knew New Orleans' every secret and she loved him for it.

In contrast to Dagahery was the thin, dark, narrow-minded Spaniard, Padre Crillo. He hated the "easy-going" city. He wanted to convert the entire town, to give it discipline. He was symbolic of that strict Spanish rule with the "iron hand." New Orleans was not to be changed, even by the cruel Spanish. They were soon consumed by the unchanging spirit of the "Lady" and were contented to bide time until the arrival of the Americans.

The American phase in New Orleans' history is very interesting in that Kane revealed the actual attitude of the "man on the street" toward the Americans. In this manner he is able to give a very clever analysis of the "invading" American. His blunt style is again illustrated by his remark, "The Creole looked at the American and saw a pig."

The beginning of American rule was represented by William Claiborne, the first American governor of Louisiana. In him, Kane personified the slow-witted, coarse American as seen through the eyes of the Creoles. Through him Kane also brought forth the tolerance and generosity of American rule. Soon the American was also to be swallowed up in the traditions and spirit of New Orleans. She remains today still unchanged by time or man.

Kane's next task was to "tint" his portrait of the "Queen" with rich, bright, colorful traditions and customs. Any American will first connect New Orleans with its unforgettable Mardi Gras. Few, however, know the traditions actual origin. Kane went back over numerous stories of interest pertaining to its customs and pattern, giving that festive occasion a deeper meaning for the reader.

He devoted a whole chapter to the world-famed food of New Orleans. Good eating is a tradition to the "Queen." To her, it is an art. He inserted comments by Mark Twain, William Thackeray, and Jenny Lind increasing the reader's interest on this subject. He has cleverly written out several recipes and given the story of how that dish originated. Not only is the reader educated in foods, but also he learns to appreciate them more.

Kane used a great deal of skill in compacting in each chapter a phase of the "Queen's" character; each one of them could be read singularly. His masterful conclusions to each of these chapters is a work of art within itself. He generally inserted an ironic statement, or perhaps a philosophical note. A very good example of this is in the last paragraph of his chapter on Mardi Gras. He said, "He who taste Mississippi water; he'll be back. He who taste Mardi Gras, he will also return. It's the maddest, fastest, giddiest,

most absurd, most magnificent thing in New Orleans. Yes, you'll be back."

Kane succeeded in inciting in the reader

reverence and respect for that great city. He has truly made his "Queen" live in the minds of all his readers.

A New Heroine for History

By Ann Buchanan

A review of *Woman With A Sword*. Hollister Noble. Doubleday and Company. Garden City, New York. 1948.

Woman With A Sword, by Hollister Noble, is a book for the modern reader who likes historic fiction presented realistically, simply, and objectively—void of the mystic, the elaborate, the sentimental. Hollister Noble gives a new heroine to history in his novel. The exciting factor about Noble's heroine is that she actually lived. She fought for a cause, sacrificed for ideals, worked tirelessly, wrote brilliantly, influenced politics, lived dangerously, and loved humanly. This heroine is Anna Ella Carroll of Maryland whose famous military strategy, the Tennessee Plan, won the Civil War for the North.

Such a task seems impossible for a mere woman, but Miss Carroll is more than a mere woman. She is a heroine, sacrificing love, marriage, and personal happiness as Antigone once did. She is a warrior-champion of a cause, like Joan of Arc. Her sword is one of flaming political influence. Through this influence Maryland was drawn to the Union cause. Thousands of copies of her pamphlet, *War Powers of Congress*, were published by the State Department, and proved detrimental to many states' rights' indoctrinations. Miss Carroll, the visionary, looked beyond her age to see equal rights for women. She continually fought to hold equal political prestige and respect with such contemporaries and friends as Senator

Wade; Secretary of War, Stanton; Colonel Scott; and Secretary of State, Seward. Her life symbolizes attainable heights, possible for the ambitious woman of today.

The author could exploit such noble deeds in elevated style; but he chose to shun the stately, the pompous, and the formal, taking rather the simple, the direct, the everyday language. Noble heightens the dash and color of Civil War secession, conditions, triumphs, and disasters through understatement and brief glimpses at historic events. He uses excellent discrimination in painting with a slight brush the touchy political and economic differences. These sectional and petty political quarrels are avoided so that the possible prejudice, resentment, and emotional fire of the reader will remain submissive in order that the mind can remain free, catch general truths, rationalize, and reach a greater understanding of a black period in American history.

The simple, direct style of *Woman With A Sword* does not indicate that Mr. Noble splashed his words about carelessly and without thought. The book is based on historic events and records. All characters actually lived, except Harry Heyward, who is a dramatization of several of Miss Carroll's southern suitors. Mr. Noble is careful to place all major military and political events very much in the

same order in which they occurred—starting with secession and ending directly after the death of Lincoln. Research was done from historic documents at the National Archive at Washington, from letters in the Library of Congress, from the Historical Society at Baltimore, and libraries in California, Texas, Tennessee, and other states.

Woman With A Sword can be reviewed from two standpoints—from the surface romance and personal side, and from the political view. Miss Carroll is the heroine in either approach. Taking the personal view, Miss Carroll is depicted as a southerner dedicated to the northern cause. Catching political fire from her father, once governor of Maryland, she entered state politics, rising to national politics through her extremely intelligent and powerful writing. Romance entered her life when she met Lemuel Evans, a special agent of the State Department. Harry Heyward, a former southern suitor, was enraged at Miss Carroll's political activities, threatened her life, and added excitement to the novel. His change of sentiment for Anne is one of many exemplary affects of Civil War on friends and loved ones.

The outstanding factor concerning the political approach to the novel is the relationship between Miss Carroll and such outstanding figures as Lincoln. Miss Carroll saw Lincoln as Sandburg did. She recognized his unrefined manners, laughed at his rude sallies, but above all, understood Lincoln, the man, and respected his sincerity of purpose. Her admiration extended to the point that on Lincoln's assassination she felt a personal responsi-

bility to carry on the fight for his beliefs, which the following expresses.

"I want to make sure that in Maryland, at least, the old bondage broken by this war will never be restored. That is what I promised Mr. Lincoln. I intend to work for and with the Negroes, to see their political rights assured, to work with the Maryland Republicans until this is done—"

Lincoln was on the verge of publicly acknowledging Miss Carroll as the author of the Tennessee Plan when he was assassinated. Military envy, prejudice against women, and Miss Carroll's modest nature kept the truth from public knowledge.

The over-all view is excellently given. Mr. Noble presents his book from the northern viewpoint without offending his southern reader. The novel shows the difficulties faced by the North in securing sufficient power over military operations, in securing cooperation between jealous military and congressional leaders, etc. Through understanding that the North, too, had severe problems, the southern reader may better comprehend their actions and reactions.

Conditions wrought by secession, sectional differences, and scenes of bloodshed and violence flood the book, but above all stands the character of a great heroine. A lasting tribute is paid to Miss Carroll by Stanton.

Hers was the greatest course in the war. She found herself, got no pay, and did the work that made others famous.

—EDWIN M. STANTON
Secretary of War



Is This Real?

By Helen Walton

Is this real,
This passing moment,
What we can touch
 or not
Or only feel?
Am I me
Or just a shadow
Appearing real to only you?
But what's a shadow
Or a spirit
Or a soul
Or what's a heel?
Who can distinguish?
He who condemns may not be real.



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EDITOR'S NOTE

The falling leaves of autumn have scarcely settled, only to be covered with the snow of a new winter—and unbelievably it is Christmas again. With the cold blasts and the mistle toe comes the first issue of the 1950-51 CHIMES, a little bit of our hearts that we hope you will take to yours. We of the staff have tried to present to you a cross-section of the literary talent on the campus—a talent that we earnestly hope will catch and flame still higher. To that end we wrote, we read, we criticised, we typed, and somewhat breathlessly we closed our eyes and took this book to the printers. But behind each page we feel there is so much more that cannot be be catalogued, a dream, an idea, a thought that may mean a new light or a new understanding for some of you. That is our purpose; and if we accomplish through you even a fraction of it, then our work will not be wasted. We want you to think of CHIMES as a living thing, a part of every girl who has helped make it . . . and it will be, as long as it can live with you. Here's CHIMES—it's all yours.

MARY EVELYN

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Black Eternity

By Faye Lowery, College Senior

Edward shivered as he gazed out across the black expanse of water. The deathly stillness of the night was broken only by the incessant splashing of the waves as they hurled themselves against the rocky cliffs. He looked upward to the sky. There was no moon, and even the stars seemed to fade and die as the inky blackness engulfed them. He felt empty inside: empty and black like the night. The old house loomed up back of him, but he could not look at it, for it too was dark and alone. Once cheerful lights had shone from its great windows, and the sound of laughter had echoed throughout the huge rooms. But all this was gone forever. Now there was only darkness and gloom. Without knowing why, Edward turned and walked slowly toward the house.

The door moaned in protest as he opened it. The long valley was musty and damp. He suddenly felt as if someone were watching him, and he turned quickly to look behind him. No one there. Only blackness. His hands grew cold; beads of perspiration formed on his upper lip and tasted salty as they trickled into his mouth; and his head pounded violently as if a hundred hammers had begun to strike against his skull. The icy fingers of fear wound themselves around his heart in an attempt to squeeze the breath from him. Edward stumbled blindly to the living room and flung open the door. He fumbled in the darkness for the light switch.

The lamp cast odd images upon the wall, and huge, dark shadows slunk across the room in an effort to find hiding places. At one end of the room, over the fireplace, hung a huge portrait. As he advanced toward it, Edward felt the blood drain from



his face. Bitter tears stung at his eyes, but he could not cry. Words formed on his lips, but he could not speak. For there before him was the man whom he loved more than anything on earth. There before him was his father. The portrait stared back at him blankly, but suddenly the soft eyes became hard; the slight lines in the forehead deepened; and the gentle mouth became firm. The lips formed the word "Edward." But Edward could not answer.

"Edward," they said again, "you shall pay dearly."

The eyes once more were soft; the lines in the forehead vanished; and the mouth smiled gently.

Edward did not move. There before him

was the man who had taken his hand and led him safely down the jagged rocks to the sea. There was the man who had taken him in his arms and comforted him when his mother had gone away never to return. There was the man who had punished him and praised him. There was his father. Suddenly Edward threw back his head and laughed. He laughed as one gone mad. The laughter ended as abruptly as it had begun. He turned and ran from the room into the blackness of the hall. Without slowing his pace he climbed the stairs two at a time, and burst into his room, flinging himself upon the bed. He wept.

* * *

Long ago there were a man and a boy who were happy. They were happy because they loved and respected one another. They walked by the sea together, and talked of the many places they would go when the boy was older. They were alone, but they were not lonely; at least the boy was not lonely. As the years passed, the man became restless. He was short tempered, and had little patience with the boy. One day he left.

The boy was lonely. He walked by the sea alone, and made friends with the black, swirling waters, for it was in their depths that he saw a man. He spoke with this man because he knew him well. The boy loved the sea; it too was lonely; it was his only friend.

The man returned, but not alone. With him he brought a beautiful, delicate woman. The boy hated this woman, for she had taken the man's love. Some day he would destroy her.

The night was black. The woman, man, and boy walked together beside the sea. The woman spoke softly to the boy, but received no reply. The man struck him across the face. Deep, black hatred welled up in the boy, and before anyone was

aware of what was happening, the woman was falling from the rocky cliff and being devoured by the hungry, dark waters.

The man went away, never to return.

* * *

Edward awoke suddenly to a loud crash of thunder. The rain beat furiously against the window panes as if seeking entrance. The lightning flashed in jagged streaks across the sky. Edward sat up. His heart beat fast, and his breath came in short gasps. Fear engulfed him. He went to the window and looked out into the empty blackness. Nervously he paced the floor. The walls of the room began to close in on him, and he fled from the room down the stairs. As he ran through the hall, he glanced toward the living room.

"You shall pay dearly, Edward. Edward! Edward!"

The rain was cool against his hot face, and Edward felt a wave of calmness pass over him. He held out his hand as if being guided. Slowly and deliberately he descended the rocky ledge to the sea.

Snow

By Marilyn McDaniel, Junior Prep

Shimmering crystals of delight

Fall on uplifted faces,

Spelling a gay holiday,

A holiday from work.

Icy white fragments bearing death

Making traps for speeding wheels

Spelling a gray holiday,

A holiday from life.

Washington and Official Business; Columbus and Ashes

By Ann Sinclair, College Senior

There are certain principles that one must understand before traveling alone. One is that there are thousands of various and divers personalities that may be encountered on any itinerary. Another, hinging upon the first, is that some of these personalities, rather than being in the industrial age in which they find themselves, should be back in the cave man era; for the industrial age has created more complexities than all the other ages—hunting and fishing, pastoral, agricultural, and handicraft—put together. It has made more men associate with other men than perhaps any other stage in development; it has created more strain on the individual than any of the other ages; it has made many people, who in themselves feel able to cope with the strain and stress of this age, feel that perhaps the speed at which they are now living is too much for some of their fellow men. And indeed, some of the personalities met while traveling certainly make one wonder if perhaps the strain and stress of the industrial age are not too much for some of these various and divers personalities.

Last summer, for instance, I became totally convinced that my fellow-traveler was wholly unable to realize and understand the impact of the industrial stage of development. He seemed to have the attitude and mentality one might expect from a personality of the man in the first stage of development, eons ago. On the other hand, perhaps he felt the same way about me. At any rate I had better tell you a little about this fellow-traveler.

This meeting with a man who seemed to

be between the first and second stages of development occurred at the municipal airport in Denver, Colorado, August 19, 1949.

I had gotten on the plane at the first call to board it, and by the time the stewardess was ready to close the door, I had settled down comfortably with a book of short stories in anticipation of having a quiet, restful, and worthwhile journey. There was a vacant seat beside me, which pleased me very much; for I knew that I would be able to read with a minimum of interruption. But my calm, quiet surroundings and peaceful state of mind were soon shattered. Fate was playing games with me, and I had no choice but to accept the fact. At the precise moment when the stewardess began to close the door, a voice yelled, "No, wait for me!" And a few seconds later one of the oddest characters I have ever seen or ever hope to see breezed down the aisle and could not have been, but was, addressing me with, "Young lady, do you mind if I sit next to you?"

Tact, good manners, consideration for others almost flew out the window; but the sight of this gorilla-like man carrying a handful of sandwiches stunned me so completely that I could think of nothing to say which would serve as a feasible reason for his not sitting next to me; so I just sat there with my mouth hanging open, and in the laws of the jungle an open mouth must mean yes; for the man waited for no answer but immediately sat down next to me.

Having recovered from the initial shock, I tried to read my short stories, but the little man would not have it. Just as Jabez

Stone accused the stranger of having Miser Stephens in his handkerchief, a third character barged into the story with, "Young lady, I hope you don't mind if I eat my sandwiches."

"Oh, no. Not at all," I said with a forced smile.

"That's good," was the reply, "because I didn't have time to eat on the plane from Chile. Long trip. Pretty hungry now."

"Good," I thought. "Hope you're hungry enough to eat all the way to Kansas City." But such was not the case, for before long, in fact before the plane was completely off the ground, my companion had gobbled down all of the sandwiches and was ready as ever to talk. When I say that he "gobbled" the sandwiches, I do not exaggerate, for, rather than take the time to eat one sandwich at a time, he held one in each hand, alternating to the right and then to the left hand for each bite.

"Sure do like to fly," he said. "How about you?"

I told him that I thought it was the only way to travel.

"It sure is," he replied. "I wouldn't travel any other way myself. Matter of fact, I've been in the air corps for twenty-five years."

"Making you a tail-gunner on a peanut butter sandwich, no doubt," I thought; but I said, "Oh? That's very interesting. Just what do you do in the air corps?"

"Sergeant on a rescue squad. We've been doing rescue work on the *great* disaster in Equador. It's very interesting work, especially when you get to go on special assignments like I'm on today. I have to be in Washington by Monday so that I can catch a government plane back to Chile then. . . . With this ticket I can catch any plane that happens to be going my way. Special duty, you know."

"No, I don't know about that, but I'm certain of one thing, and that is that *you're* crazy, mister." It would have been rude to say that, even though I wanted to; so instead I asked the sergeant what South America was like.

"It's just beautiful," he said, "but terribly lonely. The ratio of men to women is twenty to one. Now isn't that awful?"

"If they're all as bad as you, yes," I mused into my book.

Not receiving an audible answer, the sergeant continued. "Yes. It's mighty lonely down there since my wife died. I'm taking her ashes to Columbus, Ohio, now."

"Oh?" Washington, special assignment, Columbus, his wife's ashes. . . . I was then certain that this man was definitely "off his rocker." "I'm sorry about your wife," I said.

"You don't have to be. She died in June; this is August. Why don't you help me keep from getting lonely? Why don't you write to me? I'll send you some pretty picture post cards of Chile if you do."

"Oh?" (That seemed to be the only sound I could utter, and as time went by the "Oh's" became more and more numerous and more and more questioning). "Well, you see, I don't write letters."

"You don't write letters? Well, in that case, I'll write to you. What's your name and address? Write it down for me, and take my card here."

I had to think fast; so I said, "You don't need my address. I have yours, and if I write to you I'll send you mine."

That seemed to satisfy the old boy, for he did not have much more to say until the stewardess came to ask if we would like to have coffee, tea, or grape juice.

"Black coffee, please," I said.

"Make it two," chirped my little companion.

The stewardess was back in a few sec-

onds with two cups of steaming, black coffee. "You know," said the sergeant, "you're the first one I've ever known who likes their coffee the way I like mine."

"Black?" I asked.

"No, HOT," came the retort, in a how-can-you-be-so-stupid tone.

"Oh, maybe it's strange, but my entire family and all my friends drink their coffee hot, too," I replied.

The sergeant had no reply; undaunted, he continued, "You know, we have awful good coffee in South America. You should come down to visit me sometime. It's really God's country!"

"Oh???" By this time I had begun to wonder if perhaps the stress of the times was beginning to wear upon my nerves, too. I began to feel like a broken record, but "Oh" was the only sound I could muster.

"Yes, you *should* come to Chile. Why, Elizabeth Arden has a factory about a block from my house where you can buy her lipstick for ten cents a tube and permanents for a dollar. You don't have to worry about flowers, either. I grow orchids in my yard."

"Oh?"

"Yes! That's not so strange, young lady, considering the country."

"No. I guess not."

"Too, you don't have to worry about barking dogs at my house. I have a trained mountain lion for a watch dog."

"What? Aren't you afraid of him?"

"Me? Oh, no. He likes me."

Believe me, I was turning into a nervous wreck. I glanced down at my watch and noticed that it was 4:30. "We'll be in Kansas City in about forty-five minutes," I said; "so until then I'll have to read my book."

"Well, then," said the sergeant, "we can finish our conversation then."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I have only thirty minutes there, and it will take me all that time to change planes."

"No, it won't."

"Oh, but I'm sure it will," I leveled off at him. "I'm sorry." With that I turned to THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER, but I could not concentrate upon the content. The character sitting on my left had offered some thought-provoking ideas. Washington, official business, Columbus, his wife's ashes, a mountain lion watch dog, pretty picture post cards, orchids, ten cent lipsticks, and such things ran through my mind until the plane landed in Kansas City.

Needless to say, I was the first person off that plane. The administration building was being repaired, and as a result there was a detour of about three blocks from the field to the ticket office. I had gone about half way when suddenly a familiar voice said, "See, rugs from Chile."

"Oh, yes," I said, looking at the armload of furs the sergeant was carrying. "Very nice." With that I would have dared anyone to race with me to the ticket offices. I did, however, take one look over my shoulder before opening the door into the administration building, and I saw the sergeant standing forlorn, mouth gaping, in the center of the ramp.

I often wonder if he ever arrived in Washington, Columbus, or wherever it was that he was going. Perhaps he wonders the same thing about me; for he did look at me as if I had just walked out of the cave man era and didn't quite know how to face the problems of the present-day world. At any rate, never again will I start out on a journey alone with the idea that all my adventure will come from a book. You had better not either; who knows? Perhaps the next time you travel alone, *you* will meet someone out of the past, or at least out of this world.

Tragedy Rides the Bus

By Martha Foutch, Senior Prep

The girl sitting next to me on the bus started suddenly, then squared her shoulders as if she had come to an important decision. I followed her gaze to a tall, good-looking boy standing toward the front of the bus. By his cap I knew he was a Vanderbilt freshman. Ignoring her smile and nod, he turned his attention to the toothpaste ad in front of him. I saw her lips quiver and I sensed, rather than saw, that her eyes were filled with tears.

Just then, the driver bellowed out, "Everybody please move to the back of the bus."

The boy was pushed closer and closer to where we were sitting until finally he was standing beside her.

"Hi, Bill!"

"Oh, hello, Sue." He did not seem particularly interested. I wondered why he did not like her. She was cute enough to look at: about five feet tall, she was wearing a blue raincoat that matched the blue of her eyes and emphasized the blondness of her hair. After a few minutes she tried again.

"Let me hold your books, Bill," she said, hopefully.

"They aren't heavy," he insisted, though he was carrying a large number of thick books.

"I really don't mind, Bill."

"That's all right, Sue," he said, and there was a note of finality in his voice.

She waited for what seemed a long time before she spoke again.

"You should see Banjo—you'd never know him now. He's not the puppy he was when you gave him to me, but I bet he'd still remember you."

"I don't see how he could, it's been so long," he answered reluctantly.

However, she was not that easily defeated.

"What courses are you taking this term, Bill?"

"What? Were you talking to me, Sue?"

"I asked what courses you're taking this term."

"Oh. Nothing very interesting—just required stuff."

"Do you have to study hard?"

"Doesn't everybody?"

"I guess so. I've been trying to decide where to go to college, Bill. There isn't much time, you know. Would you advise me to go to Vanderbilt?"

"Well, I suppose it's no worse than any other college."

"Oh."

That subject exhausted, she searched frantically for another, but to no avail. A few seconds later I heard him say, "Bye, Sue."

He stepped off the bus and called to a girl several feet ahead of him, "Just a minute, Nancy, I'm going your way."

Sue watched him as he quickly covered the distance that lay between him and the other girl. Just as the bus pulled off, I caught a glimpse of her laughing uproariously at something Bill had told her.

Sue's "Goodbye" had been only a whisper; she bowed her head as if to admit defeat.

The Moon

By Betty Bullard, Senior Prep

The moon rises over the water.

Her silver nails clutch the inky blackness
And leave long lines glittering against the
current,

That turn from quicksilver into moondust,
Then are swallowed up into oblivion.

Preludes

By Mary Evelyn Smith, College Senior

I.

We stood on a windy hill,
And I heard music in the
trees. You held my
hand . . .

I wonder now if the song
was in the breeze,
the lofty view, or
Only in my heart.

II.

Dying leaves fall on an empty
bench—burnt-orange, brown,
Where once summer's sweetness
filled with soft laughter.
A barren dream shivers on the
wood, cold with winter's
promise,
Too numbed to half-hope for
spring.

III.

The mixture was the
same:
The time of year, the place,
the common heart;
The formula identical.
How could we know that memory's
dead—
A moment past, lost to eternity?

IV.

Silence . . .
nothing was said; the
only sound, a lone cricket
Singing in distant grass.
And yet so clear, meaningful,
One thought of herald bells,
a falling star.

Once More

By June Oliver, College Senior

The crowds were gathering at the theatre. She stood on the outside and watched; soon she would have to go in. . . . She wanted to stand once more and catch the excitement of the opening night. Several long, black shining cars drew up outside with gay and glittering people, who gracefully climbed out. She watched the hundreds that gathered to see the new play.

Opening nights were always the best. The play-goers wore their most beautiful gowns; expectation was in the air. She watched the women as they tossed back their capes to show off their attires. Probably these gowns had cost a pretty fortune. And the men—they, too, were arrogant with delight over being first-nighters.

She could always type the people—at least she thought she could. The very socially prominent stood in their own circles, flashing their diamonds. The "middles" usually spoke quietly to one another. Strange, how glamorous people could look on first nights. She could tell the critics from all the rest. They avoided each other and went from circle to circle, talking a moment with everyone, delighting in spicy anecdotes for their columns. They all felt that they knew so much about the theater; to them, it was all glamour.

But they did not see behind the scenes. They did not know what it was to work for months, days, hours, trying to achieve perfection. They did not know the thrill of working hard, first feeling that you have nothing, and then later gaining a little security that is still filled with worry. They had no idea what an opening night really was. They had no idea how it felt to sit for hours before a mirror, working to prepare your face for the lights. They could not know the thrill of bouquets of flowers of "good luck." They could not

possibly realize how it felt to hear the stage boy yell, "Five minutes, Miss." It was indescribable to walk out on the stage and see the hundreds of faces waiting and then to hear the applause after the final act. They could not imagine the day after, which meant waiting with anxiety to find what the critics had to say. No, they could not understand. They could not know the rich blessings of success, the joys and the excitements that came with it. They could not know the failure that sometimes came. But she knew it all.

The curtain was called, and she walked into the theater. It was strange how her mind could be peaceful and restful at that moment. This was the first time in many years that she had come to a theater as a spectator. She felt relief within her mind. Somehow she knew that now there would be no more worry and humiliation; she asked God only for this last night. She laughed to herself as she thought how angry her doctor would be if he knew where she was.

She sat through the first and second acts; then, during the middle of the third, she began to feel feverish and tired. Her head was aching and her breathing short. Thinking that she should get up and find a place to lie down, she left her seat and went up the aisle, swaying a little from side to side. As she walked past the door, the boy nodded to her with a slight sign of recognition. She smiled and went on.

The next day the papers were filled with reports of the brilliant play; people read the reviews with interest. Some few caught the tiny article at the bottom: "Angelia Black, former Broadway actress, died last night in the lobby of the theater where she had been a star for many years. Doctors report that she died of an incurable disease."

The Cup of Life

By Dee Dee Bullard, Sophomore Prep

The silver cup is overturned—
Out spills life.
It spreads quickly over the black marble of fate,
And seeps into the cracks of oblivion,
A sacrifice to eternity.

Letter

By Ann Smith, College Freshman

High winds dancing in singing breeze—
Brown river rippling 'neath waving poplar trees;
A thought, a word, all so true
Expressed through infinite time by you.

Hard wind driving from silver grey sky—
Brown river swirling its white-capped reply;
Your hand, holding the distant pen,
To give me each day a glistening gem.

Angora skies with pinpoints of light—
Brown river, calm in the breathing night;
You, thus not so painful the day,
To give me life, to guide my hand along the way.

Alive! Alive the single mind,
The one idea through infinite time.
The cool grass drinking by shaded streams,
Brown river flowing through night-filled dreams.

Real! And true, this single thought,
By love and faith—and trusting wrought.
Small light shining along the trail,
Brown river, blue river—infinite tale.
The sudden smile, and quick, warm glow;
The answer to all, the truth—I know.

The Brook

By Mary Evelyn Smith, College Senior

"Look at that no-count, good-for-nothin' boy, Mammy—jest a-settin' by that brook, wastin' time—don't never do one lick o' honest work around this place." The huge, brawny Negro, Big Joe, leaned against the unpainted shack as he spoke, wiping a faded orange rag across his face with one hand to stop the trickles of sweat. He was the big, obedient, hardworking type of Negro that will never vanish from the race while there is a South alive, or a cotton plantation still in existence. His life followed a constant pattern of toil on the plantation of a wealthy planter, this pattern broken only rarely by diversions.

"Boy!" the big negro called, cupping two brown hands to his mouth. "Lazarus! Git yo' self up and go see Mister John. There's plenty work to do while you set there day-dreamin'!"

"Don't nag at the boy, Joe," admonished the wrinkled, gray-haired old woman, his mother, who sat rocking on the narrow porch. "He ain't good-for-nothing . . . he's a thinker, that's what he is. Just wait, he'll get someplace one of these days that ain't none of us ever got before." She slapped at a fly on her blue figured skirt with a folded newspaper.

"Well, he'd better get started quick, iffen he even wants to get down to the big house before dark—Lazarus! Did you hear what I said, Nigger?" The rumbling bass voice sounded across the field.

From his grassy spot by the cool little brook he called his "own" Lazarus sighed resignedly and began to rise slowly. Work again! He loved to sit here by this quiet water, under the shade of a great tree, pitching smooth, flat stones into the ripples and dreaming of the day when he would be older, when he would make something of himself and prove to Big Joe, his

father, that he was more than a "no-count good-for-nothing boy." Yes, someday, someday, he would show them. Not yet, but someday. . . . Right now he was content to stay here on the cotton plantation, here in the sunshine, by himself as much as possible—with only the little, quiet brook for company. The brook gave him all he could ask—companionship, comfort, no demands. And it even offered adventure—for his brown face and his dark eyes lit up with excitement as he looked to where the brook disappeared beyond the cottonwoods, where, he had always fancied, it led to bigger brooks, and still bigger brooks, until the stream reached finally the mighty Mississippi. He raised his eyes toward the cottonwoods now, as he got up, as if to find an excuse to remain longer from them; but there was none. He stuck a hand in the pocket of his tattered jeans and began trudging down the sun-burnt, dusty road between the cotton fields, down the road to the big house.

Day always came early to these three simple Negroes—grandmother, son, and grandson, but this summer more so than ever. Long before the sun had risen on another hot, sultry day, Mammy would be up fixing breakfast for the menfolk, stirring about the aging shack which she kept spotlessly neat and clean. Soon the land would be bright with the yellow glare of morning, and everyone would be in the fields. The cotton must be chopped; there was work to be done. Sunny day followed sunny day, and scarcely a drop of rain fell through the weeks. The heat was heavy and oppressive, and even the land and the cotton itself were beginning to appear dried and parched.

But Lazarus was kept busy through the long days, so that he barely had time to



sit by his little brook and dream as he would have liked. Big Joe frowned on this that he called idling; and there were fewer and fewer occasions when he might slip off unnoticed to spend an hour in thought by the brook. But still visions of its cooling beauty would flash across his mind during the hottest parts of the sticky days. And he thought of it, waiting for him to come back, living as long as he lived, just as he would be alive as long as the little brook survived. And so his mind was at rest about his own affairs, for there was nothing to

do, yet, about the life he wanted to make for himself . . . no, nothing yet. But someday, he would follow the brook's path beyond the cottonwoods to the world outside . . . someday. The weeks passed and he thought no more about it.

One twilight when Big Joe had gone to the big house to talk to Mister John, Lazarus and Mammy sat rocking silently on the porch, trying to keep cool and ward off the persistent mosquitoes.

"Lazarus," his grandmother said suddenly, "when is you going to do something

'bout all them wonderful plans you always had for when you growed up? You never tell you' mammy 'bout them anymore. Is you lak your father, jest toil, toil, toil, and nevah git anywheres? Yo' is sixteen, now, boy. Almost a man. Time yo' is makin' you' own way."

"No, Mammy," he answered, turning to look in the distance at the lights of the large, two-story house of Mr. John, which made pinpricks in the gathering darkness, "I haven't forgotten my plans . . . but I'm not ready yet . . . someday, but not yet. Nothin' is changed, not yet, Mammy, I wants to think more, to plan more. Someday soon I'll go to the city, though, and don't you worry—then I'll come back and show you and Big Joe what I really is." He turned a brown face full of still boyish boastfulness towards her.

"But things *is* changed, Lazarus," she answered sadly. "Things is nevah the same, from tonight till the sunrise in the morning. Nothin' lives that don't get nourishment—you don't, and nothin' else will. Have you looked at your brook lately? It's dryin' up. There ain't no water to feed it—and it's gonna die, too, 'cause it can't do nothin' about it. Jest lak yo' plans and you, is gonna die, Lazarus—"

The boy was no longer listening. With a bound he was off the porch, and running with rapidly beating heart down the dusty road between the cotton fields. He reached his destination and stopped. So, then, it was true. His brook was drying up. Already the quiet water was becoming only a trickle; the parched bed would soon show itself all over. And he knew why. So many days had passed since he'd visited there that he hadn't realized that the absence of rain was affecting his beloved brook. No cooling showers had replenished its dwindling supply, and it was dying to almost a dark muddy ditch before it neared the clumps of cottonwood trees. It had had no life-blood, no nourishment, and no power to

give itself life; so it was dying, as it must. Lazarus stood silent for a moment, his hands hanging limply at his sides. Then he turned and walked away.

It was hardly light a few morning later when a young boy slipped out of the little, aging shack and went down the dusty road. He wore jeans and carried a small bag over one shoulder. He paused for a moment, half-turning in a gesture of farewell, and then walked on—past the little brook, toward the cottonwoods far beyond, where he would find, perhaps, bigger brooks, and still bigger brooks until he reached, somewhere, the mighty Mississippi.

Jack Frost

By Frances Cheek, Freshman Prep

We shiver and we criticize
when old Jack Frost is about.
He nips our fingers and our toes
whenever we go out.

He makes the pavement slippery
and does the meanest tricks.
He freezes up the water pipes
and puts us in a fix.

Although he's such a nuisance
he's an artist—you'll agree.
He paints the finest pictures
just you look and see.

On your window pane tomorrow
in a lovely silvery-white
There will be the magic showing
that Jack Frost was there last night.

He makes the world look beautiful
that's more than we can do
So let us praise him for his work
and then we'll bid adieu.

American Melody

By Nancy Frederick, Junior Prep

"Take me out to the ball game . . ."

Take me out to Yankee Stadium or Sulphur Dell, Fenway Park or the Onion Bowl. Anywhere where there are four rocks to use for bases, anywhere where there are nine boys to make a team, anywhere where there are a ball and a bat and a catcher's mitt.

"Take me out in the crowd . . ."

Yes, let me mingle with the grandstand managers and the awe-stricken fans. Let me cheer the Babe Ruths and Ty Cobbs of today and let me pick the Joe DiMaggios and the Bob Fellers of tomorrow.

"Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack; I don't care if I never get back . . ."

I like the sportsmanship and the jeering. I see life in the success and failure of each ball and bat. I want to stay and share the

importance of the holiday that is a baseball game.

"So it's root, root, root for the home team . . ."

I've watched "my" team and I know every player and the score of every game. I am certain it is the best team and I cannot fail it with my support.

"If they don't win it's a shame . . ."

It's a shame when I see loss in the player's walk, in the fan's face, in the home town newspaper. But, I won't forget tomorrow—I know we'll win tomorrow.

"For it's one, two, three strikes you're out at the old ball game!"

Three strikes, three hits, three bags of peanuts; three races, three creeds, three walks of life enjoying America's national pastime.

Realization of Love

By Marcia Fobes, Senior Prep

"Marcia, my dear little daughter,

There were so few words spoken between your Daddy and me all day yesterday, and when we did chat, it was to talk about you. We both felt let down and rather empty. I believe mentally I wrote this letter a dozen times yesterday in order to say the right things to you.

I don't believe I've ever shown any partiality to you children. I shouldn't have because I feel none, but a Mother cherishes her first born because she is her first child; and you, Marcia, have surely proved yourself to be more than I ever dreamed of in my hopes for a daughter. Your Dad is so proud of you, and I feel I got more than my share when you came to us."

This was the first letter I received at Ward-Belmont, and this letter I will keep as long as I live. Mother's words seemed to release from inside of me all the love, devotion, and worship for her that I have accumulated for sixteen years. It all seemed to surge forth at once, and it left me with the most forlorn feeling I have ever experienced. I wanted to cry, to run someplace far away from everyone, to call for my Mother at the top of my lungs; but all I could do was sit, hold on to the letter with all my might, and think "Mama, Mama, Mama," over and over. Perhaps I sound very dramatic, but not the best actress in the world can capture the feelings of a sixteen year old girl who has just had the realization of love for her Mother hit her, all alone, and all at once.

Three Pen Sketches

UNCLE MARJORIE

By Nancy Frederick, Junior Prep

My Aunt Marjorie would feel more at home in the role of uncle than in that feminine part assigned to the sisters of married women with children. Charging out the front office of her parking lot in Hollywood, California, she greets Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten with a rugged slap on the back and a husky, "Hi, fellows!" Her brisk walk matches the early morning breeze as she approaches each newly arrived car of filmtown notables, and it takes but a single movement to set her six-foot frame behind each wheel. This bachelorette member of our family wears a closely bobbed haircut to top off her slacks and a man's shirt to complete the masculinity of her appearance. If independence is a characteristic of the stronger sex, then Marjorie climbs a step further from her fellow women. Neither family advice nor family bargaining made my mother's sister sole owner and operator of a small roosting ground for the princely vehicles of the cinema queens and kings of our western movie mecca; Marjorie Swift set up business by herself. And to her fancy did not fall the epistles of gossip that make up the sap of an ordinary family tree, for the strong silent descendant of our ancestry has severed her branch and forced it to grow alone and stand equal with its chosen competitors. Between a moderate apartment in western Los Angeles and her Hollywood workshop, she fills each day with her home cooked meals, her private enterprises, and her own robust friendships. In her preferred environment, "Uncle" Marjorie is

making a life for herself, and as for her family, we can only quote Rudyard Kipling, "And—what is more—you'll be a Man, my son."

PORTRAIT OF PEACE

By Carolyn Rawlins, Junior Prep

As he sits on the bunkhouse steps after a hard day's work, Dummy, our deaf and dumb ranch-hand, almost reflects the tranquility within him. Gradually the weariness leaves his face, and you can see complete happiness take its place. He cannot hear unkind remarks or harsh words which might be exchanged around him. Dummy has never been outside the boundaries of our ranch, where he was born, and too illiterate to read a newspaper, he lives in quiet contentment, unconscious of the turbulent confusion which reigns in the world outside our barbed wire fences. On he floats, down the placid little stream of his own life, whose waters no stranger can enter. Nature is his refuge, and there in the woods he absorbs the peace of the trees and the sky. I shall always remember Dummy, for he is one of the few left in this troubled world who is able to live on in complete serenity.

BABE

By Cordette McCracken, Junior Prep

On a crisp November afternoon I strolled into the combination entrance hall and sitting room of my invincible grandmother's boarding house. When grandfather died, ten years ago, she changed her title from the usual "grandmother," and now she is known throughout the friendly little town of Springfield as just

plain Babe, the server of good food and dry wit. When I called her by name—she hates for her younger generations to address her as grandmother—I got for response a lusty “I’m in the kitchen. Whoever you are, come on back.”

On entering the spacious, aromatic, workroom, I saw my only living grandparent in the last stages of biscuit making, with flour spread from top to bottom of her grain cloth apron. I stood silently aside, observing her deliberate movements until she vigorously slammed the oven door on a large tray of her handiwork and suddenly turned to me. With the usual birthday greeting, I handed her a small package and jokingly, for I knew it was to no avail, I asked her how old she was. Babe only grunted a reply—not

even her sons know that answer—and peered into the box. I watched as she held up the contents to the light and drawled “Well, ain’t these nice ear-screws.” her face was void of all enthusiasm, but I knew that inside she was probably quite pleased if she would only admit it.

The tingling of the phone interrupted what could never have become a tender scene. She ambled over to the small table, unhurriedly picked up the receiver, and recited into the mouthpiece, “Best Bootery at Brown’s—so come on down.” This is a sacred ritual with Babe, for she is convinced that if she persists, some day she will hit the jack-pot. Leaving my invincible grandmother to argue goodnaturedly with the butcher over the price of meat, I walked unnoticed out the front door.

Sunday Morning

By Ann Sinclair, College Senior

Sunday morning I walked into church
Strangely aware of the awe and mystery
surrounding God’s house.
But soon the spell was broken, as I
gazed upon clergy and laymen
so intent upon impressing others
with their importance.

The woman who knelt to pray not more than four
seconds,
So conscious was she of her new attire . . .
The choir boys flirting with the girl in the
first pew . . .
The minister paying more attention to how
rather than what he said . . .
The recessional was sung,
The congregation filed out,
Buzzing with chatter.
Only when void of human form
Did the peace of God descend once more upon His house.

The House

By Jeanne Jacobs, College Senior

It was late afternoon, almost dusk, when I came out of the front door and saw that Holland house was gone. "Gone! Gone!" I cried as though I'd been hit in the stomach. Why hadn't someone told me? Perhaps I was a bit dramatic; but I've always been about things that mattered.

I knew I would have to go across the street and finger what was left. I could see already that there wasn't much. The men had done a good job of wrecking or tearing down. They had torn down everything—everything except the old wooden steps. Nine steps were all that remained of a house that had weathered the Civil War to be killed by the hands of men.

I did say *killed*; didn't I, for isn't that what they did? You see to me this house was a living thing. It had always been there—right across the street. Why shouldn't it always stay?

I reverently crossed the street and started up the front walk as I had done so many times before. As I walked I talked to myself—somehow that made it better, for I had to tell someone how I felt.

"This old walk is made of brick that was made by hand. Wonder what they will do with it? Probably dig it up and throw it away. That's right. Just throw it away. This old walk, where ladies' dainty feet scurried from beneath hoop-skirts; where ladies tripped along, trying to keep their balance despite the hobble-skirts; where my playmates and I fell and skinned our knees, tried to skate without success, and walked quietly to see the man we loved. This all will be gone forever. Here where the sandpile had once been is a pile of scrap lumber. There is nothing left at the back, not even a step. Only the row of boxwoods tells where the back door was. That's funny. You know, the healthiest

boxwoods you ever saw are here kept in good condition by a daily bath of dish-water. Strangers even stop and try to buy them. They will never be sold now, for the workmen have seen to that. Each one of those trees is precious. Each one holds certain memories of a child's play in one of those few big shady yards that are left. Memories! But you can't live on memories! That's what Mr. Holland said over and over."

I'd inspected the whole yard, all the wreckage. Each corner of the yard held a special place in my heart, but most of all I loved these old blue-grey steps. When I sat down on the steps I was almost in tears, but I couldn't cry. The hurt was deeper than that. I cried inside but not outside.

"If only Mr. Holland were here. If only I could turn my head and see him once more on the porch sitting in the swing, tapping his cane. He had always been there to take the place of the grandfather I'd never had. He was always there to joke with me, to advise me, and to lean on. Whenever I was blue, I went to see Mr. Holland; he was so much worse than I. Imagine not having left the house in nine-and-a-half years! Whenever I went over to see him I came home feeling better, wiser, and very much happier. It seemed as if I had soaked up some of his strength."

"Come in, Miss Jenny," Daddy Holland would say. "Let's see what's that you have on? Something new, eh? Did you buy that pretty dress for that young fellow I see hanging around your house?"

"Oh, no, not that one. It's for you, Daddy Holland."

"Well, Jenny, honey, you are a beautiful liar. Tell me how is your family? Has

ole Ross been tough on you as I told him to be?"

"They're fine, and Daddy is sort of mean at times. He is a big one for me getting in on time. You know, he is much more old-fashioned than you ever could be."

"Now, Jenny, go easy on Ross and remember that when children are little they step on your toes, and when they are older they step on your heart strings. So don't throw his age at him; he's just a boy to me, you know."

"That's right, isn't it? Say, Daddy Holland, do you mind telling me just how old you are?"

"Eighty-seven this July 22, and proud of it, Jenny."

"Goodness, I'm sure you have a lot to tell. Do you remember the Civil War?"

"Not much. You see I was born in '62. Can't say I remember anything."

"Well, tell me about what you do remember and how things were when you were young."

"Let's see, that was long ago, and as I say I don't recall much of it. When I was a young man things were basically the same as they are now. You'll learn, my

child, that you remember only flashes of the past. And 'tis better, too, for we must not look backward."

"Why is that?"

"Well, Miss Jenny, sometimes our memories are colored and we recall only things as we want them to be. Then, too, if you try to probe into the past, you find a hurt that is hard to withstand. It is good never to turn back—I know. Now what is this I hear about your going to California?"

"Never turn back! Never turn back!" The phrase echoed in my mind as I sat on the blue-grey steps. That's what Daddy Holland had said only a few months before he died.

It had grown dark now, and I was cool. I started down the walk toward my house. I started to look once more at the ruins, but I knew it would be wrong. Hadn't Daddy Holland said not to? Already I felt better; in fact I felt a new strength as I walked down the old brick walk to cross the street. I heard a faint tapping like that of a cane on the sidewalk beside me. Yes, I like to think it was a cane and that beside me walked this great man I loved so well. I knew I would never look back at what was once the Holland House but I would never forget—never.

The Words

By Nancy Rule, Junior Prep

Across the sand you wrote my name,
Then three words
Glowing under it.

The evening breeze caught up your phrase
And it was lost.

Remembering when summer comes,
I realize—
You never spoke the words to me.

The Bargain

By Maureen McDonald, College Senior

Swamp frogs creaked their disapproval and the slippery snakes, sunning themselves on the rotten ledge, slid nonselessly away as black clouds covered the sky. A cold wind swept the stale air of the swamp and stirred the stagnant waters. It lifted the dry mess from the limbs of the cypress and oaks, exposing their nakedness. The swamp birds screamed like a pack of devils and flew for cover as the first rain-drops fell.

In the middle of the swamp on the only piece of dry land was a cabin, old and weather-beaten. The door hung limply to the weak walls; from the outside the cabin appeared to be forsaken. Inside, the single room was bare except for a few pieces of broken furniture. A rocking chair with one rocker gone leaned against one wall; a table sat in the middle of the room. On it were a tin plate and cup and an over-turned bottle. In one corner stood an ancient chest of drawers. On the top there was a comb, a tiny lace handkerchief, yellowed with age, a picture of a girl in a frame, and an ebony, gold-bound box. Across the room in the other corner was a bed, the sheets dingy and dirty. A man lay across the bed, his huge arm thrown across his face. His head hung at a perilous angle over the side of the bed, and his red curls moved slightly as the breezes touched them. One of his booted feet fell to the floor, making a dull thud as the leather struck the wood; the other lay limply on a green blanket. His bare chest heaved as if he were having trouble breathing. Over his heart there was a deep wound; the hair on his chest was matted with blood. His left arm hung from the bed, and his large hand rested on the floor beside a switch-blade knife. Near the knife lay a bullet. Both were covered with the red blood of a human being.

A gust of wind slapped the torn shade away from the open window. A streak of lightning bolted in and danced around the edges of the tin plate. A peal of thunder rocked the small shack. The chest of the giant stopped heaving and his gasping ceased. The room smelled dank and musty and reeked of torture and pain.

Outside a group of weary men pushed their way through the swamp. Their faces were grim; but the guns over their shoulders were grimmer. The pack of dogs picked up the scent of their quarry and the lead dog bayed his warning. The men mumbled among themselves and quickened their steps. In the lead, a tall bland man shouted to the dogs. He cursed the drizzling rain that soaked his clothes; he cursed the murky waters that slapped his boots and left a green slime clinging to them. He cursed his only childhood ambition, to be sheriff. He cursed the man who lay dying in the shack up ahead. He cursed the man's gall and his ability to avoid death. Four times Red Howe had been reported mortally wounded; twice men had sworn they had seen him dead. How could a man, a human, be dead one minute and in the next whole and living?

Merriel raised his head and sniffed the wind. It was going to storm and here they were in the middle of this hell-hole, looking for a man at least a hundred years old, yet with the face and body of a man thirty-six. A man with more lives than a cat.

They were at the cabin door, which was rickety and worn. Merriel Terry had to bend his tow head to enter the shack, his men crowding behind him, anxious to see the freak man. This man without age . . . without conscience . . . without fear of death.

The sudden blackness of the room froze his eyesight, and for a long minute he could see nothing. He could only hear the mad mumblings of the swamp. He didn't know what to expect. He had never seen Red Howe; he had only heard stories of his plunderings and ravaging. Some said he ate the hearts of his victims. Others said he kept their hearts in a box which, if he ever died, he would take to the devil, his only master.

The sheriff's eyes grew used to the strange darkness. He saw the bed with the inert form on it, and crossed over to it. In all appearances Red Howe was dead. Merriel examined his bullet wound; it seemed to have penetrated the heart chamber. He had received the wound yesterday, but the body was still warm and thirty miles from where he was shot.

Merriel and the rest of the men crowded near to see this legendary man. Someone said dryly, "He looks just like we do. I expected something different."

"You silly fool," thought Merriel. "You see before you a man who should have died hours ago—a man who has twice been buried and twice before returned to rob and steal and murder. And you expected to see something different."

He bent forward to lift the massive shoulders and straightened the head of curly red fire. He placed the huge hands over the broad chest and wondered at the delicate features of Howe's face. One could almost say he had a baby face, except that the square chin was set and determined and there were two deep furrows on the forehead. Here was a beautiful specimen of man. Up to now, healthy as the ocean, strong as a lion, with the temper and determination of a bull. He felt for pulse; there was none.

"He's dead," Merriel turned to his men. "Stone dead." The pause grew heavy. His men shifted from one foot to the

other. "You all go back to camp and get the stuff we'll need. I'm gonna stay and see this devil when he rises from the dead." Muttering to themselves, the men turned and filed through the door. The room was quiet with the silence of death.

Merriel sat by the body, watching the rain come down, hearing it beat on the roof; seeing it fall from the leaky roof into little puddles on the floor. A drop fell onto Howe's nose and ran down his cheek. Unconsciously Merriel wiped it off. He drew back his hand sharply. The skin was warm—it should have been cold or at least cool! But it wasn't; it was warm, almost hot. Merriel raised Red's eyelids. Yes, he was dead. "Well then, why is he warm?" Merriel shouted to the rickety walls. A peal of thunder laughed at his fear. He ran to the window. He was a fool. Why had he let the men go? He might need them. This was foolish! No man could return from the dead—every man had to die.

He turned and for the first time glanced about the room. He walked over to the dresser. The frame of the picture was old, very old. The picture was old, too. The girl in it wore an old fashioned dress; her blond hair was pale and piled high, held with blue combs. Her nose was pert, and her eyes were as deep blue as the sky after a rain. There was writing on it. He held it nearer his eyes and read, "To my Red, Forever Angela, February 24, 1816." This was 1948!

No sooner had he finished reading than a streak of lightning again bolted in through the window and danced around the edges of the tin plate. Again thunder rocked the shack. Merriel whirled around and stared at the body.

Howe's eyelids flickered, and a moan escaped his lips; his right arm fell across his eyes. He slung one foot to the floor.

Merriel stood glued in his tracks. The man had moved! He was dead three seconds ago, and now he lived and breathed.

Howe's deep voice whispered through the room, "Angela, Angela. Don't go. I need you. I'm coming this time. I swear I am. Wait for me. I won't be long." He turned and saw Merriel.

"I'm glad you waited. I was afraid you wouldn't. I have a story to tell and you must listen."

Merriel came over to him and sat beside him. The bed squeaked under the two giants.

"I haven't much time . . . Some people say I can't die. They were right. You see I made a bargain . . . a bargain with the Devil—a bargain with my soul to pay. As long as I did his work, I feared not death. He protected me from harm. The bargain was made in 1812; I was 36 then. In 1814 I met Anglea. She was the only thing I really ever loved, but I should never have loved her. I told her of my bargain. She said she would go to the Devil and strike her bargain for my soul . . . and my heart.

"We were killed the next day in a train wreck, and she went to Hell to raise her bargain. Satan laughed and said he would have her, too. He said only when I buried the hearts of my victims would I die; then I would live in Hell for an eternity. My Angela offered her soul for mine. I begged and threatened her, but nothing would work. The Devil finally agreed that for as many days as she remained with him—for that many days we could be together after I buried the hearts. So she stayed, and I returned.

"Tonight she called. She said she wanted me. And I'm going to her—maybe—You see, I forgot it was the Devil we bargained with. I have just returned from him. From the moment I left him, three

minutes ago, all my years have come upon me."

The deep voice had weakened and cracked until it was barely audible. Merriel turned to look at the man. He gasped with shock. The giant had shrunk and become aged and gray and dying.

"You see," the thin voice whispered, "all my victims are buried in one cemetery forty-five miles from here, Windy Pines. I could never make it. I want my Angela . . . please bury them for me. Say you will while I can hear you."

Merriel stared in wonder. His throat was dry. He was seeing a man shrivel and die before his eyes, a man who that morning had been in perfect health.

"Please say you will. Pl - -." And the voice broke.

Merriel stood silent, speechless.

The old man's eyes were pleading. They were filled with an agony unknown to normal beings. And then slowly—they closed. The crumpled body sank to the floor.

Merriel shook all over and cold sweat ran down his neck. He closed his eyes tightly. When he opened them, he saw the pale form of a tall straight, red-headed giant rise from the withered heap at his feet. The pale blond girl who ran toward him didn't even reach his shoulder. They stopped and looked down. Merriel looked down, too. On the floor between them lay the black box. The man uttered a cry and held out his arms. A tear fell from the girl's eye and rolled down her wan cheek as she began to fade from sight. Merriel broke from his trance. He grabbed the box and ran from the shack. Outside he paused to look at the sky. The rain had stopped. If he hurried, he could have the hearts buried by morning. Tucking the box under his arm, he ran into the swamp.

None Shall Return

By Ruth Eleanor Corn, Sophomore Prep

The car paused at the crossroads for one barely perceptible second as its impatient driver scraped the gears and again pressed the accelerator firmly against the floorboard with the anxious determination which had marked the preceding part of the journey. For the thousandth time I glanced furtively at my grandfather and prayed that his return to the rickety town which had been his home would not end in a crushing disappointment. He, however, was obviously entertaining no such doubts, for his brilliant blue eyes shone with the joyous anticipation of a child's.

"You know these parts pretty well, don't you?" I ventured, almost afraid to break the black velvet silence that hung, star-studded, over the car.

"Ought to!" came the laconic reply. "Why, these were my old stompin' grounds when I was a boy. Women and children! The scrapes I used to get into along this road!"

That, I reflected, wasn't hard to believe, for although my companion was crowding 84, Charles Corn retained all that was essential to youth; the years had transformed his unruly hair to hoary whiteness, but left his dauntless spirit visibly unmarked. That in itself was little short of a miracle, for, in my community and his, life was an easy-going affair in which love and anger were so intermingled that one could scarcely hazard guessing where the one joined the opposite. In such a place, it was conventional to grow old gracefully after the glow of youth had passed, but my paternal grandparent, always the exception rather than the rule, simply refused to grow old at all. If you still have doubts, allow me to impress upon you that western movies, wild horses, and straight shooting are hardly accepted pastimes for one



advanced into that abyss of years from which there is no returning.

Very shortly, the Buick slid to a resting place between two yawning gaps in the dusty road, and I found myself gazing at the forsaken shambles which had one time been a small village. Likewise, Granddaddy stared about him, but his eyes saw, not a lonely four-store main street, but Estill Springs as it had been, a fashionable, quaint resort, his home town, before train smoke, time and neglect had marred its glory, and his eyes were fiery bright.

Ravenous after the journey, we climbed from the car and sought out a dingy restaurant, which, I hoped, offered more nourishment in its interior than beauty of exterior. How often since I have wished to cancel that episode! As I slid gingerly into the rough booth, my companion

walked across to the cashier to discover the whereabouts of some former cronies. From my uneasy bench, most of the conversation was quite audible.

"Good afternoon," Granddaddy began, "I'm Charles Corn—used to live here." There was no faint smile of recognition on the young cashier's impassive countenance. "I was wondering what became of the big flour mill here. I looked for it; maybe I missed it coming in."

"Big flour mill? That old shack! Why it burned down years ago! You must have been away a long time," countered the man, who couldn't have known that the "old shack" had been Corn and Company, or that my grandfather had operated and gloried in it.

"Oh!" I saw the smile fade from my beloved grandfather's eyes. "Perhaps it has been—longer than I realized." An uncertain gleam crept back into the sad blue pupils. "Say, do you know Henry Thom-

as? He an I were big buddies way back when . . . Good old Hen—why, I remember the time—"

"You mean old man Thomas? He died back in '42—better off, too, I reckon. Just couldn't get used to finding out his day was past!"

Granddaddy opened his mouth to speak, but closed it slowly and soundlessly into a hard, tight line across his haggard face, and walked wearily to the booth. I guess the final blow came when the young man at the counter muttered with vile facetiousness, "Hey, Joe, see that guy over there—yeah, the old fellow with the kid. Some character! Wonder if he remembers the Civil War?" As a matter of fact, he did.

After that, it would have been nothing short of folly to have remained. Perhaps, it was only my enraged and vividly inflamed imagination, but it seemed to me as I left, that I walked beside a very tired old man.

Challenge

By Sally Jordan, Junior Prep

Do now what can and must be done,
Lest from a selfless life deterred
You cannot give the purest love,
The comfort of a steadfast heart,
A deeper faith, a warmer smile,
An understanding word.

Do now what can and must be done
While still in shining rays of dawn.
Don't wait, for to delay too long
May blot the stainless life of love,
'Till death will come, unyielding, cold,
And then your chance is gone.

A Lesson in Salesmanship

By Martha Foutch, Senior Prep

Mr. Brown marched confidently up the steps of the little white frame house on Ash Street, rang the doorbell, straightened his tie, and waited expectantly for the door to open. In a few seconds a sweet-faced middle-aged woman came in answer to his ring.

With a broad smile, Mr. Brown said, "Good morning, Mrs. Thomas. My name is Bob Brown, and I represent the Farley Furniture Polish Company. That's F A R L E Y—Farley Furniture Polish. Could I interest you in buying a bottle?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't think we need any. . . . What company did you say you were with?"

"The Farley Furniture Polish Company, ma'm," he said, easing his way into the house. "Would you like me to give you a demonstration?"

"Well, all right, but you must promise to be very quiet, so you won't wake the baby."

"Can I polish this rocker first, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Don't you touch that rocker! That's what little Billy cut his first tooth on. You should see Billy now, Mr. Barley. That's his picture on the mantle there—isn't he a fine looking boy? And he's on the football team at school, and just yesterday he made a hundred on a geography test. Like I told Jim—that's my husband—last night, it isn't every mother that has as fine a son as our Billy."

"Yes Ma'm. Is there any other piece of furniture I could use to show you how well this polish works? What about this coffee table? It's all scratched up."

"Why, Mr.—er—what did you say your name was—Farley?"

"Brown, Mrs. Thomas. I'm selling Farley Furniture polish."

"Well, Mr. Farley, those aren't scratch-

es on that table. That's where Betty wrote her name the day she learned to write at school. I wouldn't take anything for it. I guess all mothers are sentimental that way."

Glancing about the room hopefully, he said, "Mrs. Thomas, do you by any chance have some little place about an inch square that doesn't have any scratches on it that I could scratch up and then fix with my furniture polish?"

"Now Mr. Browley, you don't really think I'd let you carve on my furniture! The very idea—wanting to scratch up my things just to show off your furniture polish. Just wait till Jim hears about this. And what would be the point of using that furniture polish if it won't make things look better than they did before you started. Young man, I think you've chosen the wrong career. Why don't you study to be a butcher? Think of all the carving you could do then!"

Mr. Brown slowly backed out the door.

"Good day, Mrs. Thomas." Mr. Brown walked down the steps of the little frame house; opening his record book, he wrote opposite that address: **COULDN'T SCRATCH THE SURFACE.**

Longing

By Sally Duke, Junior Prep

A gull screams
over living water.
Waves reach; then
Sink in futile resignation.
Rocks stand
Godlike—witness to the meager
strife.
The gull screams again—
Then wings its way
Into opaque obscurity.

Autobiography of a Driver

By Louise Cronenwett, College Freshman

In the estimation of a junior-high school girl, the car is the most important invention since time began. In the eyes of the parent of this girl, it is a nuisance that should never have been bought. When a girl reaches that age, in her eyes she becomes a young lady and is entitled to all the rights and privileges as such. These rights naturally include the family car. Believing myself to be a young lady, I started thinking about these rights during the sixth grade.

Upon my graduation from the sixth grade, I began to dream of dashing around town with a group of girls in my own car. When school began, I bravely told my father of this wish. His answer stopped me asking for the car for another year. By that time, all my friends had started to ask their parents to teach them to drive and to let them use the family car. All returned with the same answer—*NO*.

After receiving this answer several times, I started to go with a young gentleman who had his own car. He taught me how to shift gears, how to work the pedals, and he let me drive a little. All this was without my parents' knowledge, for they would have considered it very dangerous. I did not mention driving to my parents during that time, for I was afraid that they would learn of my driving lessons. That is one reason that I was very much surprised when my father asked me if I would like to take a driving lesson.

It happened one afternoon as I sat reading a book. My father calmly asked if I would like to go driving. I sat there dumbfounded; then I heartily agreed. My mother and father got into the car, I backed it out of the driveway, and off we went to the

traditional country roads. For some reason, my parents did not seem greatly surprised at my driving or at the ease of my backing from the driveway. I had always imagined that they would be definitely surprised and would immediately decide that I could use the car whenever I wanted it, but this dream did not work out that way. When we got to the country, I was told to stop, start, turn off the motor, give signals, turn around, and park time and time again. My parents sat there giving instructions while I drove and tried to forget my smoke dreams. Then we started home.

After driving across the main highway, I pulled over to the curb and asked my father to drive the car into the driveway. You see, we have a three-foot fence surrounding our yard except for a small space left for a driveway. He insisted that I continue; on I went. I gave my hand signal and pulled out to turn—Suddenly two dogs dashed in front of the car and started fighting; a girl and boy dropped their bicycles in the street and ran to separate the dogs. I stepped for the brakes and started to stop. My father grabbed the wheel and turned to the left; my mother tried to turn to the right—we went straight ahead. The brakes that I had stepped for turned out to be the accelerator. We hit the fence once, again, and then the motor died. The dogs, children, and bicycles had disappeared by this time, leaving only three dejected people, a broken fence, and a car with a ruined fender.

After this episode I didn't drive for a year. This year was used trying to get my big brother to teach me to drive again. He finally tired of listening to me and took me to the country to learn to drive. His

little Model T Ford was so battered that I wouldn't be able to harm it in any way and it was the car in which I learned to drive. Although my parents knew of these lessons, they said nothing for them and nothing against them. Gradually I learned to drive and began the long process of regaining my parents' confidence.

I thought that I had progressed very much the day that my mother let me drive her to town; and the day that my father let me drive him to a neighbor's house was a red-letter day in my life. They did not trust me too much and were always warning me of intersections, cars, and traffic lights. I was very careful to give all my handsignals, look at every intersection, and follow every rule in the rule book.

I didn't realize that they trusted me until the day my mother asked me to go to the

grocery store for her. It was only a round-trip of four blocks, but she had ordered a lot of groceries and was unable to go for them at the moment. After careful instructions, I started off and made the first "solo" trip.

Soon afterwards I began to get the car regularly both day and night. Then came another victory day when they let me take the car to a neighboring town—ten miles away. It had always been a short trip; however, on this special day it was the perfect distance. By this time in my life my friends could get their cars; so there was no particular need for mine!

The unsuspecting junior high girls still believe that the family car is a wonderful invention—but the girls that have gone through the complete cycle know better.

Constitution

By Peggy Smith, Junior Prep

By two things only do we live:
Yesterdays,
Memories pinned in a flowing hand:
Tomorrows,
hope lighting unknown paths.

By two things only do we die:
Yesterdays,
Deeds splashed in scarlet type:
Tomorrows,
Sombre fog engulfing all.

I Wish

By Ann Sinclair, College Senior

I wish I could write
A sonnet—
A good poem.
I have only thoughts
Put down on paper.
They mean little,
They are trifles, perhaps,
But they are mine.





CHIMES

WARD-BELMONT

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EDITOR'S NOTE

It seems strange to think as I write that this, *my* last editor's note, will perhaps be the last editor's note for the last CHIMES, ever. In that sense I feel somewhat responsible not only for my goodbye, but for the goodbyes of a generation of girls and of CHIMES. It's hard to say my own farewell without becoming sentimental—sentimental over the school, the wonderful times, the people—all the things we've grown to cherish; and over-sentimentality seems to be the trend of the hour. But in doing it, I want to say sincerely that beyond the sentiment, I feel proud and grateful. Proud of the talent and originality that have been discovered on the campus this year, that may blossom into something fine and lasting; and grateful for the cooperation of the staff and members of the faculty. Particularly am I grateful to Mrs. Ruth Taylor, our sponsor, for her guidance and the unselfish giving of her time and efforts, and to Dr. Ivar L. Myhr Duncan, who has been helpful in countless ways toward making CHIMES better for all of us.

It is with these feelings, then, that I say goodbye, closing the final chapter. It seems rather cruel, cut and dried. But somehow, happily, it is with the sure conviction that the spirit of CHIMES—the girls who have made it from past to present, and the words they have written—will, as that of Ward-Belmont, live forever.

MARY EVELYN

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Jenny's First Day

By Barbara Hibbard, Senior Prep

The rapid tap, tap, tap of feet echoed through the near-empty streets, shattering the stillness. The city, in a drowsy state of awareness, seemed to be gathering courage to meet the new day. Only the quick light steps of Jenny and the slow shuffling gait of her mother broke the silence. Jenny skipped along the sidewalk like a spark of electricity following a wire. She would trot along at the side of Big Sarah, then impatiently surge ahead, then wait for her mother to catch up with her.

"Step on a crack, break your mother's back. Step in a hole, break your mother's sugar bowl."

Jenny happily chanted these lines in the sing-song manner typical of this game so often played by six-year-olds such as she. The early morning smells of coffee and freshly baked bread were exhilarating to Jenny, and the crisp chill of an early Michigan morning shot into her like so many electric needles, spurring her patent leather slippers over the rough cement. Big Sarah slowly followed in the wake of her small daughter, carefully picking her way through the newly fallen leaves. Wrapped in a colorful shawl that competed with the red and yellow hues of the leaves for attention, she ward off the chill of the morning.

Jenny felt cool, crisp, and clean in her freshly starched gingham dress. Big Sarah had braided her kinky black hair so tightly that Jenny felt that her scalp clung to her head only through sheer will-power. The pressure pulled her big brown eyes upward into almond shaped slits, giving her the appearance of a Chinese who had perhaps stayed too long in the sun. Jenny could no longer keep back her impatience at her mother's slow, plodding steps.

"Hurry, Mama, hurry! School starts



soon, and you have to enroll me. Hurry, hurry, first day of school, first day of school for me."

Jenny's shrill song floated back to Sarah's ears, and her footsteps quickened. As they came within sight of the weathered red brick building, Sarah saw other mothers with their children. They were going to the same school, on the same morning, and their children were just as excited as Jenny, but there was a difference, and Sarah realized it. Sarah had done her best to prepare Jenny for the cruelties she would encounter in this new adventure, but all had been forgotten in the excitement.

Sarah and Jenny went up the sagging steps hand in hand, the patent leather shoes skipping, and the worn leather moccasins with reluctance. Sarah's heart sank when she saw the person who was to have charge of Jenny for the next nine months, for she was a mousy, watery-eyed woman, and Sarah knew her type. Her capacity for tolerance would be as thin as her blue-hued skin. Perhaps Sarah had been wrong in enrolling her daughter at this school, but she wanted her to have the chance for the education she herself had missed and now regretted. Sarah settled her huge bulk into a nearby chair and prepared herself for the inevi-

table wait until the other parents had talked with the teacher. Jenny could withhold her impatience no longer. Forgetting her mother, she rushed off to survey her new surroundings. Jenny's eyes grew large with anticipation when she beheld the sand box and the play house with its wonderful dolls and miniature equipment. Then they narrowed in distaste when they fell upon Virgil, the only other colored child in the room. She knew him well, but that only made her dislike more intense. Her mother had warned her about Virgil, son of those loud, drunken Browns. He was a big, gangling boy, older than the rest of the children in the room, and he had a sneaky, furtive air about him. Sarah had told her to keep away from him, and she did not question her mother's judgment. Even the appearance of Virgil, however, did not deaden her excitement, for she would not let her thoughts linger on such an unpleasant boy. There were so many other wonderful things to entertain herself with; and there, her carrot-top bowed in concentration over a miniature stove that really cooked, was Kathy. Jenny ran to meet her. Many times they had played together and made mud pies, and Jenny looked forward with anticipation to more good times. Kathy and Jenny greeted each other with squeals of excitement. Together they flitted like young sparrows from one new delight to the next. First in and out of the playhouse, then to the sand box, next to the blackboard with its fascinating array of colored chalks, and finally back to the sand box. Black head and red were bent together, secrets were exchanged, and friendships were strengthened.

Time had passed quickly for the two, and Jenny had not noticed Sarah's departure nor the disapproving stares of the adults and the watery-eyed teacher. The teacher, however, had not forgotten Jenny. She came toward the front of the class with quick determined steps. With a tap of her

ruler she shattered the aura of contentment in the room, establishing authority and demanding silence. She attempted a nervous smile and began her speech of "welcome."

"I'm sure we're all going to get along together splendidly. My name is Miss Agnes Tinch . . . you will please call me Miss Tinch. We have certain activities during the school year that require that the students be paired off in twos. I'd like to leave it up to you to choose your partners for the school year. Of course, if this doesn't prove satisfactory, I'll have to make a few changes."

Jenny and Kathy did not heed the reminder that had been tacked on to the end of the little speech, but rushed joyously to each other and clasped hands tightly. Miss Tinch, seemingly unmindful of the flutter, continued . . .

"I have found, however, that to avoid unnecessary chatter, it is best to divide the closest of friends. Kathy and Jenny seem to know each other quite well, so let's give them a chance to become acquainted with the other children, shall we?"

"Jenny, you will be paired off with Virgil for the remainder of the year."

Tears rose to Kathy's eyes and Jenny's lower lip quivered, but Jenny reluctantly advanced to the corner where Virgil was sitting. Through her tears, Jenny beheld the insolent expression on Virgil's face. His shifty eyes glanced mockingly at her, and his thick lips were curled in a sneer. Her features froze into an impenetrable mask. Jenny dropped her head as if to cut his view from her sight, but she could not forget the thoughts that his glance implied. His mocking eyes seemed to say that he knew something she did not know, but she didn't want to know . . . she didn't.

It was Jenny's first day at school . . . and she had learned a lesson.

High in the Night

By Marty Peterson, College Senior

The plane maneuvered easily through the tiny twinkling lights and the now invisible plots of grass in the landing field. It whirled to face the north, strained its motors to the limits of its ability, and began its ascent into the formidable blackness of the night. Linda shifted uncomfortably in the diminutive seat to catch a glimpse of the blazing neon sign reading "Atlanta," watching it grow smaller and smaller and smaller . . .

The tiny window beside Linda was a mirror until the light above it was flicked out; then she lay back in her seat and watched the green light which was a pin point on the wing tip of the plane. It was as if she were a companion of the stars and excluded from the earth below. She looked down on the world with no dizziness at the height, for the night was like a blanket holding her high in the air. All below was black and dismal, except for the few automobile lights glowing like minute suns in their own particular orbits. . . .

Soon the earth became a myriad of lights—they were everywhere, not in a confused mass, but symmetrically arranged. These were the homes and the buildings of Louisville, each scaled off in squares, as the street lights told. Through the sparkling and glittering mass slipped the Ohio River, silently making its way westward.

Linda's mind awoke from its reverie, and she became conscious of the monotonous droning of the plane's motors. It wouldn't be too long now—Indianapolis, Chicago, and then Minneapolis. And then what? She shook her curly blonde head, drew out a cigarette, and inhaled nervously. There wasn't really any reason to be nervous, Linda told herself sternly. He'll either be there or he won't.

"Would you like a cup of coffee, Miss?" asked the steward gently.

"Yes, yes, of course."

She clasped the steaming coffee, drinking it slowly, listening indifferently to the murmuring of voices around her, wondering if they had ever suffered the torment of being young. The pungent odor of the coffee made her complete master of her senses once more, and the cool air from the ventilator blowing against her face brought forth involuntary shivers. For a nineteen-year-old girl she had an astonishing appearance of maturity. And yet in her eyes, like the flicker of fireflies, were the rays of youth perceptible only to those who truly knew her—her mother and father.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way

To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing."

Linda knew she was young, too young for marriage; but that had slight effect anymore. With life swaying on a tiny golden chain, as all life was now, who knew when that chain would snap? The present was too precious, too momentary to be wasted. Linda was obsessed with a frantic pessimism, paralleling that of young people through the centuries. The blonde girl suddenly relaxed; the intensity of her thoughts and hopes had left her taut and intent.

But then there were Mother and Daddy. Linda smiled, as a mother smiles at her misbehaving children. She knew they would object to the marriage. In spite of the fact that Linda was now returning from her second year of college, she was their baby; and Mother and Daddy had some antiquated ideas concerning the proper age to marry. They had grown too secure and complacent to realize the futility of waiting. And they hopelessly ignored such factual

evidence as Korea, the draft, and Bob's 1A rating.

"And Lip to Lip it murmured—"While you live,

Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return!" "

Upon the decision made today, everything would depend. Linda would never marry without her parents' consent, despite her love for Bob; but could her parents fail to see the blinding light of Time rushing toward their daughter and her generation? The same piercing light which had rushed toward them when they were young?

In the last letter she had written: "Bob, if it's okay and they say 'yes,' meet me at the airport; but if the answer is 'no,' let me alone and don't make me face you with my heart torn in shreds." Linda reminded herself again, "There's no sense in worrying; he'll be there or he won't."

"A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—

And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?"

It was a foolish agreement to make and yet a final one. She would know the answer the instant she stepped off the plane. Somehow Linda felt her parents wouldn't forget; they would remember the intensity of life when life was young. What was the determinant, Linda wondered, the fear that maturity carried with it which attached such cautiousness and wariness to life? She felt the paternal desire of sparing her the recklessness of youth; this desire has no part in youth.

"Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where."

A bell rang, like two tiny dots on a white piece of paper; a precise sign flicked on; and the steward announced: "Fasten your seat belts, please; Minneapolis approaching." Linda placed her hat slowly on her

blonde head, pulled on her clean white gloves, and tried vainly to control the weaving sensations in her stomach. The plane dropped, dipped, and thudded to the ground. It taxied slowly to the brilliantly lighted airport and stopped. The motors had died away into the night before Linda could move toward the door. She placed one unsteady hand on the rail and trembled as she stood there in the cool air. The lights ran together in streaks before Linda's tear-filled eyes; the world of the young was blurred.

"And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass

Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,

And in your blissful errand reach the spot

Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!"

Gossip

By Harriet Anderson, Junior Prep

Let them say what they will;

Let them talk.

I care not what evil minds conjure,

Or what the low-born gossips whisper.

(Whisper, though they know I hear!)

I am an outcast.

Their only power is to make me so,

To make my life a living death

In all material things.

I hear their cries: "Unclean, unclean!"

And smile, because

(Though I be social leper,

The innocent diseased by their society)

Lies touch not the virgin soul.

And they forget

That I have many memories,

(Memories they cannot steal!)

Of yesterdays with you.

Ink On My Fingers

By Louise Cronenwett, College Freshman

Some people are unlucky enough to be born into the newspaper business, while others choose it as an occupation. Through some quirk of fate, I was chosen to be in the first group. My father had been in that occupation since I could remember, but it was not until my junior year in high school that I realized that I was predestined for the newspaper business. It was at this time that the editor asked me to write the school column for the coming year.

This column was something that was treasured by the school. The writer was classified as a "special person," for through her the students could have their names in the paper. With this new outlet to social fame, I agreed to take the job. This was my mistake. In April of my junior year I started this new job which was to include only the school column—I thought. In the course of a week, I learned that I was to file cuts, mail cuts, receive cuts; write the birth column, the death column, the movie column; to act as secretary, as guest conductor, as information clerk. With all these duties, I thought I would have nothing else to do. Again, I was wrong. I was also doomed to become a reporter.

This new job appeared one Saturday as I sat at my desk.

"Run over to the Chamber of Commerce and get the news on the election!" Thinking the editor was talking to another reporter, I kept on typing. "Hurry up! It's got to be in by twelve." Again, I continued typing. "Louise, will you leave that damn typewriter alone, and go get that story?"

Not until then did I realize that the editor was speaking to me. What was I supposed to write on elections? I could not vote and did not even know that there was

to be an election. Seeing the editor glaring at me, I decided that it would be best if I learned something about reporting in a big hurry. Obediently I trotted over to the Chamber of Commerce to get the story. Luckily the secretary guessed that I was new at the job and gave me all the necessary information without my asking a question. Back at the office, I stared first at the paper and then at my typewriter. The editor must have noticed my bewilderment, for he told me how to write the story. When the story was written, I proudly handed it to the editor for proof-reading. For some reason, he slashed different passages, put dashes through others, and inserted many words. There was no similarity between the finished product and my original story. That was my first attempt at reporting. The second came during the summer months.

For two weeks each summer the society editor took a vacation. It was the custom for the school reporter to take over the "soc section" during this period, and it was with some misgivings that the editor told me to take over that section.

The stories were simple things to write, for all followed the same pattern. The part that delighted and intrigued me was the receiving of the society pictures which were to appear in the section. The first picture I received was that of a Mexican girl with long, kinky hair, and of her husband who also had long, kinky hair. They were standing together, ready to cut the cake with a long machete—a knife similar to our meat cleaver. My hysterical laughter rang throughout the office until everyone turned to stare. Somehow I managed to get the information from the bewildered bride be-

fore I collapsed from my laughter. As she left the office, the editor came to my desk to give me a little information. Needless to say, I was not supposed to laugh at the pictures which were brought to me.

This laughter was suppressed during the next two weeks as picture after picture came in. I soon learned that the pictures were divided into five main sections. The first was the type already described. The second was the birthday type, in which the child was dressed in a cowboy suit. The third was the posed picture of the wealthy married woman, while the fourth was the typical party picture in which everyone gazes directly at the camera. The fifth was the type that I enjoyed almost as much as the cutting of the cake. This was of the woman stuffing the first piece of wedding cake into the man's mouth. Goggle-eyed from the effort and with protruding teeth, the man stretched his mouth as wide as possible to wait for the piece of cake that never arrived. Perhaps it was my amusement at these pictures that made the editor change me to the general news desk.

Here, I received the job of writing the accident stories. The photographer would bring in an accident picture in which a leg was missing, or where blood was splattered over the scene, or where charred bones appeared in a burned car. From these I was supposed to tell that there had been a slight accident. With a fiendish delight, I wrote a typical mystery story and took it to the editor. He evidently did not approve, for I received another lecture. As I moved from the general desk to school sports, from sports to hospital news, from hospital to movie reviews, these lectures followed me. For each type of story, I devised a novel method of writing. The editor evidently did not approve of my originality, for he seemed increasingly angry each time I appeared.

My head was soon crowded with information from these angry lectures—information that I hoped would never prove of use to me again. My graduation in May ended this job, and my newspaper career (I hoped.) After three months of loafing, my college career began.

In college it became even more evident that I was predestined for the newspaper business. Learning of my former newspaper work, my schoolmates quickly drafted me into the ranks of the newspaper staff, the magazine staff, and the writing club. Through these I learned that I had best surrender to the occupation which would never surrender to me. It is now understood that I will enter some field of journalism, and who am I to argue? After all, I'm just the draftee.

Contrast

By Mary Evelyn Smith, College Senior

I live in wonderland, a child.
Outside my window grows a
Magic jungle, deep and wild
With foreign fragrance, faught
With dangers close. And strange
Mad horses carry me beyond
My looming castle, to a land exotic.
Midnight brings the sound of birdsong,
clear
The call of my fast steed.
Only I can hear . . .

I live in country clean and solid.
An apple orchard stands by
Noontime at my pane.
I see the budding greenness there, the
Arched yet normal beauty of
My trees, staunchly sane.
I live in sunlight, my horse
And heart are deaf to fear . . .
And silent, from my man's eye,
falls a tear.

Sprawling

By Harriet Provine, Senior Prep

Nothing in my opinion is more enjoyable than the wonderful feeling of sprawling. Sprawling is, according to my definition, any extremely comfortable arrangement of one's limbs in no normal fashion. Consequently, there is nothing more satisfying than draping my lazy form sideways over a plushy chair. My insatiable longing for this cheerful pastime is so great that I am terrified when I appear at a tea lest I unexpectedly drop my calling manners, then joyously and tragically double up in some wide, overstuffed chair.

Again, the more intricate the position, the more pleasure I derive, because these additional bends afford such luxurious ease and delightful complications when I unfold. In other words, I love to hang a leg over a pillow and hook it under a nearby chair while my other foot is entirely lost in a pile of colorful socks and my arms are all askew amongst many squishy cushions. In this manner I taste all the sweetness of life and can do nothing but relax and be absolutely content.

Moreover, types of furniture are not the only things that magnetize me; for heaped yellow hay, piles of dusty leaves, clean sheets just off the line, drifts of snow, stacked innertubes, damp furrows mellow with daffodils, and long, fragrant grass all beckon and make me long to throw myself into their intoxicating depths. There can be nothing more free and glorious than being spread quite loosely and very irregularly about.

It is impossible to be arranged thus too long, however, because I am either struck with a splendid idea or rudely interrupted. Usually my idea is so exciting I just can't stay still and I feel compelled to leap up from all sorts of entanglements and burst into impetuous action. More often, though, I am jerked away from my delicious happiness by the voice of duty or the ever-ticking clock. Therefore, it is easily seen that this delightful treat of sprawling is rarely but always breathlessly enjoyed.

The Transient Life

By Patricia Price, College Freshman

Life is such a transient thing:

An idea that almost bursts into being,

A thought, a hope, a failure;

A youth's first love,

A song that flutters—then dies,

Something wished for, received, unremembered,

A passing thing;

A lazy leaf wending its way to earth,

The cool clean sweep of a bird in flight,

The scent of honeysuckle mingled with that of spring,

The ice covered tree that becomes a twisted, black-veined hand;

Life is little things.

Alexander

By Jean Holiman, College Senior

Walt and Anna Hunt were an excellent example of a completely happy couple after one year of the proverbial "blissful married life." Even their closest neighbors in adjoining apartments had never heard a cross word or angry phrase seep through the free-transmitting walls, and all were sure that this was due to the fact that the Hunts, entirely against human nature, never disagreed. Although the ever-perfect accord was reached without apparent effort on the part of either, Anna could not help but be a little smug about it when she thought of all the warnings her mother had so carefully given her about disagreements which were bound to come and how to cope with them. The possibility of anything resembling discord seemed so remote that Anna never seriously considered it at all.

Therefore, when the crisis came, she was totally unprepared, both physically and mentally. Just as any young wife, Anna was especially proud of her husband's business activities, and always carried in her purse one of his calling cards which stated boldly:

WALTER J. HUNT
District Salesman
The Cat's Whiskers Cat Food

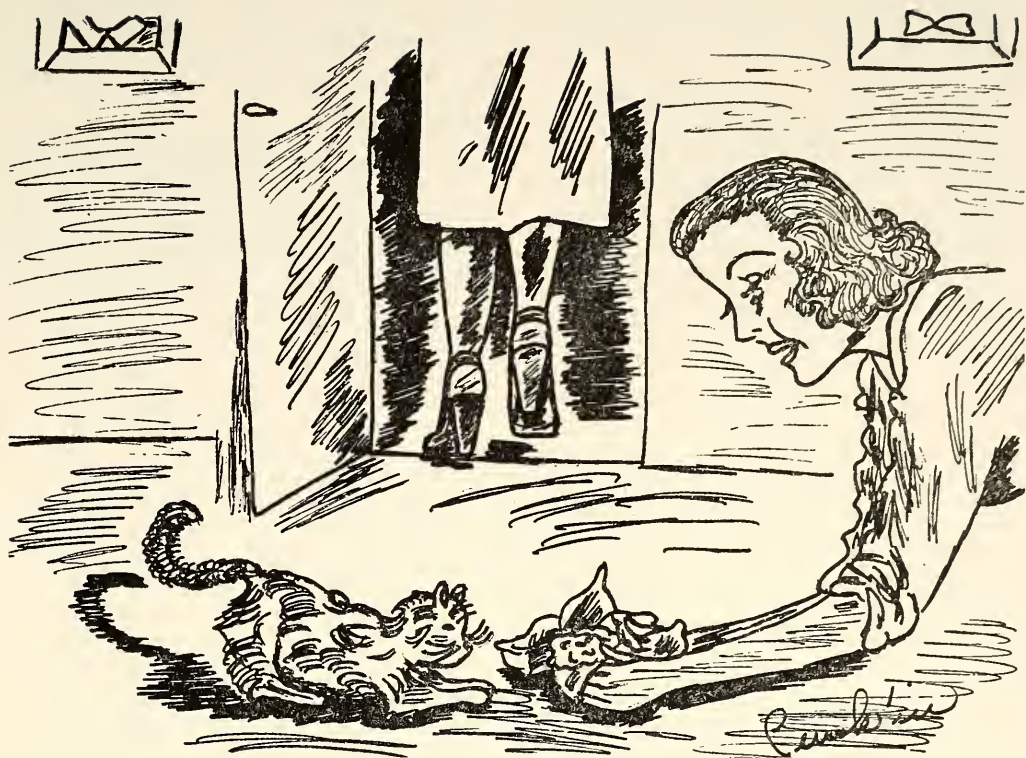
He was indeed a successful salesman, and Mr. Harbison, the fanatic cat-lover who was district manager, had highly recommended him to the main office for both a promotion and a salary raise. In Mr. Harbison's opinion such superior salesmanship as Walter's deserved the highest reward, and therefore Mr. Harbison presented him with a gift of the two things he considered virtual treasures: a Persian cat and an ample supply of The Cat's Whiskers cat food.

When the unsuspecting and happy Walter brought home the prize, Anna, after

staring silently for a brief, horrified moment, gasped, "Oh, no!" The cause for her complete consternation may be attributed to the fact that Anna hated all felines in general, and precocious, strong-willed felines in particular. Alexander, as the wondrous gift was named, was an excellent example of the latter group and immediately asserted his power—an act prompted by his intuitive assurance that no one would dare invoke the displeasure of Mr. Harbison by harming his gift even in the slightest degree.

The next few weeks were ones of total bliss for Alexander, combined despair and hatred for Anna, and complete ignorance for Walt, who was called into the main office the day following the fatal arrival. The entire household was necessarily rearranged in order that the more valuable, easily broken possessions could be placed sufficiently out of the range of the long-reaching paw of Alexander. The silently pleasing goldfish had to be transferred from their usual resting place on the end table to the top of the refrigerator because that object's slippery surface prohibited a climbing attack. The glass top of the coffee table was grudgingly replaced after a playful spree in which the candy jar had been knocked over, sending a long crack from end to end, and even the ivy bowl was unsafe, a fact readily discernible by the remaining wisps of green scattered over the floor. Anna was dreaming fondly of mayhem when a sudden knock on the door one day interrupted both thought and forthcoming action.

Calling pleasantly, "Just a minute," and thinking unpleasantly, "This is the last straw," she hurried to the door, opened it with apprehension, and with well-founded disgust greeted the visitor, Lily. As official gossip of the apartment house, Lily's visits were greeted with dread, for it was never



quite clear whether she had come to spread information or gather it. Nevertheless, Anna firmly believed in the laws of common decency and therefore exclaimed in true womanly fashion,

"Lily, I'm so glad you came over. I was just going to call you."

Lily, taking all of this to heart, immediately changed her mind about the purpose of her sudden visit. In fact, she experienced such a feeling of well-being that she decided to impart to this, her dearest friend, the latest bulletin on the Bradley feud, the adversaries being Mr. and Mrs. Bradley in 201.

Meanwhile Alexander, having ceased his gleeful swinging on the formerly crisp organdy ruffle of the curtain, purred and took a sudden interest in the one-sided conversation. Lily had barely finished the last details of the Bradley trials when both the

bored Anna and her animated guest were shocked by a malicious, prolonged "me-ow" from Alexander as he leapt into the lap of his unfriendly mistress and settled into attentive silence. Although the steady feline gaze was rather disturbing, Lily proceeded to explain how the Bradleys were spoiling their child by giving him a new sled for the brief snow.

"By the way," continued the never-ceasing Lily, "doesn't she dress in the poorest taste?"

The second feline outburst carried a quality of subtle but definitely audible viciousness and was not as easily passed off as coincidence as the first had been. Anna unconsciously and surprisingly stroked the animal's furry back, ending with a rewarding pat on the head. Lily's polite suggestion that "the kitty might like to go out for a while" was just as politely ignored. However, the animal's disapproval was soon

forgotten in the enraptured narration of her favorite subject, the private business of the community.

It may be said to Alexander's credit that he tried, though in vain, to stop the wave of angry response which engulfed him, but finally in overwhelming anger he easily jumped the distance between his resting place and the chair of the unwelcome guest, and with a background of raised fur and

a deep throated "me-ow" ending in a spit, he quickly sent out one unsheathed paw, leaving a crescent-shaped scratch on Lily's gesturing hand.

The visit ended immediately with insincere apology and indignation. On his return that evening, Walter found both wife and cat eating hamburgers, cooked and uncooked as the tastes ran, in perfect companionship and affection.

The Hermitage

By Sally Jordan, Junior Prep

Beneath the stately sweep of cedar woods,
Whose dignity still guards the avenue,
The Hermitage, long loved and lovely still,
Remembers with a smile the youth she knew.
Within her halls and over clovered sward,
Where joyous laughter raced with dancing feet,
The gracious host Old Hickory welcomed all
With Rachel by his side. Life was complete
Until the years in darkness mocked that joy.
The aging soldier, heeding fate's command,
Still played his noble part in nobler strength,
Then upward reached for Rachel's waiting hand.

The spirit lives, close sheltered by the trees,
A homestead's heart, secure in memories.

My Son

By Marcia Fobes, Senior Prep

David B. Devereaux, Sr., reached into the inner pocket of his banker's grey suit jacket and took out his fountain pen. He poised it above the monogrammed stationery for a moment and then began writing:

Dear Sirs:

I have waited as long as possible before answering your letter. I feel quite certain that you understand the difficulty of my position and will forgive my lateness in responding. Never before have I been called upon to make such a painful decision. I can only hope that I am doing the right thing, and that I am justified in thinking that I may place my entire trust in you. I expect you do everything in your power and then some. As I told you in my previous letters, the symptoms are delusions of persecution, fixed suspicions, and dominant ideas. Undoubtedly your diagnosis is correct, and in my effort to be absolutely positive, I sincerely hope I have not waited too long.

Mr. Devereaux paused a moment and looked out through the french doors at the tall, slim boy standing on the patio. He whispered, "My son," and then hurriedly finished the letter and left the study.

David B. Devereaux, Jr., stood on the patio staring at nothing, yet seeing much. His hands, resting in the pockets of his slacks, unconsciously jingled out a rhythmic, metallic melody from coins, a pocket knife, and the car keys.

The drum-tight skin over his temples throbbed noticeably, as David's thoughts caused his eyebrows to knit together in a slight frown. He was deeply absorbed in his own meditations.

Beside the wrought iron coffee table an old wagon cart, painted white, rested on

two large wheels. David's eyes traced the pattern of the spokes without breaking from a stare. There were many spokes, and although they were widely spaced at the rim, they gradually drew together to form an axle. The axle was black. David's thoughts seemed to be symbolized by the wheel. Spokes and spokes of memories and thoughts, individual at first, but then becoming closer and closer together, until they were all jumbled into something black. The cart was filled with geraniums—geraniums grown by a gardener. They were colorful and beautiful, but they had no warmth, no life. When his mother was alive, there were geraniums. There would be still, if it hadn't been for . . . David's memory reached the axle. He closed his lids, and not realizing how tense his body had been, he leaned forward, struggling to keep his balance. Everything in his head rushed to a space right above his eyes, leaving everything else black, black with white streaks. Steadying himself, he thrust his left foot forward, grating the tap of his heel against the cement. The sound of the grinding metal against rock volted through his body, leaving in its wake a mental and physical sense of utter fatigue. David felt as if he had been running, running away. A drop of perspiration slid down the back of his neck. Strange how it felt like frigid metal, like the letter opener on his father's desk. It pressed against his skin. He ached all over. Automatically his hand shot toward the direction of the sensation and then faltered. It was almost as if he were afraid of what he might find.

He jerked his body in the direction of the french doors and walked silently into the room; his gaze took in the book cases filled with his father's books, the venetian blinds designed especially for the room by his

father, and the tremendous, solid walnut desk. Here he paused for a moment. There it stood challenging him, threatening him. David felt helpless and small in its presence, as he felt when he was in the presence of his father. How much the desk and its owner were alike! How much the whole room and his father were alike!

David's eyes passed on to the big, leather swivel chair. It was not tilted, but precisely perpendicular. It seemed to dominate. That was it: dominance, dominance, dominance. It was all around him; the room lived it and breathed it. Everything dominated; everything beat David down and down and down; everything was against him. He jerked his hands to his face and as he did so, his right arm struck the swivel chair and tilted it forward. He watched it like a cat watches before he springs upon his prey, and then he sat down. The chair slid backward, and David heavily and defiantly placed his feet on the face of the desk.

His eyes followed the crease of his pants down to his brown oxfords and then switched to the paper weight. It was white around the outer edge with a black center. It looked like the wheel with the spokes and axle. His father had placed it there on purpose. His father was trying to drive him . . . David stopped. A chill prickled over his body. His eyes narrowed and widened and then narrowed again at the incredible sight on the desk. The black spot in the paper weight was distorted and bleary, yet it was very plainly taking the image of a face. David cried out. It was his mother's face. All around the apparition the curves of the glass ball looked blurred; they looked like waves. David could see very clearly now. There were a sail boat and a storm. He clapped his fists over his ears to drown out the roar of the wind, the crash of the splintered mast, and the cries of his mother, as the mainsail beat against her like a maniac till she fell backward. He watched her go

down. He couldn't help her. His arms ached, as they desperately clutched the edge of the sloop. He couldn't help her. He screamed. The wind beat his cries into the water, and she drowned. He couldn't help her. He had watched his mother drown. He had killed his mother. David closed his eyes until the waves divided into grey and black circles. His hand went over the business-like letter lying boldly before him on the desk. He clenched it, until it was a wad. Only the last sentence was visible.

Therefore, since the symptoms very definitely point to a severe case of paranoia, I wish to request that, for the sake of all concerned, a place be made in your asylum for my son.

very sincerely,

David B. Devereaux, Sr.

Day Dreams

By Nancy Frederick, Junior Prep

The voice keeps droning on . . .

I am Juliet, so loved by all the world—

I am Joan of Arc; all France is mine—

I am Sister Kenny; children walk again

The voice has stopped;

I am Mary Smith and English class is over.

My Pillow

By Debby Luton, Junior Prep

Clawing fingers clutch your sticky softness
Restlessly;

Unknown terrors scream from your defense
Detestfully;

Tender tunes refresh romantic dreams
Ensnaringly;

While dancing shadows closely cuddle
Daringly.

Sleepless, endless nights, forbidding morrows,
You have felt my passions, known my sorrows.

The Seeds of Humanity

By Ann Sinclair, College Senior

"Gee ap, boy. The faster we finish this last row, the faster we'll get back to the barn, and the faster we'll settle down to some chow and rest."

As if uncannily understanding the implication of his master's words, Joe's bony old plow-horse, Rags, redoubled his efforts in pulling the ancient plow over the rocky hillside. Joe smiled as he watched the old horse huffing and puffing away. "That's all right, Rags," he said. "You don't hafta pull so hard. Guess I'm not in such a big hurry as to make you have a heart attack. Take it easy."

Rags, however, seemed to enjoy the thought of a trough of corn, for he kept on at the strenuous pace. "Whoa, boy," Joe yelled. "Hold up a minute there. 'Nother one of those blasted rocks caught in the blade."

Both horse and boy halted as the latter bent down to dislodge a piece of limestone from in front of the blade. Any stranger in that part of the Ozarks inhabited by Joe, his family, and Rags, would have wondered how in the world any crop could possibly grow on such rocky, sandy, poor soil; but, strange as it may seem, strawberries and corn could always squeeze a living on the rough terrain. Of course, Joe's land was a little poorer than most, but because of his dauntless efforts he managed to grow enough on the land to support his maw, paw, and seven brothers and sisters.

"There, now, boy. Guess that takes care of that one. This field was a little worse than the others. Sorta figgered that we could start planting the corn late this afternoon, but those durned rocks was agin it all right." Rags nodded his shaggy head in

acquiescence. Joe took up the reins once more and continued, "We should be able to get this one and the northeast one planted tomorrow. Sure hope it don't rain, 'cause we shoulda had 'em planted last week. If Paw hadn't got sick we would have, but it ain't no use worryin' over that now. We'll just have to work fast and pray that it don't rain to hold us back any longer . . . Say, looks like we're almost through this row."

Ten minutes later, Joe turned around to survey the day's labor. His pale blue eyes brightened as he gazed upon the land he loved. "Gol, but this is purty land, Rags. About the purtiest thing I know." He took a red bandana handkerchief from his overalls that were paled from the strong lye soap his mother used on them. His strong young body grew straighter as he restated proudly, "Yep, it's about the purtiest thing I know."

After having drunk deeply of the beauty of his field, Joe turned the horse and plow onto the washed out road that led to the barn. The sun was just sinking behind the far hill, casitng a sanguine glow on the red-bud and dogwood trees on either side of the rough road. Rags started to go at a fast rate. "Hey, boy, whoa there. Ain't no use to be in such a hurry. No use to get all hot and tired. That field was enough for anyone. Take it easy."

Joe wondered what his maw would be doing when he returned. Poor Maw. She's had a hard life somehow. Paw ain't never been much count. Seven children and he ain't never done a lick o' work in his life. Sorta like a bad seed. Funny how seeds and people is alike. Some of 'em grow and

some don't, even with plenty of help. Take Paw for instance. He's had a fine wife and kids, a plot o' ground, and a good body to make somethin' out o' life. But he didn't do nothin' with what he had. But Maw—that's a different story. She ain't had nothin' but a lot o' misery, and she's one o' the best. Been able to grow better and kinder and stronger in spite of the rocky land she was planted in. Poor Maw. Hope the crop turns out all right for her. She needs so many things. Maybe I kin git 'er a new dress if the corn grows right this season . . . Wonder what Paw's up to tonight? Hope he ain't been out to the still agin. He's gonna break Maw's heart if he don't quit all that foolishness. He's gittin' too old to act the way he does.

I remember the first time I ever seed him drunk. Came home all likkered up when I was about six. Maw cried and asked him not to act up in front of us kids, but he didn't seem to care. Told her to shut her damned mouth, that he'd act the way he wanted to anytime and anyplace and treat us kids the way he wanted to. After that it got worse. It didn't take me long to know that I'd have to make it up to Maw someday. Maybe I kin someway. Maybe this year if the corn grows and if the chickens do all right and if Paw don't sell the chickens and tak the corn money from Maw. I'll just have to keep it, that's what.

Joe continued to think of the tragedy of his father's life and the hardships it had heaped upon his Maw and his brothers and sisters. He knew that it was wicked, but aloud he said, "If there ever was a time for Paw to git drunk, I hope it will be the day I sell the corn. That way he won't git his hands on the money. I'll put it in the bank where he can't touch it."

By this time Joe and Rags had reached the barn. Joe looked toward the ramshackle house and noticed that there was

no light. "That's funny," he said. "Maw generally has a light in the kitchen. Guess she's asavin' kerosene, though. She ain't complained none, but I'll bet Paw took her egg money and that's the reason he ain't been home since yisterdee mornin'."

He opened the barn door and led Rags into a stall after having disconnected the plow. "Here, boy, some good ole corn for a good day's work," he said as he placed some corn in the manger. "Be back for you early in the mornin'. You won't have to work so hard tomorrow."

Rags turned to look at him as he shut the door and left.

As he approached the kitchen door, he heard the steady creak of his Maw's old rocking chair. "Maw?" he said as he opened the door.

"That you, Joseph?" a warm voice called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, Maw," Joe answered as he opened the door. "What you doin' settin' in here in the dark this way?"

"Oh, Joseph," his Maw answered. "I'm so glad you're back from the field."

"Maw, what is it? You're cryin'."

"It's your Paw, Joseph. Frank Jones came over a bit ago and said Mr. James called to say your Paw had a stroke in his store. They're bringin' him home. Wouldn't let me go with 'em. Told me to stay here and get things ready for him. I wanted them to get you, but they said it wasn't that bad. I sent the children over to the Jones. I'd hate fer them to see Paw sick. Joseph, what're we goin' to do? I think you'd better start down the road. Maybe you can do something to help. They said not, but I know you can."

His Maw broke down completely. Joe could think of nothing to say to comfort her. Awkwardly he said, "Ah, Maw, don't cry. He'll be all right. I'll start down the

Child of Joy

By Ann Sinclair, College Senior

Blue trees,
Silver with shadows;
White foam on the misty sea.
A child lies crying in a crib
Unmindful of the day that now begins.

Green trees,
Breathing leaves, strong branches;
Sunlight glancing on a bubbling stream.
A child is running, playing hide-and-seek
Mindful of life and its ecstasies.

Black trees,
Wizened branches, bent and bowed,
Gray mist on the meadows, sea, and fields.
A child lies prone in the bloody mud
Unmindful of life, and its ecstasies.

road to meet 'em. You know he's had these
spells afore and he'd got all right. Don't
cry, Maw."

"It's different this time, Joseph. I know
it is."

"Here. Let me light the lamp. You'll
feel better with a little light in the room."
Joe struck a match and turned on the kero-
sene lamp. "There. How's that? Feel bet-
ter now?"

"Fine, Joseph. Fine. You're a fine boy."

Joe walked to the door. "Maw, they must
be acomin' now. I hear footsteps outside."

He opened the door; his Maw drew close
to him. Frank Jones emerged from the
darkness of the yard. "Frank, where's
Paw?" Joe's Maw asked.

"Let me come in Miz Linkern," Frank
stated. "I'd better come in to tell you."

"Oh, no!" she asked, "He ain't . . .?"

"I'm sorry, Miz Linkern. We did all we
could, but it was just one of them things.
He had another attack when I got there.
We called the doc, but he wasn't able to
save him. He was such a good man . . . If
ther's anything I can do to help . . ."

"No, thank you, Frank. You've been
kind enough already. No thank you."

Joe looked at his Maw as she sat in the
rocker sobbing softly. He thought of what
Frank had said . . . "such a good man."
His Paw? Nope, Paw was one of the bad
seeds. One of the bad seeds that didn't
grow. Just rotted and died. But Maw, she's
made the trip through the rocks. She's a
good one. Paw didn't make it. Funny how
seeds and people is alike. Mighty funny.

The Four Winds

By Polly Jordan, Sophomore Prep

How many ways does the wind blow?
Fierce and cold and strong,
Stripping the leaves from the shivering trees
When the nights are black and long.

How many ways does the wind blow?
Bitter and wild and free,
With a whoop and roar to the ocean floor
Lashing the sullen sea.

How many ways does the wind blow?
Harsh and hot and dry,
Keeping the rain from the parching grain
Whirling the dust on high.

How many ways does the wind blow?
Gentle and fresh and fair,
Bringing sun and rain to field and plain,
Bringing the soft spring air,
Promise of flowers and fruit and grain,
Promise of spring again.

Two For A Nickel

By Mary Evelyn Smith, College Senior

The warm dishwater in the corner sink sloshed in whirling ripples as Sister Teresa mixed suds with her gentle fingers, scrubbing the cookie pans thoughtfully. Now and again she glanced to the large table in the center of the room where Sister Mary Matthew counted audibly to herself as she stood kneading dough about in a bowl. The pungent odor of baking filled the large old-fashioned kitchen of the convent, and wafted through the open door into the still warm September air. Outside the sounds of muted hammering could be heard, intermingled with voices giving directions and trying to establish a sort of frenzied order among the chaos of half finished booths and crepe paper streamers. Tonight the grounds of St. Joseph's parish school would be, with the help of God and the congregation, miraculously transformed into a wondrous Araby, and the annual carnival would be underway once more. The corners of Sister Teresa's soft mouth crinkled upward in approval.

"Sister Mary Matthew," a small boy burst breathlessly into the kitchen, "the men are here with the bale of cotton to be raffled off. Where'll I tell them to put it?"

"Don't slam doors, Bobby." She turned to look at the red-haired boy who stood, legs planted wide apart, on the worn linoleum floor. "Just tell them to put it next to the steps of Father's house." She wiped her hands on the apron that covered her dark, immaculate habit and bustled over to peer in the ancient oven, crowded with spicy smelling cinamon cookies on trays and a large yellow cake. As she bent over, the sudden onrush of heat brought a flush to her cheeks and clouded slightly the spectacles she wore across her strong nose. The door slammed behind her again, followed by a muffled "I'm sorry," and Bobby O'Hara reappeared.



"Can I have a cinnamon cookie, Sister?" he begged. "Can I, please?"

"*May* you have a cookie, not *can* you, please. And no, you may not. You know perfectly well that these cookies are to be sold at the carnival tonight." She stared at him sternly. "How will we ever get money enough to build a new school if boys like you eat all my cookies free?"

"Aw, all I wanted was one," he sulked. "Anyhow, I like the apple tarts better."

"Thank you, Bobby," came Sister Teresa's soft voice from the sink, where she had been watching quietly. "It's very sweet of you to say you like my tarts."

"Humph! It seems to me that some people who claim to be deaf can hear very well when they want to!" Sister Mary Matthew turned back to her bowl with a founce. "Now get along with you, Bobby O'Hara. Go on out there and make yourself useful!"

"Don't be so harsh with the boy," murmured Sister Teresa as the door slammed for the third time. "He's really a good boy at heart. I wonder sometimes if he doesn't go a little hungry occasionally . . . Denny O'Hara isn't the best of providers."

"That's quite beside the point, and you know it," came the reply. "God intends for us to have this school, but *we* have to help—it's our duty. He wouldn't like us to be wasteful this way, that's a certainty. St. Joseph's would never have a school the way some people would manage things—"

"What's that?" Sister Teresa turned an ear. "I can't seem to hear you." Well, I won't listen to you anyway, she thought to herself, detecting nevertheless a disgruntled "Oh, never mind!" from the direction of the stove. Sister Mary Matthew, she mused, the good Lord forgive me, but you'd better mend your petty, selfish ways. Imagine! Being so stingy that you couldn't give one of your measly old cookies to a hungry child . . . Duty! You don't know the meaning of duty, my dear.

"I suppose I'd better start my apple tarts," she said aloud. "Is that cake out of the oven yet?" She reached for the pan of soaking apple slices and began cutting them into still smaller sections.

"Just about," said the other. "And sister, must you take such pains with those tarts this year? We positively have to be out of the kitchen in an hour so the ladies can start the spaghetti for the benefit supper. You know how nervous it makes Father Shannon when everything doesn't run on schedule."

"All right, all right," Sister Teresa replied frowning, as she mixed up the pastry ingredients with studied calm. "I just want to be sure I make enough tarts . . . last year I ran out before the evening was half over. Never saw anything sell so fast."

Sister Mary Matthew's rosy cheeks turned a bit pinker. "The cinnamon cookies sold quite rapidly, too, I recall. Which reminds me . . . how should we sell them

this year? Two each for a nickel?" She paused, waiting.

"I suppose. The people seem very charitable this year . . ." The very idea, thought Sister Teresa, biting her lip to keep her temper in check. How downright greedy! Two of your small cinnamon cookies for a nickel and two of my huge apple tarts also for a nickel. In that case, the tarts ought to sell for fifty cents—She smiled sweetly at Sister Mary Matthew.

"That's very sensible of you, Sister. However, charitable isn't the word I would choose for people who simply happen to like my cinnamon cookies!"

Sister Teresa smiled again and hummed a little of the piano solo her old fingers would teach Mary Jane Nick, beginning tomorrow, at her music lesson. "What's that you said, Sister? You certainly do slur your words!" She jumped a little as Sister Mary Matthew turned on her heel and slammed the kitchen door as she left.

Temper, temper, thought Sister Teresa, left alone in the big kitchen. She placed her tarts one by one on the large pans and slid them into the now empty oven. As she waited, she worried over the evening ahead, hoping for its success. Just one big boost, as tonight might prove to be, and the financial gain necessary for beginning the wonderful new school might be realized. She allowed herself a moment of reverie, enjoying the visions of the well-lighted new classrooms, the solid desks and chairs, the real auditorium . . . and best of all, the lovely music room, all to herself and her pupils, with even a new piano! God would smile, she knew, when that room was filled with Bach and Mozart. He would like, as she would, to see a young heart playing music there, learning truths that could never come from books or sermons.

It was not long before the tarts were golden brown and crisp, and she lifted them from the oven and into the sink. Sliding the delicacies into a mammoth tin, she was struck by a sudden impulse: why not take

two or three up to her room to eat later? She loved them, and she did get so hungry at night! After all, even if the good ladies of the parish had furnished the ingredients, she had made them. It really couldn't hurt the new school much to lose a nickel or two. But, of course, Sister Mary Matthew would violently disapprove. Completely fanatic about honesty, that one . . . Not that she herself had any objections to being honest. But all this moralizing—what good did it do? Ever since Sister Mary Matthew's arrival at St. Joseph's there had been a glint in her eye that said, "Sister Teresa, you're old and lax and a little dishonest." Oh well—she was young and did not understand. Someday she would; Sister Teresa felt sure of that. Sometime she would know that God not only was awesome and all powerful, but also was someone near and close and intensely personal . . . that was it, A Personal Friend. Sister Teresa smiled conspiratorially at an unseen Deity and slipped four tarts into a napkin, putting them behind the breadbox to be retrieved later and taken upstairs, after she scoured the pans and swept the crumbs from the faded carpet.

The night was perfect, pleasantly cool, and without the slightest hint of rain. The September moon winked through the elm trees from behind the sternly disapproving Protestant parsonage across the street, casting silver shadows on the sidewalk, pale beside the bright carnival lights. Already at only seven o'clock the crowds from all over town were coming through the gate that led into the school yard. Spaghetti-stuffed patrons were streaming down the steps of the parish house from the benefit supper into the rakishly colorful grounds, laughing and talking. Booths had sprung up everywhere: from the hot-dog stand came the tinkle of iced drinks and the fried smell of the hot dogs; the cake raffle booth, strategically in the center, displayed cascades of delicious looking concoctions; over to the left were arrayed the usual grocery

raffles, chicken raffles, candy and cake stands, and penny-pitching galleries; far in the back came the twang of "Now on B, fifty-one! Now on B, fifty-one!" from the bingo announcer. People called to one another, eating and joking. Sister Teresa hurried through the noisy throng, her black robes flying behind her, almost tripping over Betty Jones, who was selling large packages of confetti and streamers. She reached the cookie booth with Sister Mary Matthew inside, deciding as she glanced upward to firmly ignore the surge of annoyance at the sight of the bold TWO FOR A NICKEL sign tacked above.

"How's business going?" she inquired, noticing with secret pleasure the decrease of apple tarts on the tray.

"Oh, fairly well, I suppose," answered the Sister. "I just sold two dozen cinnamon cookies to Mrs. W. Smith, the Methodist minister's wife." She fingered slightly the cross she wore about her neck.

"Well, that's fine," Sister Teresa smiled back in sweet benevolence. She settled down behind the booth and looked about complacently. As she spoke and smiled and sold, she let her mind wander to other carnival nights, in her parade of years at St. Joseph's. She'd always loved carnival time, from her very first September in this little town. It had been different then, though, she thought . . . gayer and more carefree, somehow. So many of the nuns today seemed so young, to have such radical ideas. Or maybe it was just that she, herself, was getting old, and had forgotten the mind and thought of the young. Fifteen years ago, perhaps she had been a younger and more wistful Sister Mary Matthew, but nevertheless with the same notions of duty and honesty. Would tarts hidden upstairs have been appalling and unthinkable then? It had been a long, long time . . . With the passing of the cookies from the trays the evening progressed; she realized with a little shock of surprise that with her reverie the crowds had thinned, and she could distantly

hear the announcement of the winner of the cotton bale raffle, one of the last events.

"Hello, Sister Teresa," said a small voice suddenly at her elbow, and she looked down to see a boy with mustard on his lip and confetti falling from his thatch of red hair.

"Hello, Bobby O'Hara," she said. "Want to buy some tarts from me? I know they're your favorite pastry!" Sister Mary Matthew looked around and then turned toward the street, frowning.

"Uh, huh, guess I do. Can I have a bag full?"

"You certainly may, young man." She turned her robed back and reached for a bag, mentally counting the few remaining tarts to drop into it for Bobby. This would be the last of them. A slight sound behind her drew her attention; she whirled about. All to be seen was a totally empty apple tart tray and the vanishing confetti-littered head of a small boy.

The protest that almost made its way out of her mouth she stifled with one firm, conclusive hand. You little scamp, she thought. St. Joseph's apple tarts! In one panoramic second she thought of the wistful, conscience-stricken girl she had been and of the wise, gentle woman she had become; she thought of duty, of righteousness, of honesty, and then, as always, of her Personal Friend.

Sister Teresa forgot Bobby O'Hara and turned to Sister Mary Matthew. Her tray still held two cinnamon cookies . . . the race was over. "Sister," she spoke with friendliness for all mankind, "your cinnamon cookies look delicious. Every one of my apple tarts is gone . . . may I buy the rest of your cookies?" The last strains of the now assuredly successful carnival confusion could still be heard in the background; that silly Betty Jones was giggling somewhere.

But Sister Mary Matthew's back was still turned. Then she said, in a tone somehow faintly reminiscent, "What's that, Sister?"

I can't seem to hear you . . . You do slur your words so!"

The Fool

By Peggy Smith, Junior Prep

My heart is so full
I fear it will overflow,
Pouring out all the words
I've yearned to tell you.
No—but that would never do,
Not now.
There was a time,
Yes— (Blind fool that I was)
I could have said it then,
And should have.
Yet, afraid it would be wrong,
(I tried to be so perfect)
I waited and watched a gulf flow
Between us.
The perfect lady I was,
No doubt of that.
A perfect lady?
A perfect fool!
I never thought that maybe
You were waiting for—
A spark,
Something to let you know
I did care.
(How much I cared!)
Oh, this foolish bog!
A young heart doesn't break,
And bruises heal.

Yes, my heart is full,
But it can't overflow.
I'm a perfect lady,
Not a fool.
Only fools cry to no avail.
Why, I never cared; so
Why should I cry now?
(Never cared?)
Oh, God, if you but knew!)

But is it so improper for a lady
In the presence of her soul
To open her heart to a memory?

Me—1971

By Margaret Bralley, College Freshman

"Let's go to the movie tonight?"

"No, honey, I'm so tired. I had a hard day at the office. It's so quiet here with the children out; let's just stay here and watch television," says my husband.

"All right, dear." Why am I always so accommodating? He never does anything I want him to. Why didn't I marry Burton? He would have taken me out any time I wanted him to.

Ah, but that was a long time ago. I was in college and far from Joe. Since then nearly everything has changed. Here I sit. Forty years old and white headed. I have a wonderful husband—even if he won't take me out tonight—two children, a boy seventeen and a girl sixteen, and a home with a servant.

I left my home in Virginia and put my roots in North Carolina soil. At first it was hard to get adjusted to the new surroundings and settle down to married life; but everybody was sympathetic, and I soon felt right at home with all my new friends.

Joe and I settled on plans for our home which was to be overlooking the river. Then we watched our plans mature. In the meantime we had two children, Mark Douglas and Stephanie Patricia. We moved into our home fifteen years ago, and immediately the children took over. It seems that they've had the run of the place ever since.

Ring. The telephone, won't it ever stop ringing? It always rings at the wrong time, too.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is she . . . I'm sorry but I can't understand you . . . Oh! Mama! Where are you? . . . In Altavista? What's wrong? . . . You're coming down? Mama, can you stand the trip? It's a long way

down here . . . When will you get here? . . . All right. If I'm not here, come on in. I'll leave the door unlocked. I have to go to a meeting that day . . . How is everybody? . . . How are Mikal and her baby? . . . Fine! . . . Well, I'll see you Tuesday. Goodbye."

"Who was that?"

"Mama. She and Daddy are going to come to visit for a few days."

"Shoo. I want to hear the news."

Well, of all things! He didn't even say he was glad they were coming. Most husbands would have said something, whether they meant it or not. You know, I believe he's been working too much lately. He's not like he used to be. Could it be that he is getting older, but not *old*. Maybe we should take a trip. I'll say something to him after the news broadcast.

What was I thinking about when the phone rang? Oh, yes. My, but Mark and Stevie have grown since then. I'm glad we didn't spoil them. We've let them have a lot of things, but they've had to do without a lot, too.

I wonder why Joe keeps looking at his watch so often? He hasn't got a thing to do all evening except watch television. Time should be immaterial to him.

Oh, dear! I've got to call Mrs. White to see if she's done anything about those tickets for the dance. There's a lot more to being chairman of the German Club than I had anticipated. Joe thinks I ought to give up the chairmanship of one of my clubs. I think I'll stay chairman of the German Club because I'm more interested in its purpose than the Cotillion Club.

Ring. That's the doorbell. Why doesn't Joe answer it? He knows I don't like to

answer the door at night. Oh, well, if he isn't going to answer it, I guess I'll have to.

"Mama! I thought . . . You just called me . . . Oh, dear, look at everybody! Daddy! Doug! Dott! Boots! Henry! Jim! Martha! Ed! Oh, how wonderful! Where did you all come from? Barbara! and Cedgy! What are you doing here? . . . Well, I'll be . . .

"Joe, why don't you tell me these things? I look a mess!"

Ring. The doorbell again. There are so many people I can't begin to name them.

Everything has quieted down now. Everything was so much fun. Come to think of it, I don't suppose that Joe is getting older after all.

Oh, my goodness! The bridge club is supposed to meet here tomorrow. What will I do with the house full of company? Let's see. I'll just set up another table and let

the "girls" play, and Joe can take the men out for a round of golf.

"Who's that?"

"It's me, Mama."

"Say, 'it's I.' Mark, what are you doing coming in so late? You should have had your date home two hours ago. Now, be quiet when you go upstairs because we've got company. No, you have to sleep in the den because your grandparents are in your room. Good night, son."

How am I going to live through the next few years? How did my mother stand it with four of us to worry about? I'll ask her in the morning.

"You know, Joe, I've been thinking tonight. We both have traveled a long road. It hasn't been too hard, and it was fun. You're president of the firm now. We've raised a family, we've made many friends, and we still have a long way ahead of us. This is just the beginning."

"Come on, let's get some sleep."

My Country Memories

By Margaret Thompson, Senior Prep

This is *my* catalogue of lovely things:

Octobers, Junes, my country memories—

I love a tractor's purring far away,
My horse's hoofs resounding down the lane,
The patient clock that ticks upon the shelf,
And waterfalls where ferns grow in the mists;
Alfalfa drying in the noonday sun,
July that drones with katydids and bees,
And sparks that upward fly from burning logs;
A sunset streaming hues across the west,
A brook which babbles low in shaded nooks,
And raindrops drumming on the roof of tin—

When days are long, and winter's gloom pervades,
I think of these, my country memories.

A Week at the Mission

By Sue Winters, Senior Prep

Clare opened her eyes to a beautiful June morning, but it seemed not quite right to her. Then she sat straight up in bed and angrily counted to ten. She had promised her friend, Jenny, to help teach tenement children in Vacation Bible School all this week; now she was realizing that she had to spend this beautiful day with grimy seven-year-olds. She growled at the maid for some breakfast, fell over her own clean little sister on the stairs, and finally left the house in irritation. "Good gosh," she mumbled, "why on earth did I tell Jenny I'd do it?"

Later in the morning the two girls drove into a part of town known merely as "over the river." In one of the grimmest, most crowded slum sections stood a dingy, one-room building which served as the Mission. Clare looked with disgust at a frowzy, gray-haired woman pulling a wagon of clattering bottles and filthy rags along the sidewalk, and almost gagged at the smell of stale cabbage and city smoke which permeated the murky air. She was disgusted at the sight of men lounging on the porches and at the sound of a woman's shrill laughter echoing from an unpainted beer hall. Almost as irritating as these was the discordant sound of children singing at the top of their lungs "Jesus Loves Me."

Clare's steps dragged as she and Jenny walked into the Mission. She saw dirty children with runny noses and ragged clothes and wondered why she ever let herself in for this. They pawed her starched summer dress lovingly and she had to clench her hands to keep from pushing them away. Looking at her friend who was surrounded by the eager, chattering children, she suddenly wanted to get out—to get away from the dirt and want. Watching Jenny making friends with the laughing children, she won-

dered, "How can she stand to touch them?"

"Well, she thought glumly, "I suppose if she can, I can too."

Jenny finally coaxed the children to listen to a Bible story, but had to pause twice to tactfully stop a fight going on over a stick of candy. Clare stood by and watched. Later, after finishing the simple craft period, the children brought their work to the two teachers for approval. Clare forced a smile at the sticky messes they had made with paste and paper, and then watched wonderingly as Jenny gave a word of praise to all.

The morning dragged to an end. The girls left the Mission after thirty minutes spent cleaning and putting it in order. Clare plopped in the car with a sigh.

"Oh for a nice warm bubble-bath to get these germs off. Those little beasts covered my dress with paste."

Jenny said little on the way home, but the next morning, as they started out, she bubbled with plans for the week. Clare was the quiet one now as she thought of days in that squalid atmosphere.

That morning little Doris Sue became a problem. She was too backward to catch on to the way the handwork was done. Clare watched as Jenny persuaded, coaxed and taught the dull-eyed child to weave a simple mat. When Doris Sue's mother came after her and the little girl gave the mat to her, she and Jenny exchanged a look which Clare did not understand. She watched the little girl leave, clasping her mother's hand, and then turned and gritted her teeth to keep from screaming, "Quiet, you brats!"

Clare was so tired on the way home that she could hardly move. "Only four more days," she remarked happily to Jenny.

The week dragged by. Clare listened to the children with suppressed disgust; Jenny

with understanding. Clare learned that the happiest days of Menefee's life had been spent in the children's hospital, and that Dorothy had fifty-two "sores." Dorothy said her daddy had "stuck one with a needle," and, to Clare's horror, pulled the same needle out of the back of her dress where the button should have been.

The last day was finally ended. Clare left the building in a hurry and tooted the horn impatiently for Jenny to leave the clamoring children and go home. She chattered busily on the way home about the party that night. Then she switched to the Mission.

"Well, Jen, it really wasn't too bad I guess, if the little apes hadn't put their dirty hands on you. I honestly don't see how they live like that—I mean all those horrible clothes and all. Oh well, I guess they get along well enough. After all, they don't know any better."

Jenny only continued to stare out of the window with a strange look in her eyes.

"Why are you so quiet, Jen? Got a headache?" said Clare impatiently.

Life

By Jane Ward, Senior Prep

A man screams.
A child dies.
Above this hectic dream
An eagle soars the skies.

A car crashes.
A cannon explodes.
Yet in the rushes
A beaver carries his load.

Paradox in Puddles

By Anne Mashburn, Freshman Prep

Puddles, to long braids and curls
That soon appear as little girls,
Are mirrors for a wonderland,
Where pink bowls hang and pigtails stand
Where cotton clouds float high above
And teach the world of God's great love.

But puddles to a boy are rain
From which small waders can't refrain;
He disregards his clean new clothes
As overhead the breeze e'er blows,
And steps into the puddle there
To wade as far as he may dare.

For boys see rain while girls see skies,
But still this age does take the prize;
Besides—

Who'd want them otherwise?

Three Pen Sketches

First Venture

By Margaret Thompson, Senior Prep

As Mr. Wade Lawrence rode along the narrow country lane, he breathed deeply of the brisk early morning air, delighting in dreams of what the day would bring him. He was well aware of the splendid sight he presented—his new black broadcloth suit, bought especially for this occasion, fitted his slender, rather tall body to perfection; his shiny new stovepipe hat topped his glowing face with a jaunty air. The mingled fragrance of a profusion of wild roses and honeysuckle elated him. What an impression he would make in Waterbury! After securing there a large order from Mr. Bradshaw, his first for his firm, he would return home a very successful young businessman.

His lively, gleaming chestnut mount, seeming to sense his master's feeling of the importance of this venture, pranced skittishly as they neared their destination. With a slightly unsteady hand, Mr. Lawrence settled the chestnut to a trot. Then, catching sight of the buildings of the town, he raised his hand to tilt the stovepipe at just the wanted angle; and again he felt confident of both his sales ability and his appearance.

Mr. Lawrence trotted into Waterbury with an assured air, his mind divided between thinking of the splendid impression which he must be creating and wondering where Mr. Bradshaw's store was located.

Noticing a large white building on the other side of the square, he examined the sign, which read "Bradshaw's General Merchandise."

In front of this store he drew rein; and leisurely dismounting, he caught sight of a somewhat shabbily dressed old man who was standing in the doorway. He called, "Say, old man, hold my horse, will you," and tossed him a coin. The man meandered over and took the proffered reins, as Mr. Lawrence hurried into the store.

Despite the early hour, he found the store swarming with housewives, farmers, and children busily chatting, inspecting the merchandise, and milling about. Walking over to the clerk, he announced that he wished to see privately Mr. Bradshaw, the proprietor. The clerk excused himself to search the store for his employer, but returned with no knowledge of his whereabouts. Then, looking out the door, he exclaimed, "Why that's him over there, sir—holding that chestnut horse!"

His mouth agape, Mr. Lawrence followed the clerk's gaze. He felt his face grow ruddy and headed stumblingly for the door. "I think you kindly, sir," he muttered, as he hastily took the reins and mounted. With a flick of the reins, he suddenly disappeared around the corner.

Hoop-Dee-Do

By Cynthia Rushing, Senior Prep

Never will I forget my first big formal dance. How could I? A date with my latest crush, my first orchid, and a beautiful new formal! The boy was wonderful, the orchid

beautiful, and the dress simply dreamy—lavender organdy with a strapless top and a full, full skirt! It had one of these new fang-dangled hoops that you can fold up.

It was adjustable to any size, but the most impressive thing about this unusual creation was that mother had ordered it all the way from New York.

The night of the dance arrived, and what a night! A full moon, millions of stars, spring weather, and a green Pontiac convertible (the courtesy of Dad). Off we went, my date in his white dinner jacket, and I in my new formal with the hoop from New York underneath.

When we arrived at the dance, we met all our friends, and off I dashed to the little girl's room to compare dresses, corsages, and so forth with the girls. The usual small talk was exchanged, and I returned to my date.

The orchestra was simply wonderful, and with a smooth dancer like "The Boy" a good time was had by all. The orchestra struck up a fast piece, and I found myself in the center of a circle jitterbugging and having the time of my life. All of a sudden I had a peculiar feeling around my feet, and I noticed everyone was laughing. "The Boy" and I had just started doing a new step which was quite clever and unusual; so I just thought they were laughing at us. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor, and my legs were bound together by

some mysterious contraption which made it impossible to move. A few seconds later I managed to get down off my pink cloud and back to reality where I realized what had happened. My hoop which came all the way from New York had folded up with me inside. All the puff and fullness in my dreamy dress was gone, and I was temporarily paralyzed from the waist down. The word embarrassment doesn't cover a fourth of the condition I was in. I looked up and saw a million smiling faces. With this I just drifted off in a trance, and the next thing I knew a dear chaperone was pouring cold water on my face.

Everything was fine except I was still on the floor, and my hoop which came all the way from New York was still wrapped around me. I couldn't walk, and I couldn't fix the hoop because in order to open the hoop I would have had to pull my dress up. The problem was finally solved by the dear chaperone picking me up bodily and carrying me to a private place where I could fix my hoop.

The very next day the hoop which came all the way from New York went all the way back to New York just as fast as possible.

God's Country

By Frances Caldwell, Senior Prep

I am guilty of a crime. But the wrongdoing I committed is not one that causes me to be a recipient of punishment administered by law. My crime was taking for granted the world I live in—the miracle that enthalls me. Too many times I have walked in the woods or roamed the daisy-carpeted meadows without bothering to look around me at the delicate beauty to which I should be nothing less than a slave.

But a few summers ago, I realized my sin for the first time. I and my family have

a summer home on a small river in Tennessee. One day we decided to go as far up this river as we could without running aground in the boat; so that morning we set out. It was late afternoon when we reached shallow water, and the sun was making its final appearance in the sky before it settled for the night. Because of the time, we were forced to leave immediately after our arrival to this remote region and start for home. As we very slowly drifted down the shallow waters, I happened to

glance back, and for the first time I noticed the true beauty around me.

The flow of the river was interrupted by a group of rapids whose fluffy white foam glistened like diamonds as the rays of the near-twilight sun played on it. Past these rapids the river resumed its full depth and ran along its course until it rounded a bend and was out of sight. On both sides of the deep turquoise waters were high hills that sloped all the way to the surface of the stream. The dense trees on these hills made them appear to be one mass of green—a green made even richer by the heavy summer rains. The sweeping branches of the lowest trees lay gracefully along the edge

of the water, occasionally dipping their fingers into the deep jade when a faint breeze compelled them to do so. The hills were darker in places with weird shadows caused by the slowly fading, out-reaching arms of the sun. But the crest of the hills still gleamed golden, for the sun had not yet completed the last lap of its daily journey across the azure sky. The river too was almost ebony in patches because of the reflection its majestic banks had cast over it. All was still, peaceful, and cool.

I was captured by this picture, and I hated to leave. But I look forward to the day when I can return, and I will return to what is truly God's country.

The Moon

By Corinne Scales, Junior Prep

Christ walks the sky,
Shouldering his silvery cross of moonbeams,
The radiation wide-spread for the world to see.

But men forget,
And the full moon passes,
In its place a diminishing bowl
Pouring the stars
To a selfish and tinsel-loving world.

The tiny sliver of the moon
Is covered by clouds.

Fearful men,
Who pray only in time of need,
Cry heavenward.

The kaleidoscope turns,
And the brilliant pattern
Is apparent again,
Letting us know
Christ still walks the sky.

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